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MARCH 1917

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Neōlin Saves Soles
Neōlin Saves Colds

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McClure's March Bulletin
of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food Editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods

Borden's Condensed Milk Co. (Page 35)
Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods
Mellin's Food

Baking Powders

Royal Baking Powder

Beverages

Walter Baker & Co.
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum

Candies and Confections

Dean's Cough Drops (Page 82)
Lowney's Chocolates (Pages 48-49)
Luden's Cough Drops (Page 77)
Smith Brothers' Cough Drops (Page 46)
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates

Cereals

Grape Nuts (Page 35)
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 50)
Shredded Wheat (Page 34)

Crackers and Biscuits

National Biscuit Company

Fish Products

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits

Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products

Genesee Pure Food Co. Jell-o (Page 59)
Heinz 57 Varieties
Hill Bros
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
Swift & Co.

Soups

Campbell Varieties (Page 29)

Tonics

Malt-Nutrine
Pabst Extract Co.
Sanatogen (Page 53)

Toilet Preparations

Baldpate Hair Tonic
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products (Page 55)
Cuticura Soap
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap
Florence Mfg. Co. (4th cover)
Hinds, A. S.
Ivory Soap (Page 6)
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 84)
Mülhens & Kropff Products (Page 53)
"Mum" Mfg. Co.
Newskin Company (Page 70)
"Nujol" (Page 45)
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap (Page 2)
Palmolive Products
Pebeco Tooth Paste
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap (Page 54)
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous

Pompeian Olive Oil
Pompeian Salad Dressing

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Volume XLVIII
Number 5

McCLURE'S

MARCH
1917

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

"Then England went mad! I thank God I'll not live through such days again"

The Return of K. of K.

by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

MRS. ANDREWS has written many perfect stories of the great War. Here is her latest; and we venture to say that it will live for generations — a vivid, amazing tale

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THIS is the year 1977. It will be objected that the episode I am going to tell, having happened in 1917, having been witnessed by twenty-odd thousand people, must have been, if true, for sixty years common property and an old story. But when General Cochrane — who saved England at the end of the great war — told me the Kitchener incident of the story last year, sitting in the rose-garden of the White Hart Inn at Sonning-on-Thames, I had never heard of it.

I wonder why he told me. Probably, as is the case in most things which most people do, from a mixture of impulses. For one thing I am an American girl, with a fresher zest to hear tales of those titanic days than the people or the children of the people who lived through them. Also the great war of 1914 has stirred me since I was old enough to know about it, and I have read everything concerning it which I could lay hands on, and talked to everyone who had knowledge of it. Also, General Cochrane and I made friends from the first minute. I was a quite unimportant person of twenty-four years, he a magnificent hero of eighty, one of the proud figures of England; it made me a bit dizzy when I saw that he liked me. One feels, once in a long time, an unmistakable double pull, and knows that oneself and another are friends, and not age, color, race nor previous condition of servitude makes the slightest difference. To have that happen with a celebrity, a celebrity whom it would have been honor enough simply to meet, is quite dizzying. This was the way of it.

I was staying with my cousin Mildred Ward-Jones, an Atlanta girl who married Sir Cecil Ward-Jones, an English baronet of Oxfordshire. I reached Martin-Goring on a day in July just in time to dress for dinner. When I came down, a bit early, Milly looked me over and pronounced favorably.

"You're not so hard to look at," she pronounced. "It takes an American really to wear French clothes. I'm glad you're looking well tonight, because one of your heroes — Oh!"

She had floated inconsequently against a bookcase in a voyage along the big room, and a spray of wild roses from a vase on the shelf caught in her pretty gold hair.

"Oh — why does Middleton stick those catchy things up there?" she complained, separating the flowers from her hair, and I followed her eyes above the shelf.

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"Why, that's a portrait of Kitchener — the old great Kitchener, isn't it?" I asked. "Did he belong to Cecil's people?"

"No," answered Milly, "only Cecil's grandfather and General Cochrane — or something —" her voice trailed. And then, "I've got somebody special you'll be crazy about tonight — a real out-of-a-book hero — General Cochrane."

"General Cochrane?"

"Oh! You pretend to know about the great war and don't know General Cochrane, who saved England when the fleet was wrecked. Don't know him!"

"Oh!" I said again. "Know him? Know him! I know every breath he drew. Only I couldn't believe my ears. The boy Donald Cochrane? It isn't true, is it? How did you ever, ever ——?"

"He lives five miles from us," said Milly, unconcernedly. "We see a lot of him. His wife was Cecil's great-aunt. She's dead now. His daughter is one of my best friends. 'The boy Donald Cochrane'!" She smiled a little. "He's no boy now. He's old. Even heroes do that — get old."

And with that the footman at the door announced "General Cochrane."

I whirled and stared away up at a very tall, soldierly old man with a jagged scar across his forehead. His wide-open, black-lashed gray eyes flashed a glance like a menace, like a sword, and then suddenly smiled as if the sun had jumped from a bank of storm-clouds. And I looked into those wonderful eyes and we were friends. As fast as that. Most people would think it nonsense, but it happened so. A few people will understand. He took me out to dinner, and it was as if no one else was at the table. I was aware only of the one heroic personality. At first I dared not speak of his history, and then, without planning or intention, my own voice astonished my own ears. I announced to him:

"You have been my hero since I was ten years old."

It was a marvelous thing he did, the lad of twenty, even considering that the secret was there at his hand, ready for him to use. The histories say that — that no matter if he did not invent the device, yet it was his ready wit which remembered it, and his persistence which forced the war department to use it. Yes, and his heroism which led the ship and all but gave his life. And when he had fulfilled his mission he stepped back into the place of a subaltern and was modest, even embarrassed, at the great people who thronged to him. England was saved; that was all his affair; nothing, so the books say, could prod him into prominence — though he rose to be a General later — after that, after being the first man in England for those days. It was this personage with whom I had gone out to dinner, and to whom I dared make that sudden speech: "You have been my hero, General Cochrane, since I was ten years old."

He slued about with the menacing, shrapnel look, and it seemed that there might be an explosion of sharp-pointed small bullets over the dinner table.

"Don't!" I begged. The sun came out; the artillery attack was over; he looked at me actually with boyish shyness.

"D'you know, when people say things like that I feel as if I were stealing," he told me confidentially. "Anybody else could have done all I did. In fact, it wasn't I at all," he finished.

"Not you? Who then? Weren't you the boy Donald Cochrane?"

"Yes," he said, and stopped as if he were considering it. "Yes," he said quietly in the clean-cut, terse English manner of speaking, "I suppose I was the boy Donald Cochrane." He gazed across the white lilacs and pink roses on the table as if dreaming a bit. Then he turned with a long breath. "My child," he said, "there is something about you which gives me back my youth, and — the freshness of a great experience. I thank you."

I gazed into those compelling eyes, gasping like a fish with too much oxygen. I felt myself, Virginia Fox, meshed in the fringes of historic days, stirred by the rushing mighty wind of that Great Experience. I was awestruck into silence. Just then Milly got up, and the eight women flocked into the library.

I was good for nothing there, simply good for nothing at all. I tried to talk to the nice, sensible English women, and I could not. I knew Milly was displeased with me for not keeping up my end, but I was sodden with thrills. I had sat through a dinner next to General Cochrane, the Donald Cochrane who was the most dramatic figure of the world war of sixty years ago. It has always moved me to meet persons who existed at that time. I look at them and think what intense living it must have meant to pick up a paper and read — as the news of the day, mind you — that Germany had entered Belgium, that King Albert was fighting in the trenches, that Von Kluck was within seventeen miles of Paris, that Von Kluck was retreating — think of the rapture of that — Paris saved! — that the Germans had taken Antwerp; that the *Lusitania* was sunk; that Kitchener was drowned at sea! I wonder if the people who lived and went about their business in America in those days realized that they were having a stage-box for the greatest drama of history? I wonder. Terror and heroism and cruelty and self-sacrifice on a scale which had never been dreamed, which will never, God grant, need to be dreamed on this poor little racked planet again. Of course there are plenty of those people alive yet, and I've talked to many and they remember it, all of them remember well, even those who were quite small. And it has stirred me simply to look into the eyes of such an one and consider that those eyes read such things as morning news. The great war has had a hold on me since I first heard of it, and I distinctly remember the day, from my father, at the age of seven.

"Can you remember when it happened, father?" I asked him. And then: "Can you remember when they drove old people out of their houses — and killed them?"

"Yes," said my father. And I burst into tears. And when I was not much older he told me about Donald Cochrane, the boy who saved England.

It was not strange to my own mind that I could not talk commonplaces now, when I had just spent an hour talking to the man who had been that historic boy — the very Donald Cochrane. I could not talk commonplaces.

Milly's leisurely voice broke my meditation. "I'm sorry that my cousin, Virginia Fox, should have such bad manners, Lady Andover," she was drawling. "She was brought up to speak when spoken to, but I think it's the General who has hypnotized her. Virginia, did you know that Lady Andover asked you —" And I came to life.

"It was Miss Fox who hypnotized the General, I fancy," said Lady Andover most graciously, considering I had overlooked her existence a second before. "He had a word for no one else during dinner." I felt myself go scarlet; it had pleased the Marvelous Person, then, to like me a little, perhaps for the youth and enthusiasm in me.

With that the men straggled into the room and the tall grizzled head of my hero, his lined face conspicuous for the jagged, glorious scar, towered over the rest. I saw the vivid eyes flash about, and they met mine; I was staring at him, as I must, and my heart all but jumped out of me when he came straight to where I stood, my back against the bookcase.

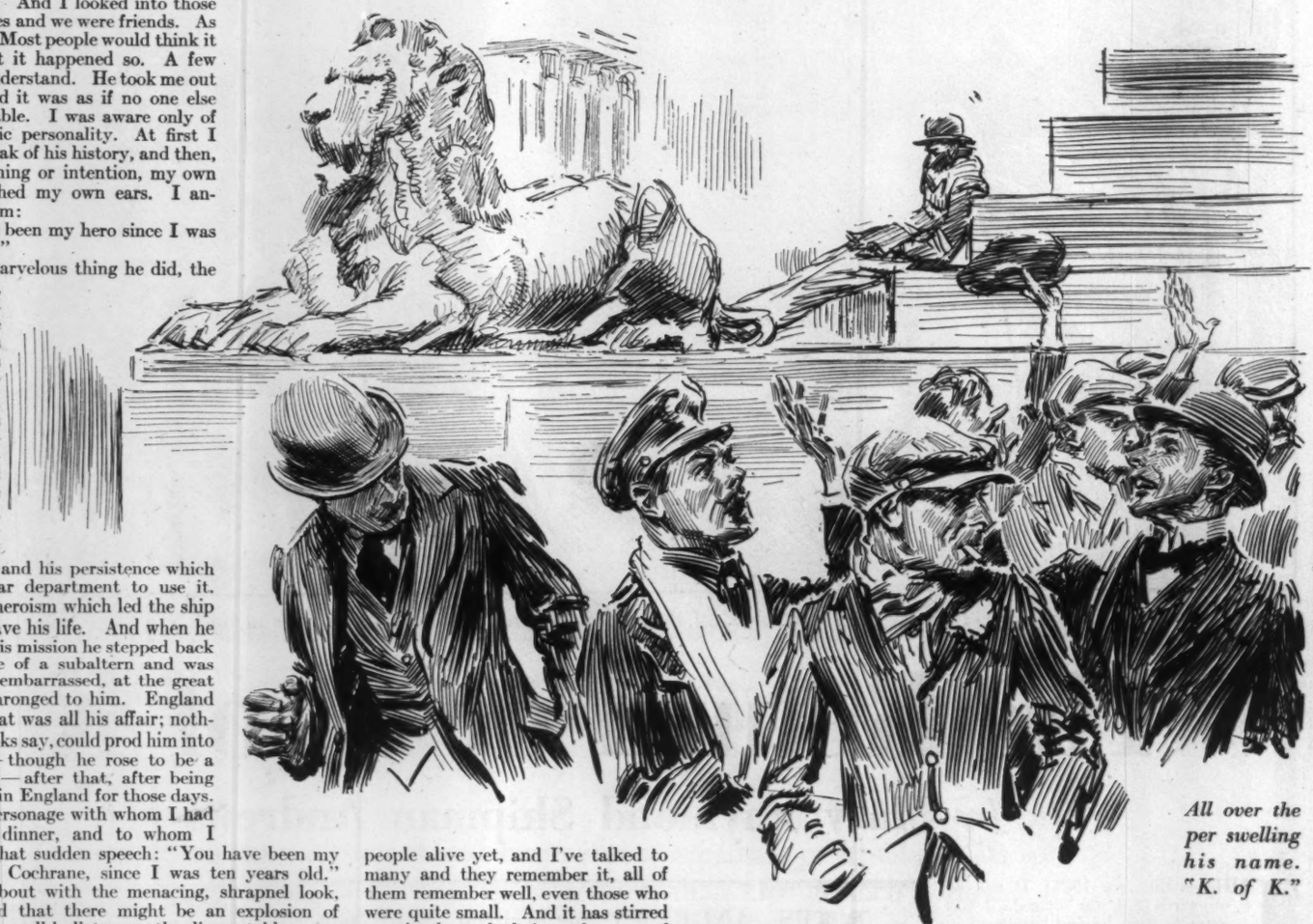
"I was looking for you," he said simply.

Then he glanced over my head and his hand shot up in a manner of salute; I turned to see why. I was in front of the portrait of Lord Kitchener.

"Did you know him, General Cochrane?" I asked.

"Know him?" he demanded, and the gray glance plunged out at me from under the thick lashes.

"Don't do it," I pleaded, putting my hands over my eyes. "When you look at me so it's — like bombs and bullets." The look softened, but the lean, wrinkled face did not smile.



All over the per swelling his name. "K. of K."

"You asked if I knew Kitchener," he stated.

I spoke haltingly. "I didn't know. Ought I to have known?"

General Cochrane gazed down, all at once dreamy as if he looked through me at something miles and aeons away.

"No," he said. "There's no reason why you should. You have an uncommon knowledge of events of that time, an astonishing knowledge for a young thing, so that I forget you can't know — all of it." He stopped, as if considering. "It is because I am old that I have fancies," he went on slowly. "And you have understanding eyes. I have had a fancy this evening that you and I were meant to be friends; that a similarity of interests, a — a likeness — oh, hang it all!" burst out the General like a young college boy. "I never could talk except straight and hot. I mean I'm drawn to you; I've a feeling of a bond between us — you'll think me most presuming ——"

I interrupted, breathless. "It's so," I whispered. "I felt it, only I'd not have dared —" and I choked.

Old General Cochrane frowned thoughtfully. "Curious," was what he said. "It's psychology of course, but I'm hanged if I know the explanation. However, since it's so, my child, I'm glad. A man as old as I makes few new friends. And a beautiful young woman — with a brain — and charm — and innocent eyes — and French clothes!"

One may guess if I tried to stop this description. I could have listened all night. With that:

"'Did I know Kitchener!' the child asked," reflected the General, and threw back his splendid head and laughed. I stared up, my heart pumping. Then, "Well, rather. Why, little Miss Fox —" and he stopped. "I've a mind to tell the child a fairy-story," he said. "A true fairy-story which is so extraordinary that few have been found to believe it, even of those who saw it happen."

He halted again.

"Tell me!"

General Cochrane looked about the roomful of people and tossed out his hand. "In this mob?" he objected. "It's too long a story in any case. But why shouldn't you and I have a seance, to let a garrulous old fellow talk about his youth?" he demanded in his lordly way. "Why not come out on the river in my boat? They'll let you play about with an octogenarian, won't they?"

"I'll come," I answered the General eagerly.

"Very good. Tomorrow. Oh, by George, no. That confounded Prime Minister comes down to me tomorrow. I detest old men," said General Cochrane. "Well, then, the day after?"

The Thames was a picture-book river that day, gay with row-boats and punts and launches, yet serene for all its gaiety; slipping between grassy banks under immemorial trees with the air of a private stream wandering, protected, through an estate. The English have the gift above other nations of producing an atmosphere of leisure and seclusion, and surely there is no little river on earth so used and so unabused as the Thames. Of all the craft abroad that bright afternoon, General Cochrane's white launch with its gold lipe above the water and its gleaming brass trimmings was far and away the prettiest, and I was bursting with pride as we passed the rank and file on the stream and they looked at us admiringly. To be alive on such a day in England was something; to be afloat on the silvery Thames was enchantment; to be in that lovely boat with General Cochrane, the boy Donald Cochrane, was something not to be believed without one's head reeling. Yet here it was happening, the thing I should look back upon fifty, sixty years from now, an old gray woman, and tell my grandchildren as the most interesting event of my life. It was happening, and I was enjoying every second, and not in the least awed into misery, as is often the case with great moments. For the old officer was as perfect a playmate as any good-for-nothing young subaltern in England, and that is putting it strongly.

"Wouldn't it be nicer to land at Sonning and have our tea there?" he suggested. We were dropping through the lock just higher than the village; the wet, mossy walls were rising above us on both sides and the tops of the lock-keeper's gorgeous pink snapdragons were rapidly going out of sight. My host went on: "There's rather a nice rose-garden, and it's on the river, and the plum-cake's good. What do you think, that or on board?"

"The rose-garden," I decided.

Sonning is a village cut out of a book and pasted on the earth. It can't be true, it's so pretty. And the little White Hart Inn is adorable.

"Is it really three hundred years old?" I asked. "The standard roses look like an illustration out of 'Alice in Wonderland.' Yes, please — tea in the White Hart garden."

The old General heaved a sigh. "Thank Heaven," he said. "I was most awfully anxious for fear you'd say on the boat, and I didn't order any."

We slipped under an arch of the ancient red bridge and were at the landing. I remember the scene as we stood on shore and looked down the shining way of the river, the tall grasses bending on either side like green fur stroked by the breeze; I remember the trim sea-wall and velvet lawn and the low, long house with leaded windows of the place next the inn. A house-boat was moored to the shore below, white, with scarlet geraniums flowing the length of the upper deck, and willow chairs and tables; people were having tea up there; muslin curtains blew from the portholes below. Some Americans went past with two enormous Scotch deer-hound puppies on leash. "Be quiet, Jock," one of them said, and the big, gentle-faced beast turned on her with a giant, caressing bound, the last touch of beauty in the beautiful, quiet scene.

It was early, so that we took the table which pleased us, one set a bit aside against a ten-foot hedge, and guarded by a tall bush of tea-roses. A plump maid hurried across the lawn and spread a cloth on our table and waited, smiling, as if seeing us had simply made her day perfect. And the General gave the orders.

"The plum-cake is going to be wonderful," I said then, "and I'm hungry as a bear for tea. But the best thing I've been promised this afternoon is a fairy-story."

The shrapnel look flashed, keen and bright and afire, but I looked back steadily, not afraid. I knew what sunlight was going to break; and it broke.

"D'you know," said he, "I'm really quite mad to talk about myself. Men always are. You've heard the little tale of the man who said, 'Let's have a garden-party. Let's go out on the lawn and talk about me'? One becomes a frightful bore quite easily. So that I've made rules — I don't hector people about — about things I've been concerned with. As to the incident I said I'd tell you, that would be quite impossible to tell to — well, practically anyone."

My circulatory system executed a prance; he could tell it practically to no one, yet he was going to tell it to me! I instantly said that. "But you're going to tell it to me?" I was anxious.

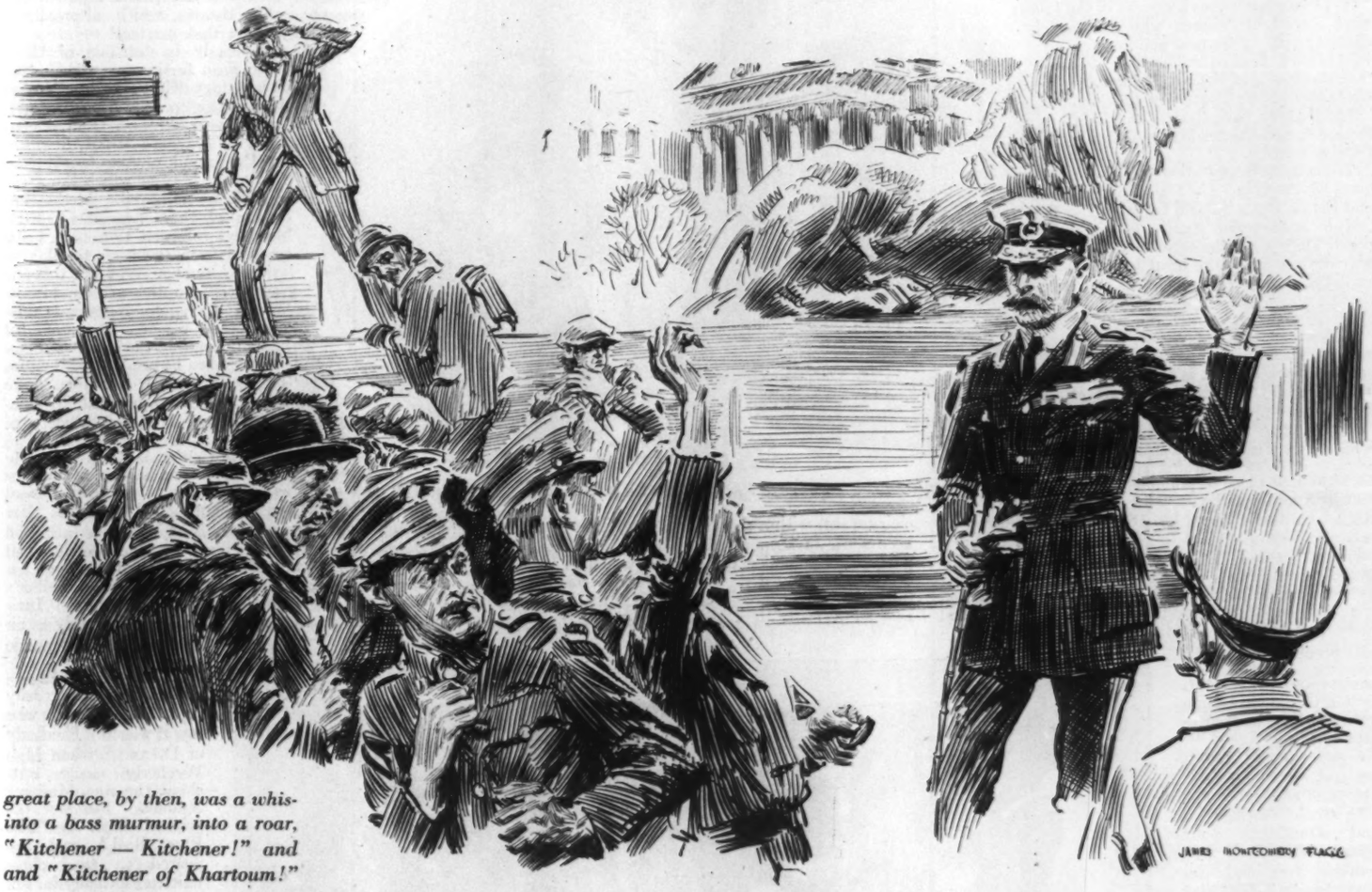
"Child, you flatter well," said the Marvelous Person, who had brought me picnicking. "It's the American touch; there's a way with American women quite irresistible."

"Oh — American women!" I remonstrated.

"Yes, indeed. They're delightful — you're witches, every mother's daughter of you. But you — ah — that's different, now. You and I, as we decided long ago, on day before yesterday, have a bond. I can't help the conviction that you're the hundred-thousandth person. You have understanding eyes. If I were a young man — And yet it's not just that; it's something a bit rarer. Moreover, they tell me there's a chap back in America."

"Yes," I owned. "There is a chap." And I persisted: "I'm to have a fairy-story?"

The black-lashed gaze narrowed as it traveled across the velvet turf and the tall roses, down the path of the quiet river. He had a fine head, thick-thatched and grizzled, not white; his [*Continued on page 29*]



great place, by then, was a whis-into a bass murmur, into a roar, "Kitchener — Kitchener!" and and "Kitchener of Khartoum!"

Photograph by Sarony

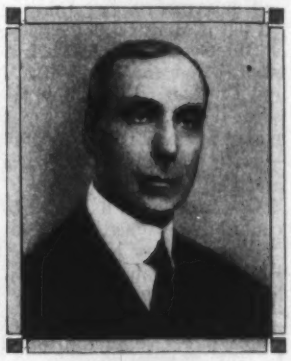
Christine Norman, who runs "Upstairs and Down"

Old Faces for Young

And Young Faces for Old

by

Anna Steese Richardson



Reginald Barlow as he is in the morning

TO simulate youth, beauty and charm is presumably the chief aim, if not the duty, of the actress to herself and her public.

Also there exists in the theatrical profession a popular belief that an actress who hides youthful or mature charms behind the lined make-up of old age, is jeopardizing her career.

Yet two conspicuous successes of the season were scored by women who deliberately elected to play rôles past middle age, and who played them so brilliantly as to attain stardom and the coveted name in electricity above Broadway theatres.

Incidentally, their success has shattered two favorite traditions of theatrical managers.

The actresses in question are Margaret Wycherly in "The 13th Chair" and Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31."

The managerial traditions so rudely shaken are the belief that no play devoid of sex lure or at least a youthful love interest can succeed, and that no play written around a middle-aged heroine can attract the public.

In both of these plays, the sex appeal is notable for its absence, the youthful love interest is negligible if not irritating, and the leading characters are women past fifty.

"The 13th Chair," by Bayard Veiller, achieves success without a strong love interest because it is an absorbing story, admirably told, the best piece of popular play construction in America today. "Old Lady 31," by Rachel Crothers, draws by its intense humanness, its carefully balanced pathos and humor. To be sure, "The 13th Chair" begins with a record-breaking betrothal kiss and ends with the parental blessing falling on the young people, but their romance is a mere fraction of a play filled with interest. The young lovers in "Old Lady 31" are endured only because their callow courting enhances the mellow and delicate affection of the old couple around whom the entire play revolves.

"The 13th Chair" is all action. "Old Lady 31" is all charm. "The 13th Chair" thrills you and straightens your spine. "Old Lady 31" soothes you and restores your belief that "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." Neither play should be missed by those who enjoy good drama and good acting.

"The 13th Chair" might be described as a play without background. You are given no advance information about important characters, by convenient servants or walking ladies and gentlemen. The people appear and plunge into the story so rapidly and naturally that you ask no questions about their past. Most of them are guests at a dinner party, their interest piqued by the promise of a spiritualistic séance in lieu of cards, music or dancing. The action occupies only the time necessary to present the play.

The central figure, Wycherly, is *Rosalie* played by Margaret *La Grange*, an Irish clairvoyant, with a shrewd brain, a kindly heart and a keen sense of humor. She is introduced into the gay party by the police department which is baffled by a mysterious murder. Her fake séance has been carefully planned to force a confession from the murderer. Instead it leads to a second murder and implicates the clairvoyant's daughter. Then indeed does her task assume new and hideous proportions, with false clues and tense complications, which grip the audiences thronging the Forty-eighth Street theatre.

Sober reflection proves "The 13th Chair" to be improbable melodrama, but the rôle of the clairvoyant is written with such a rich sense of humor and played in such fine spirit by Margaret Wycherly, the playwright's wife, that it becomes real — while you are in the theatre, which, after all, is the only thing that matters!

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

Photograph by White

Emma Dunn in private life *And as she is in "Old Lady 31"*

Miss Wycherly is not one of those stars who flash forth over night. She made her stage début shortly after her arrival in this country from England, a twelve-year-old girl. She played first with Madame Janauschek, because a friend of the family had written the play in which the great tragedienne appeared. At the conclusion of this engagement, little Margaret returned to school. She emerged from seclusion to play in lurid melodrama, and from this she graduated into the artistic atmosphere of "Cyrano de Bergerac," then in its second season. She remained with Mr. Mansfield during that memorable year when he presented his entire repertoire, and though her rôles were small, Miss Wycherly profited by seeing the great actor in a wide variety of parts.

While playing in California, Miss Wycherly met her husband, then a soldier of literary fortune, writing, editing, publishing and eventually suspending a small magazine. Her first important appearance in New York was in special performances of the Yeats plays for which she designed the settings, made the costumes, rehearsed the company, and, as she laughingly admits, pawned Mr. Veiller's overcoat to buy much needed "properties." Incidentally this venture established Miss Wycherly as an interpreter of poetic drama.

Another performance of this nature not easily forgotten by those who saw it was in "The Lady of Dreams," when Miss Wycherly easily outshone the star, Madame Simone. She was the original *Light* in "The Blue Bird" and appeared in two plays written especially for her by her husband, "Primrose Path" and "The Fight."

Miss Wycherly is interested in all the modern movements, from suffrage for women to dancing for dancing's sake. She possesses a keen zest in living which accounts largely for the vivacity and genuine flashes of humor in her performance of the lovable if none too scrupulous clairvoyant.

"Old Lady 31" is the story of an aged couple facing separation. The husband, who is a retired sea captain, has been

Photograph by White

"Old Lady 31" draws by its intense humanness, its carefully balanced pathos and humor

Photograph by White

And Reginald Barlow as he is at night

relegated by poverty to the county almshouse. His wife has been spared the same fate by the sale of their household effects which provides her with a berth in the old ladies' home.

The parting so affects the twenty-nine old ladies already immured in the home that they defy rules, regulations and institutional etiquette, and invite the husband to remain with his wife, sharing their joys, sorrows and table rations. Much against his judgment and only to spare his wife the heart-breaking separation, he accepts the invitation. The old ladies coddle him, load him with gifts, confess to him, involve him in their petticoated warfare and eventually drive him to distraction and a nocturnal elopement with a former ship-mate, which brings him to repentance and rheumatism.

The plot is secondary to character drawing and dialogue. Mr. Lee Kugel, who produced the play, has shown himself to be a master in casting it. In addition to Emma Dunn and Reginald Barlow, who play the charming old couple, special mention should be made of May Galyer, Mrs. Felix Morris, Vivia Ogden, Maud Sinclair, and Anna Bates, a most remarkable group of actresses, each of whom completely merges her personality in the rôle she plays.

Reginald Barlow is "Old Lady 31," and plays a difficult rôle with great skill. But Emma Dunn as the wife, *Angie*, is the star of the play.

Miss Dunn is Broadway's favorite "mother." One critic has said that her back is the physical expression of maternal burden bearing. He could have paid this consummate actress no higher compliment, because in real life, Miss Dunn's back does not bend under burdens, maternal or otherwise. Thanks to a quaint philosophy all her own, and regular lessons in barefoot and interpretive dancing, Miss Dunn has the high spirits and the springy walk of a girl in her teens. Yet when her face and body are in repose, she is one of those creatures so rare today, the sort of woman who reaches out for protection and who, in turn, protects those reaching out to her.

It was after she had lunched with a group of real stage beauties at Sherry's and stopped for a bit of dancing at another restaurant, that I asked Miss Dunn point blank for the secret of her success in "Old Lady 31."

She checked a laugh and slipped straight into the spirit of *Angie*, as she thought it out.

"Perhaps the secret lies in the fact that I have kicked over all traditions in presenting this latest portrait of motherhood. The play was written round the character of *Abe*. As the only male creature in the home for old ladies, he is naturally the central character.

"Now, according to all stage traditions, the star should be the central figure and everybody on the stage should feed the star with situations and lines. I am the star, but I feed everybody else. Have you noticed that? I am always moving around among the other people, sort of fixing things, but someone else seems to take the center of the stage and read the funny lines. In this very selflessness, you see, I become the real mother, and win love and sympathy.

"The rôle of *Abe* in this play is written in overtones; my rôle, in undertones. Perhaps the public likes undertones. Perhaps it is tired of the aggressive, independent woman, and is glad to meet the woman who thrives on simple happiness and human love, the woman who does nothing, achieves nothing except love and tenderness.

"We grow by giving. If I have grown since Broadway saw me last it is because I have given. I have watched a little child suffer, pass close to the dark valley and then regain her strength through my care and service. This softens a woman's character and makes her humble. I believe the audience senses the personal ambition of the actor, his desire to dominate scenes. We Americans admire success, yes, but we bow to loyalty, courage, love and tenderness. All these are part of *Angie's* nature, and they radiate from her like an ineffable spirituality. If young actors would take seriously the effect secured by using undertones instead of overtones, by serving or feeding other actors on the stage, even when they themselves have no lines to speak, we would secure better ensemble or team work, and the actors would progress more rapidly. Perfect service — yes, that is the secret of *Angie's* hold on the public."

Photograph by Sarony — Photograph by White

Lovely Margaret Wycherly *Can transform herself like this*

The season's most interesting feature has been the number and variety of dramatic "stunts" presented by practically unknown independent managers.

Foremost among these must be mentioned the Washington Square Players. Last year, these brave spirits from New York's real Bohemia offered a few unusual plays against simple backgrounds in a little theatre on East 57th street. Their vogue was pronounced if their acting was a trifle amateurish. This season they have invaded the real theatrical district, presenting unusual plays at the Comedy Theatre. They also present a second company of players in the larger cities. Their best achievement to date is "Bushido," a Japanese tragedy by Takedo Izumo.

Photograph by Sarony

Lola Fisher, captivating in "Good Gracious Annabelle"

Miss Gertrude Kingston, an English manageress, brought her company to the Neighborhood Theatre, a small house in the city's famed East Side, then moved uptown to the Maxine Elliott for a run. The hit of the bill was "Great Catherine," by George Bernard Shaw.

Stuart Walker, an ambitious graduate from the Belasco system of stage management, set up his Portmanteau Theatre first for special matinées and then for a regular run at the Princess Theatre. On this stage within a stage, a rather commonplace company presented a number of attractive trifles by satirists, several of Dunsany's best one-act plays and some pleasing interludes by Mr. Walker.

The holiday run of "The Yellow Jacket" was a rare joke on little old Manhattan. Not so many years ago, this delectable Chinese concoction came to Broadway, was seen and scorned. Its indefatigable manager and part-author, Benrimo, took his play to London, to Paris, practically round the world, and then back to New York for a few special matinées. They were sold out and a salacious farce made way for the patient waiting and now completely triumphant bit of Chinese artistry at the Harris Theatre.

The Provincetown Players, organized by a group of writers, artists and dancers who summer in Provincetown, Mass., have established in their winter haunt, Greenwich Village, New York, the Playwright's Theatre. Here uncommercialized dramatic art is given a hearing. The result has been the production of several clever playlets, dealing with such advanced ideas as Freudism and psycho-analysis, written by men and women well known to magazine readers.

The holiday season brought three popular women stars to Broadway — Miss Maude Adams, Miss Elsie Ferguson and Miss Frances Starr.

Miss Adams offers the sort of play you would expect Sir James M. Barrie to write for her, "A Kiss for Cinderella," and she plays it delightfully.

Miss Ferguson is almost too perfect in physical appearance, manners and modes to stir the emotions. Seeing her performance is like watching a Dresden countess come to life. It is unfortunate that her managers do not supply Miss Ferguson, the actress of fine possibilities, with a play calculated to entertain an audience. Miss Ferguson proved what she could do in "Outcast." In "Shirley Kaye" she has merely a vehicle for her many charms.

Miss Starr in "Little Lady in Blue" is a bundle of mannerisms.

[*Continued on page 79*]

Photograph by White

"The 13th Chair" is said to be the best piece of popular play construction in America today

Irvin S. Cobb's Latest

Sketches by Rea Irvin

Mr. Cobb

COBB is America's leading humorist. He likes to tell anecdotes — and he tells them as only he can. Here you may have a few moments with him in one of his best moods

A Ready Ear for Harmony

THERE is a newspaper man in New York who was reared in the Catholic faith and who married a young woman of the same religion. The wife, who is by way of being a devout churchwoman, worships at a church on the West Side that is noted among other things for the beauty of its music.

The old rector having died, a new priest was installed. In the course of his duties he called upon some of his parishioners, and in due time he visited the apartments of the newspaper man in question. The wife received him.

"I have seen you at services," said the visitor after he had been made comfortable in the parlor, "but you always come alone. Isn't your husband a member of the Church?"

"Oh, yes, Father," said the young woman, "but he's very busy with his work — and sometimes he misses going to mass."

"Yes, I'd noticed that," said the clergyman drily.

"But he always goes on Christmas and Easter Sunday," added the wife, anxious to square up her husband.

"Indeed?" said the priest. "I take it, then, he's very fond of music."

Yellower Than Deep Yellow

SOME seventeen or eighteen years ago there was an especially heated gubernatorial race down in Kentucky, where gubernatorial races are always heated and sometimes are overheated. But this one was red-hot. Theodore Hallam, of Covington, an old war horse of the dominant party, bolted the nomination and took the stump for an independent candidate.

Hallam fired the opening gun of the campaign at Bowling Green, speaking in the courthouse. The chamber was packed with partisans and enemies. Hardly had the orator started before a stalwart of the regulars jumped to his feet and demanded the right to put a question.

"What is the question?" asked Hallam.

"Didn't you say at the state convention, no more than four weeks ago, that ef the Dimmycrats of Kintucky nominated a yaller dog fur governor you would support him?" demanded the interrupting person.

"I did," replied Hallam in the midst of a great calm, "I said it then, and I repeat it now, and stick to it. When the Democrats of Kentucky nominate a yellow dog for governor I will support him — but lower than that ye shall not drag me!"

Continuous All the Way Through

THE recent attempted tie-up on the transit lines of New York gave opportunity for a person previously unknown to fame to put an old joke into a new and peculiarly appropriate setting. This person was one of a crew of strike-breakers hired to man a train in the subway. He had been imported from elsewhere; he didn't even know the names of the stations, although as a guard he was supposed to call them out in their proper order at each stop.

His car halted and he prepared to throw open the vestibule doors, meanwhile straining his ear to catch the sound of what the guard on the other platform would call out.

"South Ferry!" announced his fellow-guard.

The green hand couldn't distinguish the words. For just a moment he hesitated. Then he opened his mouth wide.

"The same at this end!" he chanted; "the same at this end!"

Horse Sense

AMONG other things, the Southern mountaineer is distinguished for the brevity of his speech. In a perpendicular town on the Carolina-Georgia line, a liveryman advertised by word of mouth that he would pay five dollars' reward for the return of a horse which had strayed off into the high hills.

Lured by the size of the prize, search parties were formed, but the searchers returned without having got any trace of the truant. But on the third day thereafter a tow-headed youth of the community, travel-worn and dusty, came limping up the main street of the hamlet leading the lost animal by a halter of pawpaw bark.

"How'd you come to find him, when nobody else could?" was the first question of the owner.

"Wal," stated the tow-head, "I figgered that I'd go whar I would go ef I was a hoss, and I did, and he had."

A Trip, but No Picnic

PERHAPS the chief merit of this yarn is that it is true. A flagman on a certain Southern road put his savings in a bank and the bank failed and he lost the money. The president of the closed institution was arrested and tried for violation of the state laws and convicted, and given a long term at hard labor.

The flagman chanced to be aboard the train which carried the convicted bank-wrecker to the penitentiary to begin serving his sentence. As the locomotive pulled into the town where the prison was situated the flagman opened the car door, and glaring straight at the seat where the ex-banker sat, handcuffed to a deputy sheriff, he called out in a loud, clear, glad voice:

"Frankfort! Change clothes for ten years!"

Almost Overdue, in Fact

THERE is a certain writer in this country who is distinguished almost as much for his habit of procrastination as for his ability to write bright things.

One day about noon a friend dropped in on him at his office and found him shoving his pen across the paper at a great rate.

"Come on out to lunch?" invited the visitor.

"Can't," said the author. "If I go with you I probably won't get back here for a week, and I positively must finish this job. I'm late with it now."

"When is the last possible moment that you have to turn it in?" asked the friend.

The writer considered for a moment, and then glanced at the calendar on his desk.

"A week ago last Tuesday," he answered.

Done Between Jolts

MASTER Billy Burke, aged eight, is the son of a well-known New York newspaper man and there is a belief, not entirely confined to his own immediate family, that the young gentleman has inherited the paternal facility with the pen.

Last summer Billy went to visit his grandmother out in the western part of Pennsylvania. When fall came he was sent home alone in charge of the Pullman conductor on the car upon which he had been put. The road-bed was not especially smooth and Billy in his berth is believed to have spent rather a bumpy night.

At any rate, when he landed in New York the following morning he thanked the conductor for looking after him and then placed in that functionary's hands a verse which he had written at an early hour, while in bed, upon a scrap of paper with a scrap of lead pencil.

This is Bill's poem exactly as he put it down in its first draft:

One little engine to ten little cars
Makes me so sore I will need a massage.
Next time I come on the —— R. R.,
I will ask them to give *me* a private car.

Someone and Somebody

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

Chapter XXII — On Love at First Sight

THERE are those who prate knowingly of love at first sight. Commonly they are pale souls, and unmarried; or if, perchance, wed, who linked themselves to the object of their passion after an acquaintance of eleven years (during which they viewed their life-partner-to-be with a combination of marked disinterest and vague distrust) and an engagement of seven years more (which they spent in wondering whether they weren't really marrying beneath them and making a Great Mistake).

Rhapsodical novelists will tell you how Frothingham DeVere glanced across the vast auditorium at the proud beauty in the box and how, even as he looked, she turned upon him dark, lustrous eyes; that there flashed between them a great cosmic something by which both knew at once that they had Found their Fate!

Maybe so. Perhaps Frothingham and the proud beauty were right, not forgetting the cosmic something. Be that as it may, how was she to know of his disposition or his nocturnal habits? And how was he to know that his income lay just between her modiste's and hairdresser's bills and a long way this side of the ice box?

Which leads us to the belief that love at first sight is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but allure. And allure, as a foundation for married life, is as unstable as is chalk for the cornerstone of an armory.

We will erect the emplacement of the happiness of our heroine and our hero of no such untrustworthy material. No love at first sight for them! At second sight, perhaps, yes. But never at first!

Chapter XXIII — On Hate at First Sight

IT was with difficulty that, on the following morning, our hero opened his eyes. It was with even greater difficulty that he opened his mouth; for his tongue felt like the back of a postage-stamp and if he hadn't known that he hadn't, he would have been quite certain that he had been eating cotton; not good cotton, you understand; just cotton. But as this had now become his common matutinal mouth, it didn't disturb him save by its usual discomfort. He expected his mouth to taste, and act, like that, now. And inasmuch as it fulfilled, and even exceeded, his deepest expectations, so was he dissatisfiedly satisfied. By which I mean he was not unpleasantly disappointed.

Also, as now of morning habitude, his head felt large and impersonal, and throbbed, dully; and his stomach, lying wanly within him, would have screamed hysterically at the mere sight of a soft-boiled egg. Done was it with the Simple Life. It yearned potently for absinthe frappés and things.

Somewhere in the vast recesses of the silent house a clock boomed. It struck eleven. Our hero turned heavily on his bed of pain and decided vaguely to arise.

To arise! Our hero had not stopped to remember. Things had been coming too swiftly for him. . . . But had he only taken time to think — to compare the Arisings of Other Days with the Arisings of Now!

Then, with the first gleam of a cordial sun had his eyes flown open. Sleep he flung from him with the covers. His mouth as sweet as a draught of well water; lips able and willing to whistle an answer to the call of the robin in the apple blossoms by his window. A cold shower (when he was lucky; when unlucky a quick sponge) bringing the tingling blood to his healthy skin. Breakfast, with steak and potatoes and pie and everything! And so, alert of mind and of body, contented of soul, strong in spirit, into the day and what it might bring forth.

But that was then. . . . And now?

To raise a leaden head from a miasmatic pillow; to stand weak of stomach, wobbly of legs, trying to collect his scattered senses so that he could ascertain where lay the bathroom door. A cold shower that left him wan and shivering under the long-delayed reaction. A hungry gulping of a proffered pick-me-up. An unwelcome grape-fruit; a forbidding egg; half a cup of sinister coffee. . . . And so, uncertain of thought, shaky of body, into the delirium of life of the Merely Rich, that passes daily from the Morning After into the Night Before, and then back again — from Distress to Delirium and from Delirium to Distress, and so on, over and over again.

It is a life into which one may slip very easily, and quickly, this existence of the Merely Rich, if one has much money. It is pretty to look at — like the blue scum that one finds riding the waters of a swamp. It seems to be pleasant. It gratifies the senses and stultifies the character. Like a drug it is; giving one a false sense of well-being, exciting the nerves, titivating the appetites, whirling one here and there in a delirium of counterfeit happiness, until one finds oneself living in a purple haze of sensual pleasures wherein nothing is certain save uncertainty. . . . And it is as hard to escape from as a quicksand.

Our hero has been rich some months now. Thus has he slipped; and how far the Morning Horrors may well show.

But again we wander.

Having thus begun to mobilize his scattered forces against the idea of arising, our hero sits up in bed. He looks about, dully. . . . That is, at first he looks dully. Then his eyes slowly widen; he looks harder. Then he shuts his eyes, and rubs them, preparatory to beginning to look about him all over again. For he has seen something. At least he thinks he has seen something. He isn't quite sure. Because he has heard it said that if one partakes a great deal of alcoholic beverages one sometimes sees things that aren't there. And he remembers that last night, just before the loving couple fell into the fountain and gave somebody else the idea of moonlight bathing with your clothes on that he — [illegible]

Cautiously and a bit timorously again he opens his eyes and looks. And that which he sees, or thinks he sees, is probably the most beautiful woman in the world.

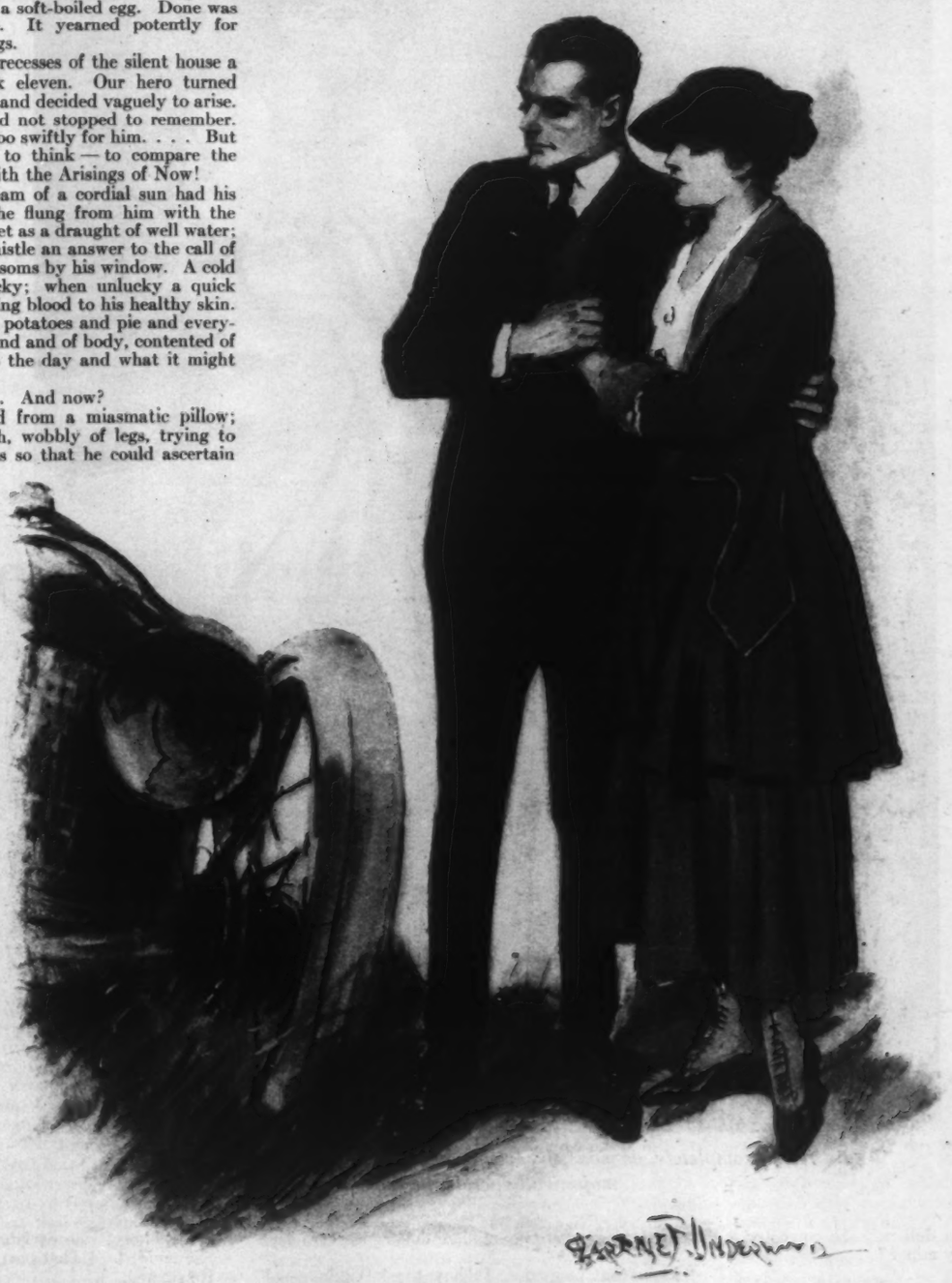
And now I'm sorry. I know I'm going to disappoint you. But truth is mighty.

It's our heroine, of course. And how beautiful she is you and I know well, because we have been with her through so much. But to our hero, seeing her for the first time, and under these circumstances, and looking out upon her as upon the rest of life from the blue mists of the Morning After, he sees only a strange girl sitting in his bedroom and thinks she has an awful nerve.

And as for her? She sees a good-looking, very blurred young man whose visage is the abiding place of admixed surprise, shock, resentment and uncertitude. Instinctively he takes immediately a great dislike to her.

Intuitively she takes immediately a much greater dislike to him.

And there you are.



Side by side they stood looking at the imperfect end of a perfect day

Chapter XXIV — Concerning a Conversation

IT was our hero, at length convinced that what he saw was really there, who broke the silence.

"Who are you, anyway?" he demanded. It was not polite; but one must not expect too much of courtesy from a young man who has just awakened from a blue mist and is still in the middle of a purple haze.

She told him her name.

He thought a minute. But the name conveyed to him nothing. So he tried again.

"What are you doing here?"

That didn't seem quite right. It was apparent that she wasn't doing anything. So he corrected: "What do you want, anyway?"

She spoke, a little quickly, a bit frightenedly; for she wasn't used to confronting young men in bed in purple hazes.

"I want," she said, quickly, "my money back."

Our hero blinked.

"Your — your money back?" he repeated, hazily.

She nodded her beautiful head.

"Wha — wha — wha — what money?" he queried.

"The money you robbed me of."

Again our hero blinked.

"Money I robbed you of?" he exclaimed.

Again she nodded.

Our hero wabbled his head, uncertainly.

"You — you must be crazy!" he cried. "That is — there must be some mistake!"

She shook her head.

"You are Walsingham VanDorn, aren't you?" she asked.

"Why, yes," he replied. "But that doesn't make me a robber! Why, I never robbed anybody in my life!"

"Your uncles robbed my father," she returned. "So it's the same thing."

He blinked again, helplessly. To have all this happen to one so early in the morning — barely eleven o'clock!

"I don't understand," he said, weakly. "I go to bed and everything's all right and then I wake up and you're here calling me a robber! Wha — wha — wha — what's it all about, anyway?"

"It's perfectly simple," she replied. "Your uncles robbed my father of five million dollars. They died, and the money is now in your possession. I want it back. That's all."

Our hero shook his head.

"Five million dollars!" he opined. "It's enough!"

"It was enough," she said, "to — to kill my father."

"You mean," he asked, "to accuse my uncles of robbing your father of five million dollars?"

"Exactly."

Our hero was thinking.

"If they robbed you of it, why didn't you sue 'em?"

"We did."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, sinking back comfortably.

"But they won. You see, it was a perfectly legal robbery."

Our hero, frankly, was puzzled.

"But how could a robbery be legal?"

She smiled, but without mirth.

"All big robberies are legal," she said. "It's only the little ones that are crimes."

He shook his head.

"I don't see that," he objected.

She looked at him.

"Apparently," she opined, "you know as little about robbery as my father and I did before we were robbed. . . . That is, unless you are clever — which I don't believe."

"Thank you," he murmured.

"Don't mention it," she returned.

"You mean to tell me that all big robberies are legal?" he demanded.

"With few exceptions," she answered.

"How do you make that out?"

"Look at almost any of the big corporations," she said. "How often do you find that they have watered stock; taken money out of the treasury and replaced it with paper. You find directors of railroads buying up steamship and trolley lines as separate corporations and selling them back to themselves at five times the purchase price and putting the difference in their own pockets. If that isn't robbery, what is it?"

"You've got me," he replied, helplessly.

"And yet it's legal, isn't it?"

He shook his head.

"I suppose so," he said.

"Don't you know so?" she insisted.

Once more he shook his head.

"You see," he said, "I'm not very well up in such matters. . . . I haven't had money very long."

She tossed her head.

"And if that's all you know," she returned, "you won't have it very long. I thought my father and I were ignorant. But anybody'd have to be terribly hard-hearted to rob you. It would be like taking pennies from a blind man. . . . I see one thing now," she continued, "I'd better get my money from you quickly, or somebody else will have it all!"

He looked at her.

"You mean this seriously?"

"Absolutely."

"You sit there in my — I mean our — that is, in this room and ask me to give you five million dollars ——"

"Give me *back* five million dollars," she corrected.

"— of money that is legally mine?"

"Precisely."

He sat erect. Already the subtle poison of much money was beginning to seep within his veins.

"Well," she demanded, "are you going to give me back my money or not?"

He eyed her.

"Certainly not," he declared.

She sat back more comfortably in her chair.

"I didn't expect that you would," she said, quietly. "Your kind never does."

"My kind?" he queried, quickly.

She nodded.

"It's a terrible thing for anybody like you to have so much money. No wonder there are anarchists."

He gulped.

"Fifty million dollars," she went on.

"Forty," he interrupted. "Only forty."

"Forty, then," she continued. "Forty million dollars for one self-satisfied young man to spend selfishly on himself when half the world is starving!"

"It isn't my fault that half the world is starving," he protested.

"It's your fault that twenty thousand of them are."

"How do you make that out?" he asked, amazedly.

Attired as completely, as modestly, even as chastely as Caesar's wife, he strode majestically across the room

"Your income is two million dollars a year, isn't it?"

"About that, I suppose. I'd have to ask Wilkins ——"

"And two million dollars a year would give twenty thousand people a hundred dollars a year apiece, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. No. I mean I suppose so. I couldn't figure that fast."

"I've figured it already. It would. With your income you could give twenty thousand people a hundred dollars a year apiece. So that if you have it and don't and won't give it to them, whose fault is it that they don't get it? Isn't it yours?"

"I suppose so. But ——"

"Twenty thousand starving souls, dying in poverty, in suffering, in squalor, and all because of your terrible selfishness!"

"Huh?"

"It's terrible! It's awful! . . . And that's only one of the crimes you are responsible for!"

Our hero gasped.

"Are there more?" he asked, weakly.

"Many," she replied. "With two million dollars a year, think of the charities you could help. Child labor! Model tenements! Day nurseries! Fresh air funds! Old ladies' homes! Everything! But do you do any of these things? No! All you think of is what new things you can eat, what new wines you can drink, what new amusements you can devise for the gratification of your senses! While the world is full of suffering that you could alleviate, and abuses that you could end, you are satisfied just to be a — a — carbon-copy robber, like your uncles!"

Came to him poignant recollections of his uncles. And she was comparing him to them! Clearly it was the worst insult in history.

Dignifiedly he gathered the covers about him.

"I wish you'd go," he said.

She was silent.

"I want to get up."

Still she was silent.

"And I can't because you're here."

She did not answer.

"And I can't ring for anybody because they'd find you here."

There was a pause.

"You won't go?"

"When you give me back my money."

"That's absurd."

She shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

He thought a moment.

"Won't you even look the other way?"

She shook her head.

"What are you going to do?"

"Stay here until I get my money."

"You mean you're going to keep me here in bed until I give you five million dollars?"

"I'm going to try to."

He began to conceive for her a deep and penetrating dislike.

"How did you get here in the first place?" he demanded.

"Walked."

"I mean here, in my room."

"You left your door unlocked."

"But into the house?"

"Told them I was your secretary."

"You did!"

"And that a big robbery had been discovered in your office and that it was imperative that I must see you at once."

"A robbery!" he exclaimed.

She nodded. "That part, of course, was true."

He started.

"Your uncles robbed my father, didn't they?"

He eyed her with a dislike even more cordial.

"I want you to go," he said, coldly.

"I'm sorry," she returned, softly. "That is, I mean I'm not sorry."

"I must insist that you go."

Again she shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"But you're here, in my room," he protested.

"I know it," she replied, calmly.

"And I'm in bed."

"So I see," she murmured.

"And I want to get up," he urged, glaring at her.

"Yes," she answered, unaffected by his discomfort.

"And I can't because ——"

"You said that before," she interrupted.

He eyed her vindictively. My, how he disliked her! . . . Yet with this dislike, he was forced to admit that somehow or other she was different. . . . And it was also breaking in upon his intelligence that she was very, very beautiful.

But, too, Thérèse and Mrs. Pell-Reynolds were beautiful. Only in a different way. No powder, no rouge, no feminine artifices were here. She — eh — what's her bally name, anyway? — Vane — Dane — Lane! That was it . . . Desirée Lane. . . . Pretty name, too. But dash it all! The nerve of her! Sitting there in his room, trying to keep him in bed until he gave her five million dollars! . . . Who ever heard of such a thing? . . . Must be a dream, after all. . . . And yet he'd been talking to her for ten minutes! . . . Well, what of that? Thousands of times he'd had dreams that were so real that afterward he could hardly tell whether they really happened or not. Take his favorite dream, that of finding himself inexplicably at the corner of Forty-second street and Fifth avenue at sunrise attired in a union suit and a silk hat, and having forgotten where he lived. He'd had that dream a hundred times if once; and it had always seemed a lot more real than reality itself.

Yes, sir! That was it. It was a dream, after all. She wasn't there. Nobody was there. . . . Gently he thrust one foot out of bed.

She screamed, sharply.

Quickly he restored the covers. . . . Yes, she was there!

So it wasn't a dream! She was there. And he was in bed. . . . Came back to him resurgent wrath. . . .

"I say," he said. "You aren't really going through with this?"

She nodded.

"But you didn't plan all this before you came here?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, no," she replied. "I had no plans at all. You gave me this idea. It's a very good one, don't you think?"

He muttered something quite audibly.

"Oh!" she cried, expostulatingly.

"I only said, 'Darn,'" he protested.

She picked up a magazine.

"How long are you going to stay here?" he demanded.

"Until I get my money back," she answered.

"Then you'll be here a long time," he ventured.

She shrugged her beautiful shoulders.

"I have no other engagements," she returned. "And it's a very nice place; quite comfortable."

"They'll be hunting me up after a while," he threatened.

"I'll be able to think of something else to do by then," she replied, calmly; "or maybe *you'll* be able to think of something. It was you who thought of this, you know."

Again he started to mutter something but changed his mind. One is so easily misunderstood.

"And you won't go?"

She shook her head.

He sat for a moment in silence. Then, of a sudden, came to him an inspiration. Pulling the covers loose from the mattress he gathered them closely about him. He swung his feet over the bedside to the floor. Then, throwing a corner of the counterpane over his left shoulder, he rose erect. Attired as completely, as modestly, even as chastely as Caesar's wife, or John McCullough in the third act, he strode majestically across the room, and, gathering his modern habiliments from the chair on which they reposed, he made his way in cold hauteur into the bathroom, victory perching on his banners!

Ten minutes have elapsed.

Fresh from the bath, with hair still wet, our hero emerges again upon the scene. Attired he is, and immaculate, and completely dressed save in one respect.

He has no shoes.

Disdaining our heroine completely, he crosses the room to the bedside. He looks beneath the bed.

No shoes are there.

To the closet he makes his proud way. A search reveals only the absence of foot gear.

With cold dignity he gazes about the room, even on the mantel. No shoes there. No shoes anywhere.

Our heroine looks up from her magazine.

"Are you looking for anything?" she asks, sweetly.

He eyes her chillily.

"If it's your shoes you're hunting for," she continues, "I just threw them out the window. . . . I told you I'd try to think of something," she goes on. "I did. It was that."

Our hero again starts to mutter; again thinks better of it. . . . Seating himself on the edge of the bed, he surveys our heroine witheringly.

"I suppose," he remarks, bitingly, "you think that's funny."

She shakes her beautiful head.

"Not very," she returns. "But it was the best I could do in a hurry."

"I can't go out without any shoes on," he continues.

"Exactly what I figured," she returns.

"I might as well be back in bed, where I was," he declared.

"I wish you were," she said. "Then I could throw your clothes out, too!"

"What?" he cried.

"Isn't it strange," she went on, "that one never thinks of things until too late."

"You're doing quite well enough as it is," he opined, darkly.

"You really think so?" she cried, appreciatively.

"Too — eh — blamed well," he retorted. He turned.

"What are you going to do?" she queried.

"Order breakfast," he replied.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," she advised.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because," she said, slowly, "I locked the door and threw the key out the window, too."

"You did!" he exclaimed.

She was silent.

"You locked yourself in here with me and threw the key away?" he asked, slowly.

"Yes," she said, quietly.

He eyed her for a long moment.

"You are taking a great deal for granted," he said, at length.

She shook her beautiful head.

"Not much," she replied. [*Continued on page 71*]

The Privilege of Being Murdered

The German Foreign Office Protests at the Reluctance of People to Be Drowned

by AGNES REPPLIER

READERS of De Quincey will remember how — toying pleasantly with the philosophy of Hobbes — he proves that an irresistible power creates the highest species of right, and that consequently it is immoral in a man to refuse to be murdered when a superior force is prepared to murder him. Resistance under these circumstances is abhorrent to the orderly and philosophic mind.

It is gratifying to be able to put forward such a convincing argument in defense of the German submarine, and it is precisely the plea which Germany herself has been urging for nearly two years upon unresponsive, because unphilosophic, neutrals. What wounds the thoughtful German, and wrings from him agitated protests, is the reluctance of people to be drowned when a perfectly competent submarine comes along to drown them. They resort to the meanest devices to avert their appointed fate. They try to run away. They zigzag through the water — a contemptible maneuver. They have been known to put up a fight for their lives; and when *this* happens, the German Foreign Office suddenly remembers, and begs the United States to remember, that there is such a thing as international law. De Quincey conceded that a person about to be murdered is apt to be nervous and irritated; and this he characterized as a pardonable, though regrettable, weakness. Germany asks, and should not ask in vain, that those whom she is commissioned to drown should respect authority, and behave with propriety and composure.

No impartial American can read unmoved the earnest appeal made by Herr von Jagow, and echoed by the German press, in behalf of the privileged submarine. With convincing eloquence the statesman characterized any attack upon these "fragile" vessels as "cowardly" and "dastardly." The *Weser Zeitung* denounced with noble indignation "the vanity and greed" of Captain Fryatt, "who deliberately over-stepped what he well knew to be the bounds of naval warfare, and tried to destroy a German crew with their ship." The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* proclaimed sternly and resolutely "the necessity of protecting honorable and chivalrous combatants against such perfidious attacks."

We acknowledge an especial debt of gratitude to the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* for the adjectives which it has placed at our disposal. For a long time we have been searching for words which accurately and sympathetically describe the essential qualities of German submarine warfare, and now at last we hear them. There are people who pretend to believe that a delicate sense of honor is ill-adjusted to our commercial and materialistic age. There are people who talk as though chivalry had departed with the lance and crossbow. They write books about the "Age of Chivalry," meaning a time when knights fought in a foolish and fantastic manner, and had droll notions concerning courtesy to prisoners, and the inviolability of women.

We have reached a clearer vision in our day. We know now that the crew of the submarine which lay securely in wait for the *Lusitania*, and which drowned eleven hundred men and women, and a hundred and thirty children, were "honorable and chivalrous combatants." We know that the crew of the submarine which sank the steamer *Letimbro*, and playfully smashed five boats in which women and children had been lowered, were "honorable and chivalrous combatants." We know that the crew of the submarine which sank the hospital ship, *Portugal*, and drowned doctors, nurses and wounded, were "honorable and chivalrous combatants." We know that the crews of the submarines which sank the *Sussex* and the *Marina* were so honorable and so chivalrous that only an ill-regulated mind could take exception to their methods, and only the most unreasonable of neutrals could object to being murdered by high-minded Teutons acting on unimpeachable authority.

THE "fragility" of the submarine should shield it from the baseness of reprisal. If there is one thing more repellent than another to a finely adjusted sense of rightness and privilege, it is the action of Great Britain in arming her merchant vessels for defense. "For defense!" Are British sailors unaware that by defending themselves they run the risk of seriously injuring their opponents; that by refusing to be decently drowned they may, for all they know, drown the honor and chivalry of Berlin! Are they not aware that Germany, standing proudly for her inalienable rights, has refused to admit the legality of such defense, and has stigmatized it as "based upon expediency, and not upon justice." That it is expedient to save your neck by any means in your power, this great adversary generously concedes; but she seeks in the name of justice to be spared a resistance at once unscrupulous and unphilosophic.

AS for the magnanimity of the Imperial Government in dealing with those neutrals who have been betrayed into irritable repinings, it is on a level with her honor and her chivalry. She has been a bit sharp with Norway, but Norway was for a time unsubmissive, and the unsubmissiveness of a small nation to a big one is precisely what De Quincey defined as an immoral refusal to be murdered. The United States has had no cause for complaint. Germany has signified her willingness to overlook the *Lusitania* case, to let bygones be bygones. Germany has been ever ready to answer our notes with notes, which is all a polite correspondent can be expected to do. When we restlessly demanded explanations, as pledge after pledge was broken, and ship after ship was sunk, Germany was always obliging enough to say she did not do it; and when, with regrettable rudeness, we pointed out to her that she *did* do it, she still more obligingly replied that she thought the liner was a transport, or the merchant vessel a cruiser. She is willing to say she mistook a fishing-smack for a dreadnought, if that will silence the chronic grumblers who ask an unreasonable security.

When individual Americans, plain horse-tenders and people of that ilk, permit their angry passions to rise because they spent twenty-seven hours freezing and starving in a life-boat, we can but regret such petulant discontent. They had their choice as freemen, between the life-boat and the ocean. They could have drowned peaceably, as did their brother Americans. What we need, as a people, to understand, is that Germany's irresistible might constitutes an irresistible right, and that it is our duty and our privilege to submit.

"Attaboy!"

"Attaboy!"

The First of Three Bully Baseball Yarns

by Jerome Beatty

Author of "Oh, You Robber!"

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

JAKE RYAN, proprietor of the Palace Livery and Feed Stable, at Connorsville, Texas, slammed his fist down on the table in his "office" with a bang that shook two saddles and a horse-collar off their hooks on the wall.

"You're not neither!" he declared. Into his statement he put all the vehemence he had used for so many years in addressing umpires who had informed him that they were about to put him out of the game. Jake had once been a great baseball player, one of the best first basemen in the business. He also had had several years' experience as a major league umpire. But there was little of the umpire's air of authority in Jake's manner now.

"You're not neither!" he repeated. "That bum bush-leaguer! No!"

For all the violence of his manner, Mr. Ryan's commands did not carry conviction. There seemed to be implied in his intonation a trace of helplessness, an unspoken attitude of "You wouldn't do that, now, would you?"

Mr. Ryan was addressing his daughter, Dorothy; a dainty blonde girl in a becoming toque and the smartest tailored suit the Dallas stores could furnish.

Dorothy had just returned from college to visit her father over Sunday. Visiting her father had consisted mostly in riding around in one of his livery rigs with Tommy Marsh, who had come over from Waco to see her. Tommy at that moment was standing nervously outside the stable, whither he had fled. He had casually mentioned — after asking Jake how much the rig was — that he would like to marry Dorothy. Jake had remained silent while Tommy counted out the correct change, then after a short interchange of discourtesies had advised him to get the something out of there.

Tommy had said what he would like to do. Dorothy had promptly gone in to tell her father what she was going to do. She intended to marry Tommy Marsh and it mattered not a whit to her if her father didn't like it. *She* did.

"That guy?" exclaimed Jake. "A college infielder that can't hit the size of his hat! My daughter'll never marry a bum ball-player!"

"But, father, you don't know Tommy," Dorothy declared.

"Didn't you introduce me to him today? Ain't I read about him? Captain of St. Vincent's college team!" he sneered. "Signed by th' Giants!" he mocked. "I know them college infielders. Field like lightning an' hit about as often."

"But you didn't talk to him. He's graduating in the law course. If he doesn't make good in baseball ——"

"I didn't talk to 'im, didn't I?" Jake roared. "'I'd like to marry Dorothy,' says he. 'What can you hit?' says I. 'Two thirty-four in th' college league,' says he."

"But ——"

"Two thirty-four. That's what he hits agin' *throwers!* What in th' name o' Al. G. Spalding do you think he'll hit agin' *pitchers?*"

"There's ——"

"0-0-double-0 nothin'! That's what he'll hit. A two thirty-four fungo hitter, that's what he is. Good for nothin' but battin' flies in fieldin' practice. Two thirty-four in th' college league! An' I bet he used a tennis bat an' had th' scorers fixed!"

"Yes, father, but ——"

"An' another thing I asks him. I used to be the greatest sacrifice hitter in baseball. So I asks him, 'Young man, can you bunt?' 'Mister Ryan,' says he," — Jake fairly yelled his protest against such disgusting incompetence — "'Mister Ryan, I don't like to brag about myself, but I can bunt farther than any other man on the team!' Them's his very words! Can you beat it?"

"But father, Tommy was just joking. He's really ——"

"The facts are there. A two thirty-four hitter is no joke. I won't have none in my family. Not on your life!"

So that evening Tommy Marsh hired a rig from a rival livery stable and went around and got Dorothy, who stole out the back door of the Ryan home. They drove to the county seat and were married.

Jake was pacing up and down the gallery when they returned. He ran belligerently out to meet them.

"Didn't I tell you —" he roared.

Dorothy ran up and threw her arms around her father, who had so frightened the horse that Tommy was having trouble controlling it.

"Father!" she cried, and she furiously kissed his wrinkled face and petted his arms and his head. Dorothy was having as much trouble quieting her father as Tommy was with the horse. "We're married," she announced. "And I'm *so* happy!"

Most of the neighbors were sticking their heads out the windows. Those who didn't have their heads out had run down to call up on the party line and tell their friends.

"Come in th' house, both of you," Jake demanded. He peered through the dark at the horse that Tommy had started to tie to the hitching-post. "Take that rig of Hal Tomkins' over acrost th' street an' hitch it!" he ordered. "You can't tie *that* in *my* front yard."

The three gathered in Jake Ryan's parlor. There was no Mrs. Ryan. She had died long before.

"Young man," said Jake severely, "I don't know whether to ——"

Dorothy crossed over and curled up at her father's feet and held his hands.

"Father," she said softly, "I'm awfully happy."

"Young man," Jake began again, "young man, you gotta lotta nerve."

Tommy did not answer.

"You gotta lotta nerve," Jake repeated, his gnarled fingers twitching in the hands his daughter would not loosen. He looked down and, finally, gently releasing one of his hands, patted her on the head. His voice weakened. He coughed to hide the catch in his throat.

"I guess she wants you," he said slowly, "and I want her to have what she wants. That's all I'm livin' for. But you're takin' her away from me. I'm here all alone an' —" he blinked rapidly. "Whatta you mean!" he suddenly stormed. "You gotta lotta nerve! Takin' Hal Tomkins' roan mare to run away with my girl!"

Dorothy smiled and climbed up and kissed her father. Tommy only grinned.

"Tommy is going to practise law with his father in Waco," she said. "He doesn't care much about baseball anyway and is going to give it up."

"Give up baseball? Why?"

To Jake the idea of anybody giving up baseball as long as his legs were good and his arms were strong was something unheard of.

"I thought," said Tommy, "that I probably wouldn't be a success at it — and I really like law."

"Piffle!" scoffed Jake. "I'd rather be a bad ball-player than a good lawyer any day. An' you ain't a bad one. Ain't you the best college second baseman in Texas? Ain't you been signed by the Giants? Ain't you goina report at Marlin next month? They tell me you gotta gran' pair o' hands! An' you're goina quit baseball! Not if I know it! I'll make a real player outa you!"

"You'll teach him how to bunt, won't you, father?" smiled Dorothy, hugging her father affectionately.

"Jake fined him one hundred dollars"

"I sure will," asserted Jake. "Say!" he exclaimed, suddenly recalling what Dorothy meant. "Was you really kiddin' me when you said you was the best long-distance bunter?"

"I really was," Tommy grinned.

"Son," said Jake solemnly, "if I ever find out you was on the level with that stuff, I'll cut your throat." He suddenly noticed the time of night. "Get outa here, botha you!" he exclaimed. "You just got time to take that rig back an' catch the 12:48. Ain't you goina have any weddin' trip?"

Dorothy hurried upstairs and threw some things into a suitcase and came bouncing down with it. She wept as she kissed her father good-by.

Jake wrung Tommy's hand.

"I'll make a ball-player outa you yet," he said.

"Thanks," Tommy replied. "If I can be half as good a ball-player as you were and half as good to Dorothy as you have been, I'll feel that I am a success."

"Try to be twicet as good," answered Jake chokingly.

"Leave it to me," said Tommy.

"Attaboy!" crooned Jake Ryan as he stood in the door and watched them run down the steps.

"Hey!" he yelled suddenly.

They stopped.

"Don't let Tomkins charge you more'n two dollars for that rig! He'll try an' stick you for three."

He watched them until they faded into the darkness, then walked slowly, his head on his chest, back into the house. He dropped into his chair in front of the fireplace. Never had he felt so alone. He lighted his pipe and let the smoke trickle slowly from between his lips.

"Only two thirty-four in a college league," he said softly, at last. "Ain't that th' devil?" he added plaintively. "Why couldn't ita been anyway two seventy-five?"

That night Jake had his glorious dream and he knew that all was well. It was one of those dreams that come back over and over again. Jake had dreamed it intermittently ever since he left his job as an umpire in the American League.

In this dream he was facing Spike McCann and Jake always laid down many twisty bunts and kept Spike chasing them until his legs became tied into a Gordian knot and surgeons cut one leg off in order to straighten out the other.

Jake couldn't point to any particular run of luck that ever had followed this dream — except that once after it had come he had remembered who it was that gave him a bad half-dollar — but it always cheered him up.

To Jake Ryan, Spike McCann was an obsession. They first learned of it in Connorsville when Jake discharged one of his stable-boys who had tacked up in one of the stalls a picture of the great pitcher. Again, before the first world series of which McCann was the hero, when the fellows down at the Elite Pool hall dropped around to Jake's to see which club he thought would win, Jake burst out with, "McCann can take every game he pitches an' he can work every day if they need him, but he's the biggest skunk in baseball an' if any of you guys bet on him I'll beat your heads off with a neck yoke! Hear me?"

After the series Jake learned that Pete Fleet had won forty dollars by betting on McCann; and Jake went over to Pete's grocery store to make good his threat. It was not until warned that if he broke anything he would have to pay for it that Jake abandoned his plans.

Jake had played in the big leagues for a good many years. He had been one of the first to jump from the National League to the American, upon the formation of the second major organization; and because he always had been a first-class ball-player, when his Charley-horse became chronic the league made him an umpire.

He had made good, but he had had a great deal of trouble with the players, especially with the youngsters. Jake had no sense of humor and the boys liked to pick on him.

His enemies in Connorsville said that Jake had quit because he couldn't stand the gaff, that he had become a joke in the big leagues. His friends defended him stoutly and said sagely they'd bet there was a woman in it somewhere.

For some strange reason nobody advanced the theory that Jake's withdrawal from the profession of umpiring and his hatred of Spike McCann might in some way have been connected.

Everybody liked Jake, for he was a lovable old war horse. And they overlooked his attitude toward Spike McCann, who was one of the heroes of Texas — second only to Davy Crockett, with Tris Speaker a close third. Spike was a local boy whose unusual talents had made him a foremost figure in the public eye where he had set the country afire with a vengeance — as the Waco papers so often put it. Your baseball fan doesn't investigate a player's private life. He rates baseball men by what they do, not by what they are.

So it happened that his fellow citizens usually smiled indulgently when Jake began discussing Spike McCann's attitude toward the ethics of baseball. Spike, to them, was a greater man than Mathewson had ever been.

When some of the curious inquired regarding his reasons for belaboring a man who had won seventy-six games in three years, Jake would only shake his head and say he knew a lot of things he wouldn't tell.

"Attaboy!" said Jake. "He's a swelled-up stiff . . . Go get him"

Tommy Marsh was the son of Waco's most successful attorney, a rough, gruff Texan who loved baseball and poker and who never had felt that Tommy's excellent grades in the law school ever quite made up for his low batting average on the baseball team.

Tommy's mother, who never had approved when her husband encouraged Tommy's baseball ambitions, was not entirely reconciled to the marriage of her son with the daughter of a baseball player who ran a livery barn.

"Nonsense, mother," said Mr. Marsh, "he's not just a baseball player. He's Jake Ryan! Didn't you ever hear of Jake Ryan? I remember traveling all the way from Hot Springs to St. Louis just to see Jake Ryan bunt a ball. Jake was the greatest bunter that ever lived; bunted with the small end of his bat, so. Look, mother, this is the way he would do!"

Mr. Marsh seized his walking stick and made many peculiar gyrations, but Mrs. Marsh said she was forced to admit that she couldn't understand how performances like that served any economic purpose and observed that Mr. Marsh acted more like a cheer leader than like any baseball player *she* had ever seen.

But when Tommy brought his bride home after their short honeymoon she welcomed her and loved Dorothy from the start, especially since Dorothy, now that she had a husband to manage, believed that the law was a more ennobling profession than baseball, even if lawyers *did* have to associate with tough people and didn't make so much money.

The first evening that the newlyweds were at the Marsh home, Tommy told about Jake's promise.

"He's going up to Marlin and help me," exulted Tommy. "He says he was a weak hitter, just the way I am, when he started in baseball and he thinks he can teach me to bunt and place the ball just the way he did."

"Jake Ryan can teach you, if anybody can," his father said, eagerly. "Go to it, son. I want you to make good."

Dorothy was unenthusiastic.

"If Tommy does make good," she complained, "then he will be away from me half the time. I think I'd rather have him take up his law practice with you. Dad was a success in baseball and saved a great deal of money, but ——"

"Tommy will be a big leaguer or nothing," said his father. "I want to see him get in there and make Waco people as proud of him as they are of Spike McCann."

"Spike McCann!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Hmm!" she grunted contemptuously.

"That's the gink I want to get!" muttered Tommy.

"What's the matter with Spike?" asked Mr. Marsh. "He's the greatest pitcher in baseball today. I've known him since he was a kid. You used to be crazy about Spike. What's the matter now?"

"He's changed a lot," said Tommy. "He's crooked. Dad, Spike was responsible for Mr. Ryan's quitting baseball. When Mr. Ryan was umpiring, Spike told lies about him. Spike was down on him and got Mr. Ryan run out of the big leagues. Mr. Ryan was forced to quit, all because of Spike."

"You don't mean it!" said Mr. Marsh. "What did he do?"

Mr. Marsh and Tommy turned to Dorothy.

She shook her head. "I don't know, exactly, except that he ruined father's life by lies."

It was agreed by all concerned that Dorothy had better stay with Tommy's parents during the training season, for Jake expected to spend a great deal of his time in Marlin where, he knew, McGraw would welcome him. Every year McGraw, who admired Jake, had invited him to come up and look the bunch over, but Jake always had refused. He was afraid. Youngsters seldom have respect for a champion who has lost his crown and Jake still loved to be where he could talk to an interested audience about the good old days.

For several years the Giant management had barred all wives from the training-camp. Some of the players and all of the wives had complained, but to no avail. Quarrels between wives have wrecked many a ball club.

"You get into Marlin and find that six of the players have brought their wives," a club official explained. "You have only three rooms with private baths to distribute among six couples. You deal them out as diplomatically as you can. Then:

"'Why don't *we* get a private bath? Aren't *you* as important a player as Smith or Jones or Brown? Go right down and stand up for your rights!' That's what the three wives that didn't get the private baths begin saying to their husbands. And right away a jealous row starts that in a week will make a [*Continued on page 81*]

"My daughter will never marry a bum ball-player"

Uncle Sam has no designs on these little countries; he simply wishes to help them, to act the Big Brother to them

Uncle Sam, Trustee

by C. P. CONNOLLY

Mr. Connolly

Do you know what the Monroe Doctrine really means? Do you believe in a six-year term for the President of the United States? In this ringing article, Mr. Connolly has something new to say about Cabinet officers, the ballot and the tariff

PRESIDENT WILSON recently declared that the power of this Government will not be used to protect "miners and commercial adventurers" whose interests are in foreign lands. If this is meant in all its stark significance, no executive declaration in years contains the germ of more far-reaching consequences. One wonders how the President will distinguish in the matter of rights as between "commercial adventurers" and religious missionaries. Perhaps he does not mean to distinguish between them. It was only two years ago that two of our educational institutions in Asia Minor, held under the protection of American and international law and treaties, were invaded by Turkish troops and broken up. The President of one of the institutions was deported; male students were impressed into the Turkish army; children were put to death; and young women over sixteen forced into harems. The buildings were turned into Turkish barracks. A public official at Washington, replying to protests, said:

"What would you do? In similar cases where we have remonstrated, the Turks have simply laughed at us."

Of course they have laughed at us, just as the Mexicans have laughed at us. And yet, without the loss of life or blood, President Cleveland procured from China reparation and punishment for the destruction of American and other foreign missionary property in some of China's provinces.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President-emeritus of Harvard College, has lent the dignity and the influence of his name and prestige to this novel doctrine. He insists that "America has turned its back on the familiar policy of Rome and Great Britain of protecting or avenging their wandering citizens by force of arms."

Aside from the fact that there is a vast difference between piloting the Ship of State and comparing the Hebrew text with the Greek, Dr. Eliot might have referred to our former policy as the policy not only of Rome and of Great Britain, but of practically every other nation. His conception of our duty to our citizenship may be good irenics, but it is poor statesmanship. From Grotius down to the last Democratic national platform, it has been a principle of political science that when a Government ceases to protect its citizens, its citizens cease to owe allegiance to it.

Lord Brougham, the great English statesman and lawyer, said that affording security of person and property was the first law of the State. Men fight for a flag because they believe that flag will fight for them and their families and their rights and their property, if that contingency should arise. The constitution itself recognizes commerce with foreign nations and gives to Congress the power to regulate it. The war abroad ought not to scare us out of our wits. It was precipitated by a few men sitting round a table. If we raise an arm in mercy, we are not putting our approval on warfare. We're not going to hide in the closet or under the bed because there's a bolt of lightning or a rattling of thunder in Europe. Villa or Carranza might find us there and drag us out by the heels.

Matters of such impressive moment are not going to be permanently settled by the votes of fifteen hundred men and women in California, or Minnesota or New Hampshire. They are policies that will be settled by the voice and conscience of the civilized world. "It is the folly of too many," wrote Dean Swift, "to mistake the echo of the London coffee-house for the voice of the Kingdom."

We have now voted fifty millions of dollars for proposed Government-owned ships, ostensibly to foster our South American trade. There will be no South American trade to speak of unless the American flag follows the fortunes of its citizens in those countries.

There is a lot of nonsense talked about the "exploiting American dollar," as applied to our foreign trade; and yet one stands amazed at the greedy spectacle of a nation grabbing off its dividends from the necessities of Europe, as ghouls might rob the dead, and making of its prosperity the pæan and the prop of a great political party in a national campaign. Apparently what ails the average reformer oftentimes is not so much his sympathy for his fellows in distress as for his own private ail. He is the first to fall on his knees and to cry aloud when he is hungry. I have known labor leaders in the West who struck it rich in mining ventures, and who shortly became tyrants worse than those they had denounced in their labor-union days. The wrath of our public displeasure falls on the just and the unjust alike. There are extremists on both sides of every question. The meritorious task of reforming our prisons is likely to be spilled by a few idealists who insist on decorating every prison-cell with a Louis XIV bedroom set.

For three months during a national political campaign we live a life of foolish prophecies, of angry moments, of tense controversy. On the rostrum, in the club-rooms and the delicatessen shop, at the breakfast-table, in the flickering light of the chimney hobs, in the furrows of the field and over the back-yard fences, we reach down into our native emotions, work ourselves into a lather, and in sharp, clipping tones tear the issues and the reputations of candidates into ghostly shreds. Two eminently respectable gentlemen wrap the white mantle of Presidential hope about their manly forms, and we calmly proceed to throw mud-balls at them. It's a part of the game. They remind one of the Ethiopian who agrees for a consideration to stick his brain-box through the aperture in the canvas and to receive the impact of such chance balls, at a nickel a throw, as may come his way. The mantles of presidential candidates are a little the worse for the wear when we get through, but the candidates themselves are not much worse off. It saves them, at least, from inordinate vanity, and it emphasizes the privileges of our outspoken democracy. Into the ballot-box on election day we deposit our fustian, our foolishness and our venom, and out of it all arises the crowned head of a new ruler — crowned with the acclamations and the mandates of the major voting population of a nation of a hundred millions of people, a good enough crown for any ruler.

When the ballots are counted and the heavings of the mighty struggle have settled to rest for another four years, the defeated partisans apply plaster and poultice to wounded feelings, look as cheerful as a barber on a holiday, and take the quizzing and the chaffing of their successful friends with sickly humor.

Occasionally there are those who continue for days and weeks to drag Salt River for political remains. Two such partisans were sitting one day in a corner of an uptown political club, exchanging views. Witherbee was still sadly grouched over the national result. Even the sedative influence of his cigar failed to soften him.

"We ought to elect our Presidents for one term of six years," he was saying. "Then the man who's in won't play politics and use his office to catch the votes of this faction or of that element, this labor union or that labor union."

Jones was in a better humor.

"I don't know about that," he slowly replied. "Suppose you elected a man for one term, and he knew that a second term was out of the question. He might draw his salary and sleep on the job. We've had Presidents of that kind. He would be a six-years' monarch, without responsibility to anybody."

"Well, isn't he a four-years' monarch now?"

"No. The man who's in is always looking for a second term. He does his best to make a record; a second term is his spur and incentive."

Witherbee insisted that that was just the thing he found fault with. If he had his way, he said, he would have the President elective for a single term of six years, and compel him to select his Cabinet within a reasonable time after his nomination, say within a week, and have the names of those Cabinet officers placed on the tickets and voted for by the people.

Jones didn't agree with this novel suggestion. He didn't think any man could select a Cabinet with care and confidence when his own selection was in doubt; he would be apt to do better in the face of the actual responsibilities of the office. The campaign might afford him the first opportunity to secure intimate knowledge of the abilities of the men who would be most likely to be useful to his administration. The Cabinet officials would owe their tenure of office not so much to their chief as to the public, and the division of responsibility might lead to unforeseen and unfortunate complications. There ought to be a uniformity of executive policy in Government. A commander in the field of war usually selected his own personal staff, and the Premier of England did likewise.

"And yet," said Witherbee, "one of the many reasons I voted against Wilson was Josephus Daniels."

"Then you must have been reading Harvey," broke in Jones. "Suppose Daniels was all that his political enemies claim, would the public have known anything more about his ability as a Cabinet officer when they voted for him in 1912, if they had voted for him, than when Wilson later selected him? If he had been elected by the people, there would have been no way of getting rid of him until the expiration of his term of office."

"At least," urged Witherbee, "the plan I suggest would make the Presidential candidate more careful in the selection of Cabinet officials in whom the public might have reason to feel confidence."

"No," resumed Jones, "I think the responsibility for his Cabinet should lie with the President-elect. After all, government is not so much a matter of men as of policies. Daniels might have done fairly well under another and a different President. Some of Roosevelt's Cabinet officials did very well under him who did very ill under other influences and circumstances. The reformers are today all urging a shorter ballot on our State tickets, not a longer one."

But Witherbee was evidently not to be mollified. "I think the President has too much power now," he declared. "Look at the way he forced Congress to pass the eight-hour law, as he called it."

"Well, you find fault with Wilson because he appealed to the votes of the railroad men through the Adamson law. I find fault with the law itself and with the Congress that bowed to the will of one man. This is not a one-man Government; it has its co-ordinate branches. We long ago discarded the old New England method of fixing the wage-scale by law, along with the right of the legislature to determine the kind of raiment each social class should wear. On the other hand, you can't depend for justice on the altruism of men. It's those that take advantage that get advantage in this world. Private John Allen of Mississippi used to say that it was easier to do the wrong thing than to have to explain why you did the right thing."

Jones went on to say that in his domestic policies, he thought the best things Mr. Wilson did were the things that probably re-elected him, the things that he did in the six months immediately preceding his re-election. He may have realized, he said, that men resemble some other animals — if you throw them a little corn, they will follow you 'most anywhere. The chances were, said Jones, that he would not have had those laws passed, that he would have been looking forward to his own private affairs after the fourth of March, 1917, instead of making efforts to procure the passage of laws which he felt would win him votes. "We are living in a Democracy, and our public servants are supposed to please the majority," he concluded.

"That's just the point," interposed Witherbee. "If a majority don't agree with the child-labor law, the so-called eight-hour law, or the other things, I don't see much merit in your contention."

"Well, if the majority don't agree, they can turn the administration out. That's where a leader's judgment comes in. He figures that his policy *will* please the majority. But the main thing, from the public viewpoint, is that you give it a trial. We've thousands of laws on the books now that most of us have forgotten. They repeal themselves. They serve their purpose for the time being. When England was as young as we are, most of her laws were mere ordinances enacted to meet the immediate needs of the time. And you remember that the Vermont legislature once resolved to 'adopt the laws of God and of Connecticut until we have time to frame better.'" And Jones chuckled at the venerable joke.

"Do you remember what a struggle we had to secure the Australian ballot? Before that, every fellow at the polls knew what kind of a ticket every other fellow voted; he could tell by the color. In those days we used to think it was everybody's privilege to know how his neighbor voted. It seemed ridiculous that voting was anything sacred or personal. Now, God help the candidate who would run on a platform in any State of this Union demanding the repeal of the Australian-ballot law.

"The founders of our Government," supplemented Jones, "didn't conclude their work; they didn't intend to; they merely laid the foundations. We'll never get rid of our political scaffolding, any more than New York will ever be entirely rid of its street trenches."

The conversation lagged. Jones's cigar was going out. Witherbee offered him a fresh one. He was interested. Jones was a lawyer and had evidently given much thought to public questions. Witherbee's own slavery to business problems left him little time for political orientation. He decided to draw Jones out further. A single Presidential term of six years had come to be his hobby since the re-election of Wilson, and he returned to that subject.

"Well," said Jones, "the public isn't likely to solve any of the great problems of the day by the adoption of a six-year term. Six years is a long time to suffer under an incompetent or corrupt administration. And then again, a political program may suffer defeat once, twice, or many times; but if it has merit, it will survive the shock and reappear for solution under more favorable circumstances; and we don't want these periods of agitation to come too far apart. Did you ever stop to think that a national political campaign is the greatest education in democracy that we have? Wendell Phillips said that the political canvass of 1860 was worth more to the country in educational value than the election of Lincoln was in political value. There's a lot of things we never learn at school. Take the tariff. What boy would master the most rudimentary idea of it in school? But let the workman lose his job, let his employer's factory close down because of the competition of cheap foreign labor, and that workman knows more about one side of the tariff question than a school-boy would be apt to learn in four years. The public don't think in the abstract; or, if they do, they don't think about government, the thing that most affects them in their every-day life. Their thoughts rally round a central point, a candidate, a platform, or a party. Luke McLuke says that this would be a better world if every man was as loyal to his family as he is to his political party.

"People will stop to watch a dog-fight just because it is a dog-fight. It's the same principle that attracts forty thousand people to a football game. They watch to see how the contest comes out, and they listen attentively to the different arguments during a campaign as they think they will affect the chances of one side or the other, just as they watch the play of the football teams. They wouldn't listen with the same interest to those arguments at any other time. Nobody cares to flog a dead horse, you know."

As Jones warmed up again, some of the other Club members who had come in began to gather round. They, too, became interested.

"The education that is as free as air during those three months is worth while. Some of it is pretty weak; but at least it sets the masses to thinking, if only to the point of making up their minds how they ought to vote. If our Western pioneers hadn't had a course of practical training in politics, they'd never have been able to erect States in the West, as they did, over night. Those pioneers found themselves an unorganized mob of a morning, and by night they'd resolved themselves into communities, with regularly elected officials. They framed mining laws for their own guidance which were afterwards adopted without change by Congress and commended by the courts in many judicial decisions. Had they been the subjects of some foreign prince or potentate, they'd never've been able to do that. Europeans miss that education in government. Things run along at the top there, and the voice of the multitude isn't heard. Kipling says that the average English householder seems to regard his Government merely as a means to supply him with policemen and fire-brigades. 'Pick an American of the second generation anywhere you please,' he says, 'from the cab-rank, the porter's room, or the plow-tail, and that man will make you understand in five minutes that he understands what manner of thing his Republic is.'"

There was a silence—a silence eloquent of approval and admiration of Jones's polemic abilities. The company had drawn up chairs and were now seated at rapt attention. One man suggested that there were a good many questions injected into the recent campaign which he did not understand. He would like a little light on some of them.

"Come across with your questions," encouraged Jones. "I'll do the best I can."

The interested listener wanted to know something about the Monroe Doctrine, about which he had heard so much during the campaign — what was it all about?

Jones explained that after the overthrow of Napoleon, France, Russia, Prussia and Austria had formed what they called the Holy Alliance for the suppression of revolutions within their dominions. Some of the Spanish colonies in America having revolted, it was rumored that this alliance [*Continued on page 35*]

The Questioner

by **Elsa Barker**

IF you and I were destined thus to stand
Always apart, to count the frustrate days
And tossing nights whose every hope betrays
And leads nowhither, by what strange command
Of what strange God did your hand clutch my hand
In the vague human chaos, your eyes raise
Curtains on unknown stars, your spirit craze
My spirit with this dream forever banned?

Are we but pawns in some stupendous play
Whose rules we know not? Are the ends of Truth
Served by this feigned indifference and the vain
Tears in the dark? Or are we the dumb prey
Of some grim God love-baffled in His youth,
Who craves our comprehension of His pain?

SUMMER — *by* Edith Wharton

Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

Mr. Taylor

CHARITY ROYALL had been "brought down from the mountain" by Lawyer Royall when a child and had been taken into his home. After Mrs. Royall's death, seven or eight years later, there had been some talk of sending Charity to boarding-school, but this did not materialize. For a while Charity took care of the home, but having a keen desire to earn some money so as to leave the dreary little New England village, she asks to be appointed librarian of the Hatchard Library. The arrival of Lucius Harney, an architect interested in old houses, is the first real ray of sunshine in Charity's life and she immediately begins to weave a romance about him. This dream is brought to an abrupt end when Charity learns that complaints have been made about her negligence of the library. Furious at Harney, who, she believes, has started the complaints, she dashes to the library to get her personal belongings and leave the place before she is dismissed

IV

HE stopped and lifted his hat with a shy smile. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought there was no one here."

Charity stood before him, barring his way. "You can't come in. The library ain't open to the public Wednesdays."

"I know it's not; but my cousin gave me her key."

"Miss Hatchard's got no right to give her key to other folks, any more'n I have. I'm the librarian and I know the by-laws. This is my library."

The young man looked profoundly surprised. "Why, I know it is; I'm so sorry if you mind my coming."

"I suppose you came to see what more you could say to set her against me? But you needn't trouble: it's my library today, but it won't be this time tomorrow. I'm on the way now to take her back the key and the register."

Young Harney's face grew grave, but without betraying the consciousness of guilt she had looked for.

"I don't understand," he said. "There must be some mistake. Why should I say things against you to Miss Hatchard — or to anyone?"

The apparent evasiveness of the reply caused Charity's indignation to overflow. "I don't know why you should. I could understand Orma Fry's doing it, because she's always wanted to get me out of here ever since the first day. I can't see why, when she's got her own home, and her father to work for her; nor Ida Targatt, neither, when she got a legacy from her stepbrother on'y last year. But anyway we all live in the same place, and when it's a place like North Dormer it's enough to make people hate each other just to have to walk down the same street every day. But you don't live here, and you don't know anything about any of us, so what did you have to meddle for? Do you suppose the other girls'd have kept the books any better'n I did? Why, Orma Fry don't hardly know a book from a flat-iron! And what if I don't always sit round here doing nothing till it strikes five up at the church? Who cares if the library's open or shut? Do you suppose anybody ever comes here for books? What they'd like to come for is to meet the fellows they're going with — if I'd let 'em. But I wouldn't let Bill Sollas from over the hill hang round here waiting for the youngest Targatt girl, because I know him . . . that's all . . . even if I don't know about books all I ought to . . ."

She stopped with a choking in her throat. Tremors of rage were running through her, and she steadied herself against the edge of the desk lest he should see her weakness.

What he saw seemed to affect him deeply, for he grew red under his sunburn, and stammered out: "But Miss Royall, I assure you . . . I assure you . . ."

His distress inflamed her anger, and she regained her voice to fling back: "If I was you I'd have the nerve to stick to what I said!"

The taunt seemed to restore his presence of mind. "I hope I should if I knew; but I don't. Apparently something disagreeable has happened, for which you think I'm to blame. But I don't know what it is, because I've been up on Eagle Ridge ever since the early morning."

"I don't know where you've been this morning, but I know you were here in this library yesterday; and it was you that went home and told your cousin the books were in bad shape, and brought her round to see how I neglected them."

Young Harney looked sincerely concerned. "Was that what you were told? I don't wonder you're angry. The books *are* in bad shape, and as some are interesting it's a pity. I told Miss Hatchard they were suffering from dampness and lack of air; and I brought her here to show her how easily the place could be ventilated. I also told her you ought to have someone to help you do the dusting and airing. If you were given a wrong version of what I said I'm sorry; but I'm so fond of old books that I'd rather see them made into a bonfire than left to moulder away like these."

Charity felt her sobs rising and tried to stifle them in words. "I don't care what you say you told her. All I know is she thinks it's all my fault, and I'm going to lose my job, and I wanted it more'n anyone in the village, because I haven't got anybody belonging to me, the way other folks have. All I wanted was to put aside money enough to get away from here sometime. D'you suppose if it hadn't been for that I'd have kept on sitting day after day in this old vault?"

Of this appeal her hearer took up only the last question. "It *is* an old vault; but need it be? That's the point. And it's my putting the question to my cousin that seems to have been the cause of the trouble." His glance explored the melancholy penumbra of the long narrow room, resting on the blotched walls, the discolored rows of books, and the stern rosewood desk surmounted by the portrait of the young Honorius. "Of course it's a bad job to do anything with a building jammed against a hill like this ridiculous mausoleum: you couldn't get a good draught through it without blowing a hole in the mountain. But it can be ventilated after a fashion, and the sun can be let in: I'll show you how if you like. . . ." The architect's passion for improvement had already made him lose sight of her grievance, and he lifted his stick instructively toward the cornice. But her silence seemed to tell him that she took no interest in the ventilation of the library, and turning back to her abruptly he held out both hands. "Look here — you don't mean what you said? You don't really think I'd do anything to hurt you?"

A new note in his voice disarmed her: no one had ever spoken to her in that tone.

"Oh, what *did* you do it for, then?" she wailed. He had her hands in his, and she was feeling the smooth touch that she had imagined the day before on the hillside.

He pressed her hands lightly and let them go. "Why, to make things pleasanter for you here; and better for the books. I'm sorry if my cousin twisted around what I said. She's excitable, and she lives on trifles. I ought to have remembered that. Don't punish me by letting her think you take her seriously."

IT was wonderful to hear him speak of Miss Hatchard as if she were a querulous baby: in spite of his shyness he had the air of power that the experience of cities probably gave. It was the fact of having lived in Nettleton that made lawyer Royall, in spite of his infirmities, the strongest man in North Dormer; and Charity was sure that this young man had lived in bigger places than Nettleton.

She felt that if she kept up her denunciatory tone he would secretly class her with Miss Hatchard; and the thought made her suddenly simple.

"It don't matter to Miss Hatchard how I take her. Mr. Royall says she's going to get a trained librarian; and I'd sooner resign than have the village say she sent me away."

"Naturally you would. But I'm sure she doesn't mean to send you away. At any rate, won't you give me the chance to find out first and let you know? It will be time enough to resign if I'm mistaken."

Her pride flamed into her cheeks at the suggestion of his intervening. "I don't want anybody should coax her to keep me if I don't suit."

He colored too. "I give you my word I won't do that. Only wait till tomorrow, will you?" He looked straight into her eyes with his shy gray glance. "You can trust me, you know — you really can."

All the old frozen woes seemed to melt in her, and she murmured awkwardly, looking away from him: "Oh, I'll wait."

V

THERE had never been such a June in Eagle County. Usually it was a month of moods, with abrupt alternations of belated frost and midsummer heat; this year, day followed day in a sequence of temperate beauty. Every morning a breeze blew steadily from the hills. Toward noon it built up great canopies of white cloud that threw a cool shadow over fields and woods; then before sunset the clouds dissolved again, and the western light rained its unobstructed brightness on the valley.

On such an afternoon Charity Royall lay on a ridge above a sunlit hollow, her face pressed to the earth and the warm currents of the grass running through her. Directly in her line of vision a blackberry branch laid its frail white flowers and blue-green leaves against the sky. Just beyond, a tuft of sweet-fern uncurled between the beaded shoots of the grass, and a small yellow butterfly vibrated over them like a fleck of sunshine. This was all she saw; but she felt, above her and about her, the strong growth of the beeches clothing the ridge, the rounding of pale green cones on countless spruce-branches, the push of myriads of sweet-fern fronds in the cracks of the stony slope below the wood, and the crowding shoots of meadow-sweet and yellow flags in the pasture beyond. All this bubbling of sap and slipping of sheaths and bursting of calyxes was carried to her on mingled currents of fragrance. Every leaf and bud and blade seemed to contribute its exhalation to the pervading sweetness in which the pungency of pine-sap prevailed over the spice of thyme and the subtle perfume of fern, and all were merged in a moist earth-smell that was like the breath of some huge sun-warmed animal.

CHARITY had lain there a long time, passive and sun-warmed as the slope on which she lay, when there came between her eyes and the dancing butterfly the sight of a man's foot in a large worn boot covered with red mud.

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed, raising herself on her elbow and stretching out a warning hand.

"Don't what?" a hoarse voice asked above her head.

"Don't stamp on those bramble flowers, you dolt!" she retorted, springing to her knees. The foot paused and then descended clumsily on the frail branch, and raising her eyes she saw above her the bewildered face of a slouching man with a thin sunburnt beard, and white arms showing through his ragged shirt.

"Don't you ever *see* anything, Liff Hyatt?" she assailed him, as he stood before her with the look of a man who has stirred up a wasp's nest.

He grinned. "I seen you, that's what I come down for."

"Down from where?" she questioned, stooping to gather up the petals his foot had scattered.

He jerked his thumb toward the heights. "Been cutting down trees for Dan Targatt."

Charity sank back on her heels and looked at him musingly. She was not in the least afraid of poor Liff Hyatt, though he "came from the Mountain," and some of the girls ran when they saw him. Among the more reasonable he passed for a harmless creature, a sort of link between the Mountain and civilized folk, who occasionally came down and did a little wood-cutting for a farmer when hands were short. Besides, she knew the Mountain people would never hurt her: Liff himself had told her so once when she was a little girl, and had met him one day at the edge of lawyer Royall's pasture. "They won't any of 'em touch you up there, f'ever you was to come up. . . . But I don't s'pose you will," he had added philosophically, looking at her new shoes, and at the red ribbon that Miss Royall had tied in her hair.

Charity had, in truth, never felt any desire to visit her birthplace. She did not care to have it known that she was of the Mountain, and was shy of being seen in talk with Liff Hyatt. But today she was not sorry to have him appear. A great many things had happened to her since the day when young Lucius Harney had entered the doors of the Hatchard Memorial, but none, perhaps, so unforeseen as the fact of her suddenly finding it a convenience to be on good terms with Liff Hyatt. She continued to look up curiously at his

"Mr Harney? Mr. Harney? Ain't Mr. Harney learned to drive a horse yet?"

freckled weather-beaten face, with feverish hollows below the cheekbones and the pale yellow eyes of a harmless animal. "I wonder if he's related to me?" she thought, with a shiver of disdain.

"Is there any folks living in the brown house by the swamp, up under Porcupine?" she presently asked in an indifferent tone.

Liff Hyatt, for a while, considered her with surprise; then he scratched his head and shifted his weight from one tattered sole to the other.

"There's always the same folks in the brown house," he said with his vague grin.

"They're from up your way, ain't they?"

"Their name's the same as mine," he rejoined uncertainly.

Charity still held him with resolute eyes. "See here, I want to go there some day and take a gentleman with me that's boarding with us. He's up in these parts drawing pictures."

She did not offer to explain this statement. It was too far beyond Liff Hyatt's limitations for the attempt to be worth making. "He wants to see the brown house, and go all over it," she pursued.

Liff was still running his fingers perplexedly through his shock of straw-colored hair. He had given up the mechanical quest for tobacco. "Is it a fellow from the city?" he asked.

"Yes. He draws pictures of things. He's down there now drawing the Bonner house." She pointed to a chimney just visible over the dip of the pasture below the wood.

"The Bonner house?" Liff echoed, incredulously.

"Yes. You won't understand — and it don't matter. All I say is: he's going to the Hyatts' in a day or two."

Liff looked more and more perplexed. "Bash is ugly sometimes in the afternoons."

"I know. But I guess he won't trouble me." She threw her head back, her eyes full on Hyatt's. "I'm coming too: you tell him."

"They won't none of them trouble you, the Hyatts won't. What'd you want a take a stranger with you, though?"

"I've told you, haven't I? You've got to tell Bash Hyatt."

He looked away at the blue mountains on the horizon; then his gaze dropped to the chimney-top below the pasture.

"He's down there now?"

"Yes."

He shifted his weight again, crossed his arms, and continued to survey the distant landscape. "Well, so long," he said at last, inconclusively; and turning away he shambled up the hillside. From the ledge above her, he paused to call down: "I wouldn't go there a Sunday;" then he clambered on till the trees closed in on him. Presently, from high overhead, Charity heard the ring of his axe.

She lay on the warm ridge, thinking of many things that the woodman's appearance had stirred up in her. She knew nothing of her early life, and had never felt any curiosity about it: only a sullen reluctance to explore the corner of her memory where certain blurred images lingered. But all that had happened to her within the last few weeks had stirred her to the sleeping depths. She had become absorbingly interesting to herself, and everything that had to do with her past was illuminated by this sudden curiosity.

She hated more than ever the fact of coming from the Mountain; but it was no longer indifferent to her. Everything that in anyway affected her was alive and vivid: even the hateful things had grown interesting because they were a part of herself.

"I wonder if Liff Hyatt knows who my mother was?" she mused; and it filled her with a tremor of surprise to think that some woman who was once young and slight, with quick motions of the blood like hers, had carried her in her breast, and watched her sleeping. She had always thought of her mother as so long dead as to be no more than a nameless pinch of earth; but now it occurred to her that the once-young woman might be alive and wrinkled and elf-locked like the woman she had sometimes seen in the door of the brown house that Lucius Harney wanted to draw.

The thought brought him back to the central point in her mind, and she strayed away from the conjectures roused by Liff Hyatt's presence. Speculations concerning the past could not hold her long when the present was so rich, the future so rosy, and when Lucius Harney, a stone's throw away, was bending over his sketch-book, frowning, calculating, measuring, and then throwing his head back with the sudden smile that had shed its brightness over everything.

She scrambled to her feet, but as she did so she saw him coming up the pasture and dropped down on the grass to wait. When he was drawing and measuring one of "his houses," as she called them, she often strayed away by herself into the woods or up the hillside. It was partly from shyness that she did so: from a sense of inadequacy that came to her most painfully when her companion, absorbed in his job, forgot her ignorance and her inability to follow his least allusion, and plunged into a monologue on art and life. To avoid the awkwardness of listening with a blank face, and also to escape the surprised stare of the inhabitants of the houses before which he would abruptly pull up their horse and open his sketch-book, she slipped away to some spot from which, without being seen, she could watch him at work, or at least look down on the house he was drawing. She had not been displeased, at first, to have it known to North Dormer and the neighborhood that she was driving Miss Hatchard's cousin about the country in the buggy he had hired of lawyer Royall. She had always kept to herself, contemptuously aloof from village love-making, without exactly knowing whether her fierce pride was due to the sense of her tainted origin, or whether she was reserving herself for a more brilliant fate. Sometimes she envied the other girls their sentimental preoccupations, their long hours of inarticulate philandering with one of the few youths who still lingered in the village; but when she pictured herself curling her hair or putting a new ribbon on her hat for Ben Fry or one of the Sollas boys the fever dropped and she relapsed into indifference.

Now she knew the meaning of her disdains and reluctances. She had learned what she was worth when Lucius Harney, looking at her for the first time, had lost the thread of his speech, and leaned reddening on the edge of her desk. But another kind of shyness had been born in her: a terror of exposing to vulgar perils the sacred treasure of her happiness. She was not sorry to have the neighbors suspect her of "going with" a young man from the city; but she did not want it known to all the countryside how many hours of the long June days she spent with him. What she most feared was that the inevitable comments should reach Mr. Royall. Charity was instinctively aware that few things concerning her escaped the eyes of the silent man under whose roof she lived; and in spite of the latitude which North Dormer accorded to courting couples she had always felt that, on the day when she showed too open a preference, Mr. Royall might, as she phrased it, make her "pay for it." How, she did not know; and her fear was the greater because it was undefinable. If she had been accepting the attentions of one of the village youths she would have been less apprehensive: Mr. Royall could not prevent her marrying when she chose to. But everybody knew that "going with a city fellow" was a different and less straightforward affair; almost every village could show a victim of the perilous venture. And her dread of Mr. Royall's intervention gave a sharpened joy to the hours she spent with young Harney, and made her, at the same time, shy of being too generally seen with him.

As he approached she rose to her knees, stretching her arms above her head with the indolent gesture that was her way of expressing a profound well-being.

"I'm going to take you to that house up under Porcupine," she announced.

"What house? Oh, yes; that ramshackle place near the swamp, with the gipsy-looking people hanging about. It's curious that a house with traces of real architecture should have been built in such a place. But the people were a sulky-looking lot — do you suppose they'll let us in?"

"They'll do whatever I tell them," she said with assurance.

He threw himself down beside her. "Will they?" he rejoined with a smile. "Well, I should like to see what's left inside the house. And I should like to have a talk with the people. Who was it who was telling me the other day that they had come down from the Mountain?"

Charity shot a sideward look at him. It was the first time he had spoken of the Mountain except as a feature of the landscape. What else did he know about it, and about her relation to it? Her heart began to beat with the fierce impulse of resistance which she instinctively opposed to every imagined slight.

"The Mountain? I ain't afraid of the Mountain!"

Her tone of defiance seemed to escape him. He lay breast down on the grass, breaking off sprigs of thyme and pressing them against his lips. Far off, above the folds of the nearer hills, the Mountain thrust itself up menacingly against a yellow sunset.

"I must go up there some day; I want to see it," he continued.

Her heart-beats slackened and she turned again to examine his profile. It was innocent of all unfriendly intention.

"What'd you want to go up the Mountain for?"

"Why, it must be rather a curious place. There's a queer colony up there, you know: sort of outlaws, a little independent kingdom. Of course you've heard them spoken of; but I'm told they have nothing to do with the people in the valleys — rather look down on them, in fact. I suppose they're rough customers; but they must have a good deal of character."

She did not quite know what he meant by having a good deal of character; but his tone was expressive of admiration, and deepened her dawning curiosity. It struck her now as strange that she knew so little about the Mountain. She had never asked, and no one had ever offered to enlighten her. North Dormer took the Mountain for granted, and implied its disparagement by an intonation rather than by explicit criticism.

"It's queer, you know," he continued, "that, just over there, on top of that hill, there should be a handful of people who don't give a damn for anybody."

The words thrilled her. They seemed the clue to her own revolts and defiances, and she longed to have him tell her more.

"I don't know much about them. Have they always been there?"

"Nobody seems to know exactly how long. Down at Creston they told me that the first colonists are supposed to have been men who worked on the railway that was built forty or fifty years ago between Springfield and Nettleton. Some of them took to drink, or got into trouble with the police, and went off — disappeared into the woods. A year or two later there was a report that they were living up on the Mountain. Then I suppose others joined them — and children were born. Now they say there are over a hundred people up there. They seem to be quite outside the jurisdiction of the valleys. No school, no church — and no sheriff ever goes up to see what they're about. But don't people ever talk of them at North Dormer?"

"I don't know. They say they're bad."

He laughed. "Do they? We'll go and see, shall we?"

She flushed at the suggestion, and turned her face to his. "You never heard, I suppose — I come from there. They brought me down when I was little."

"You?" He raised himself on his elbow, looking at her with sudden interest. "You're from the Mountain? How curious! I suppose that's why you're so different. . . ."

Her happy blood bathed her to the forehead. He was praising her — and praising her because she came from the Mountain!

"Am I . . . different?" she triumphed, with affected wonder.

"Oh, awfully!" He picked up her hand and laid a kiss on the sunburnt knuckles.

"Come," he said, "let's be off." He stood up and shook the grass from his loose gray clothes. "What a good day! Where are you going to take me tomorrow?"

VI

THAT evening after supper Charity sat alone in the kitchen and listened to Mr. Royall and young Harney talking on the porch.

She had remained indoors after the table had been cleared and old Verena had hobbled up to bed. The kitchen window was open and Charity seated herself near it, her idle hands on her knee. The evening was cool and still. Beyond the black hills an amber west passed into pale green, and then to a deep blue in which a great star hung. The soft hoot of a little owl came through the dusk, and between its calls the men's voices rose and fell. [*Continued on page 62*]

MRS. WHARTON'S great novel is creating a sensation. So are Cleveland Moffett's vital articles on how to live. So are Waldemar Kaempffert's automobile talks. So are all the McClure business articles, by such men as Woolley, Collins, Mackenzie and Kelly. Next month, a wonderful anonymous glimpse into the future — "War Against War" — an amazing record, supposed to be written in 1923

Hands and knees, abdomen completely relaxed. Six deep breaths

Knee-chest position, complete relaxation. Six deep breaths

Flex leg on thigh; thigh on abdomen, alternately, each leg six times

Legs extended, kick, alternately, each leg six times. (Do not hold breath)

Legs extended. Raise both legs together six times. Breathe deeply and steadily. (Do not hold breath)

Repair Shops for Men and Women

Another Brilliant "How to Live Long and Love Long" Article

by Cleveland Moffett

IT will surprise and encourage many persons to learn that William ("Billy") Muldoon, who at seventy-one is perhaps the most magnificent specimen of a man of that age in the world, taking into account health and strength and beauty of body as well as vigor of mind, was many years ago refused by a life-insurance company as an undesirable risk. Muldoon is what he is today because he has lived wisely, hygienically, and for over a quarter of a century it has been his business to teach others to live in the same way. Or try to teach them!

Who has not heard of Billy Muldoon's place at White Plains, New York — the picturesque country home of this one-time great wrestler and trainer of prize-fighters who has now become a practical philosopher, a teacher of right living? To him in the past thirty years have come thousands of men, and a few women, more or less broken down, discouraged, owning themselves unequal to the task of taking care of their own bodies. And Muldoon has helped them, saved their lives, put them back on the way to health, happiness and efficiency.

How has he done it?

In the first place, he has given them confidence, he has inspired them by his own example. He has assured them (and he implicitly believes this) that there is no reason why they should not bring themselves to his splendid physical condition if they will live as they see him living, if they will do as they see him doing. Muldoon declares that, by Nature's intent, the average man and woman should attain the age of one hundred years; and all who come near him must admit that at three-score and eleven, thanks to his method of living, he is younger looking and younger feeling than many a man of fifty.

They tell a story of a vigorous young officer from Montreal, a skilful boxer, who recently came to Billy Muldoon for a little setting up.

"I'll put on the gloves with you myself," said Muldoon, this being rather an honor, had the Canadian known it.

"If you don't mind I'd rather box with a younger man," replied the officer. "I want some hard exercise and it wouldn't be fair to you."

"Is that so?" snorted Billy, swelling out his forty-six-inch chest. "Well, you put those gloves on. You'll get all the exercise you want." And the first thing the young man knew he had connected with a right swing that landed him on his back fifteen feet across the room.

Muldoon hates cigars, cigarettes, any form of tobacco.

"I have more respect for a woman of the streets than I have for a man who smokes cigarettes," he said to me.

And when I spoke of a distinguished actor who had been physically made over at White Plains, and was very grateful, Muldoon shook his head.

"Why doesn't he cut out cigarettes?"

Then he told me of his first meeting with a brilliant statesman, United States senator, and lawyer of international fame, who came to him some years ago in such a broken-down nervous condition from smoking and wrong living that he could not sit still for half a minute, but was always crossing and uncrossing his legs, jumping up from his chair and circling about the room like a panther in a cage.

Muldoon as a young man And Muldoon as he is today

At seventy-one, Billy Muldoon is perhaps the most magnificent specimen of a man of that age in the world

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Muldoon," smiled the statesman. "Have a cigar?" And he held out a choice Havana.

Muldoon's keen gray eyes were on the newcomer.

"Thanks! I don't smoke."

"Oh! I've come well provided. I have a box of these in my bag."

Muldoon shook his head.

"No!"

"Why, yes. And a lot of cigarettes," added the lawyer.

"They've been taken out of your bag. Nobody smokes here."

"I see," laughed the statesman. "Then I may as well give you these?"

"Just about," said Muldoon. "If you didn't, I'm afraid I'd have to take them."

Within a few weeks this eminent patient (whose cure was finally effectual) had learned to conserve his nervous force by doing things quietly. He had learned to dictate letters without moving from his chair or shifting his legs.

"Every time a man crosses his legs he gives his heart that much extra work to do," explained Muldoon. "You know what happens to a stream of water when you squeeze the garden hose."

Muldoon attaches great importance to proper breathing. He told me of the trouble he had in making John L. Sullivan breathe properly, and he dwelt on the harm that numbers of Americans do themselves (witness the prevalence of catarrhal affections) by the bad habit of mouth-breathing.

"Keep your mouths shut. Breathe through your nostrils," he is always saying to his patients.

If the nostrils are stopped up he explains how they may be made to function properly by simple cleansing ablutions, and he insists that these be performed regularly.

"We need filtered air just as we need filtered water, and the nose is our filter. You boys want to remember that."

Muldoon's domain is an absolute monarchy, or rather a benevolent paternalism, and quick is the chiding that greets any deviation from the prescribed régime, regardless of whether the offender be rich or poor.

"Here! Wait! Put down that knife and fork!" he will say to some newcomer who is bolting his food. "Don't you know that your mouth is full? Don't you know how to eat? What are your teeth for? Take your time! *Chew your food!* Don't make me speak of this again. It hurts me to do it and it humiliates you. So remember!"

And the man does remember. No one has ever spoken to him like that. Perhaps he is a millionaire, accustomed to flattery and obsequiousness. His feelings are ruffled. He thinks of leaving, but — the other boys laugh him into a good humor. It's Billy Muldoon's way. After all, a man ought to chew his food and — the outcome is that, in the future, he *does* chew it.

Sometimes there is complaining over Muldoon's requirement that patients eat freely of salads and vegetables fresh from the garden, but more sparingly of meat, since many of them have been excessive meat-eaters and are suffering in consequence.

"I can't eat this spinach. I never eat spinach," protests a pampered business man.

Muldoon looks at him and says quietly: "I think you'd better eat that spinach." And the business man eats it.

Another patient says politely, "Mr. Muldoon, I assure you I don't like vegetable salad. I shall be ill if I eat it."

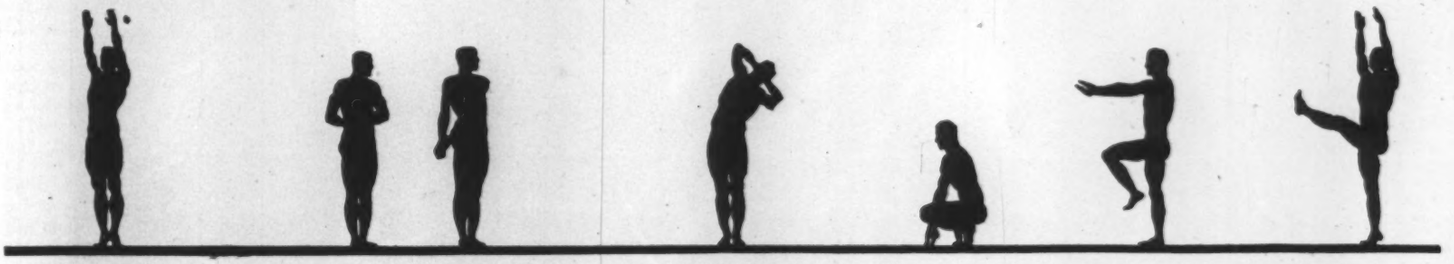
"I'll take the responsibility of your being ill."

"But you surely will not be unreasonable enough to insist on my eating something that is distasteful to me?"

And with this he leaves the table, if new to the place, but it is certain that he will presently return and eat that salad; otherwise he will take the first train back to New York City.

And so on.

At Muldoon's all rules are made to be obeyed. Everything is done in an orderly way. Whoever takes a book from a shelf is expected to put the book back in its place. Patients are required to do things for themselves, to arrange their own clothing, no valets being allowed. The aim is to develop in them self-reliance, order, obedience, no matter how (*Continued on page 58*)



Raise arms, rise on toes, deep breath, lower arms, down on heels, breathe out. Repeat six times slowly

Elbows flexed, fingers interlocked at small of back. Deep breath, extend arms, fingers interlocked. Flex arms to original position, breathe out. Repeat six times

Fingers interlocked behind head, bend to right, backward to left, forward, then to erect position again. Bend left, backward right, and erect. Repeat each way six times and breathe deeply

Stand erect, arms hanging at sides. Squat, let extended arms drop between knees till fingers touch floor. Assume erect position again, rolling shoulders back, breathing deeply. Repeat six times

Arms extended in front, trot twenty steps standing still. Arms extended above, trot twenty steps standing still. Arms extended laterally from shoulders, trot twenty steps standing still

Stand erect, extend arms up, at same time rise on right toe and kick upward left leg, knee extended. Drop arms to side, come down on right heel as left foot touches ground again. Repeat rising on left heel, kicking right foot. Kick alternately six times, each foot

It was the first time he had ever seen her give way to such emotion, and in an instant he was kneeling at her feet

The Lifted Veil

by BASIL KING

Author of "The Inner Shrine"

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

[*To be concluded next month*]

IT was one of the rare nights in his life during which Bainbridge did not so much as go to bed. The hours passed without his noticing, as he tramped from the study into the dining-room and back, returning ever and again on his footsteps. It was between two and three in the morning when he heard a stirring and a whispering in the hall, after which Wheelock, a grotesque little figure in carpet slippers and one of Bainbridge's old dressing-gowns which was too long for him, appeared on the threshold.

His tone was distressed and pitying. "Can't you sleep, sir? No more can I; no more can Mrs. Wheelock, in a manner of speaking. She's sent me to ask if you couldn't heat a little something, sir. There's plenty o' cold meat in the 'ouse, for you didn't 'ardly touch nothink for your dinner."

Bainbridge stopped in his walk just long enough to say: "No, Wheelock, thank you. I'm quite all right. Go back to bed, and Mrs. Wheelock, too."

But Wheelock insisted. Directed by his wife in loud whispers from the hall he brought a bottle of milk and a plate of crackers, and laid them on the dining-room table. "Try to heat a little, sir. Wakefulness ain't often nothink but having nothink in the stomach."

Bainbridge thanked him, nibbled a cracker, drank a glass of milk, and sent the old couple back to bed. Then he resumed his pacing, his head bent, his hands in the pockets of his house-jacket.

The subjects of his meditation were mixed but not confused. They blended with each other, they modified each other, and yet remained distinct.

Weaving itself in with everything else was the knowledge that Leslie was the man. He had no necessity to return to the thought, since it was always there, the one constant factor in his silent debate. In vain he put it to himself, "What difference does it make whether it was he or not, so long as you knew it was someone?" It did make a difference, yet what he couldn't say. Though every nerve in his system revolted against the fact, it kept beyond his analysis. All he could say was that it brought the sin nearer; it forced it under his eyes; it made him, in a measure, a partaker of its . . .

He fought with himself as to the right word. The eternal battle between the spirit and the flesh took place all over again in his soul. What was lawful and what was sin? What was permissible to human nature and what was denied? What was purity and what was mere conventionality? What was the power that could sanctify in one set of conditions what it condemned in another? and what was the compelling motive for either course? What was passion? What was love? and how far could the one excuse the other, and perhaps give it consecration? Were the so-called sins of the flesh the most soiling of sins? or were the sins of the spirit the greater? The world would overlook lying and dishonesty and treachery and ingratitude and the evil tongue to throw its emphasis here; but was he, the professed servant of God, the slave of Christ, the *doulos Christou* as St. Paul would have called him, to see only in this half light and with this semi-paralyzed eye? Was his outlook not to be wide and tolerant and unjudging?

He went back, as far as it was in him, beyond mere accepted opinion and what were called moral laws; he went back beyond the conventions of civilization and the conservatism of the Church; he uprooted the questions he had supposed to be settled and examined them again, searching fundamentally. His object was not to discover special pleading on behalf of Leslie and Clorinda; it was rather to guard against being unjust to either of them through rigidity of training or preconceptions of his own. He was not sure of his qualifications for the task; but with such means as he had he felt obliged to spare himself no pains.

The result was some perplexity, some misgiving, some hesitation with regard to what had once seemed to him eternally decreed — and one clear beckoning light. His duty must be the practical one. Beyond the practical it was doubtful whether or not he could go. In this matter, as in all other matters, he reasoned, he was not primarily a lover, nor Clorinda Gildersleeve's future husband. To the great army, fighting, falling, struggling, but pressing on in the mass if not always as individuals, it was his part to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, a scout, a servant, a member of the commissariat to bring food. No man or woman must ask bread of him and receive only the petrified thing, the stone.

That much was clear and it was all that was clear. It was part of his inner conflict to eliminate the spiritually artificial. There must be no hearsay, no religious jargon, in anything he had to say; there must be nothing but the distillation of his own experience in whatever he might have to do.

It was morning before he came to definite conclusions. In reaching Good he reached God; and in reaching God he should be walking on his native ground, where he knew he could find the way. When his imagination flew on to situations he knew he should have to face, and he began to combine the possible circumstances in which he might have to face them, he was met by a command to which he had never paid any attention before: "Neither do ye premeditate." He paused in his walk, recognizing the harm he had done to himself all his life by his tendency to foresee conditions, and prepare for them in ways which hadn't come to pass. He repeated the familiar words which he had never till this minute considered as applicable to himself: "When they shall lead you and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour that speak ye." It was like a new discovery to him that by the simple, if difficult, process of keeping in touch with Good it would be given him "in that hour" what he should speak and do. Comforted and fortified he resumed his walk, while more and more life resolved itself, not into belief and hope and uncertainty and fear and tradition and the petitionings to which he had hitherto given the name of prayer, but into conduct. If by anything he could do others were to benefit and the petrifying become active, it must be through the demonstration of power. When he asked himself how, the answer came that "it would be given him."

THOUGH it had been a night of suffering it was suffering which led at least to some result. It was an obscure result, in that it prescribed nothing. There was no direct course for him to take, no precise thing for him to do, no line to mark out beforehand. His task was to wait and see — and act as light should be given him. "In thy light shall we see light. That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," was the kind of answer with which his doubts and questionings were met. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth," came to him at last as the key to his mental attitude toward Leslie and Clorinda. They were not his servants. To their own master they stood or they fell, without his responsibility. To reduce himself to inaction toward them, to positive inaction of thought, was at once a relief and a trial. Having accomplished it with more or less success he felt very small and useless, very tired and worn.

He went to the window and threw it open, drawing long breaths of the sharp winter morning air. It was not yet dawn, and the stars were still visible, but darkness had passed into a blue-gray shimmer, against which the nearer buildings were dense black silhouettes, while the cubes and towers farther off were aerial and tremulous. With a murmur like a long drawn sigh the city was awaking. From somewhere near by there came a sound of early church bells. More distantly the clanging of electric cars cut harshly on the stillness. In the neighboring streets wheels creaked over the frozen snow, and occasional footsteps crunched. Now and then a voice had a solitary weird effect in this stirring that was almost voiceless. And in and through and over and under all other sounds was a tremor and a whir which he could only compare to the humming of millions upon trillions and banks and masses of bees.

He went onward to his day in a new spirit, the spirit of not looking forward or planning or mapping out. The veil was still down, and close as he was to it he could see nothing but its impenetrable texture. Some veils had been lifted; but this, which shut him into darkness concerning himself and his future course, was denser than the drop-curtain that hides a play.

If during the morning he had a surprise it was that the hours produced so little. In the course of his duties he saw a good many people, but there was nothing to distinguish these interviews from others of the kind. Nothing new was revealed; nothing was "given him." Without "premeditating" he had not been able to keep himself from expecting. He had expected the striking at each turn, the memorable and dramatic; and all was as before. The curtain was still down, but no flash came out of the cloud.

He drew the conclusion that this guiding light was reserving itself for the meetings that would take place between himself and the three or four other main actors in the piece of which involuntarily he felt himself the center. There would be much that was terrible to say and do; and he should receive his true prompting then. In the meantime he kept himself as best he could from anticipation, only putting his expectancy a little further off.

BUT he called on the light to come to his aid when, on approaching Mrs. Gildersleeve's house in the early part of the afternoon he beheld Mary Galloway coming down the steps. Then if ever he needed inspiration. He needed it the more because of feeling sure of what had happened. If he had not guessed it from some inward spirit of divination, he must have read it from the manner in which the trim, dainty little figure moved. Though there were but three steps to descend she paused on each, pressing her left hand, which held her muff, to her side, not so much like a person in pain as one in agitation.

As she turned and walked with bent head in his direction he was not free from the hope that she would pass without seeing him; but at the instant when about to do so she looked up. There was then a fragment of a second during which each stood still, gazing at the other. That is, it seemed like gazing, though the time was insufficient for more than a brief resting of the eyes. On her side it was occupied with the effort to get herself under control; on his with the dismay of seeing that she was obliged to do so. Even if he had never unwillingly drawn certain inferences for himself, the gossip of their common friends would now have induced a condition of self-consciousness.

As it was he became obliged to note the successive phases of emotion through which she passed so quickly that only a trained mind could have observed them. Surprise, alarm, mortification, bravado which developed into courage, followed on each other so closely as to make a blend. Though only the last remained he had seen them one by one. To a man who knew her less well the smile she was able to force, and the frankness with which she held out her hand, might easily have been deceptive; but for him they were nullified by the pinched, drawn look he had lately remarked in her face, as well as by the poignant inquiry he now read in her eyes.

The inquiry remained inquiry, full of questioning, full of doubt, as she said, with her hand firmly clasping his: "Clorinda has been telling me the most wonderful thing. I do hope you may be very, very happy."

He had presence of mind enough to notice a choice of words which seemed to have been made for the purpose of being noncommittal. He responded with the greater fervor: "I *know* we shall be; but thank you all the same." Making an effort to carry off the situation easily, he said further: "I should have told your father and mother at once, only that I didn't know Clorinda wanted it to come out so soon."

Behind her laugh, which endeavored to be light, he guessed at some measure of troubled intention. "Perhaps she didn't; but I surprised the secret. Sir Malcolm Grant let out so much that poor Clorinda was obliged to tell me the rest."

"Oh, is *he* there?"

He was vexed with himself for the irritation with which the question slipped out, and the more so when her sudden gravity seemed to acknowledge that he had an excuse. "He was; he isn't now. He lunched there; but he went away shortly after I arrived."

He was aware of partially letting down his bars from the tone in which he exclaimed: "But I thought he had gone to Kentucky."

"He left; but he was recalled. The Canadian government has appointed him to a permanent position in New York. As they seem to need him here at once, they've sent another man to buy the horses."

[*Continued on page 40*]

Presently the boy was talking freely about the bank robbery, which to him was a subject of absorbing interest

The Go-Between

by B. M. Bower and Buck Connor

Authors of "The Lone Rider" and "The Desert Rat"

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

Mr. Ivory

EXTRACT from letter of Captain Oakes, of the Ranger Force, to Bill Gillis:

". . . have your report of the capture of Wolf Masters, bandit who robbed a train at Dry Devils river. You will remain in that section until further orders. There are many complaints of opium smuggling in that vicinity, and the smuggling into Mexico of arms and ammunition. You will cover as much of that country as is practicable with the assistance of Rangers Horne and Dillon. Except in special cases, you will use your own judgment, and be ready at any time for special assignment of you and your men . . ."

Charlie Horne's eyes twinkled while he watched Bill Gillis reading that letter for perhaps the twentieth time in the past ten days. Bill looked up and caught him at it, and grinned responsively.

"I know it by heart," he confessed, "but I keep on studying it just the same. Charlie, that letter has got more in it than half the congressional records. D'yuh know it?"

"Sure, I know it. Captain always did have a way of handing a couple of men enough six-gun work to last a life-time. Three of us — to clean about five hundred miles of border! Can you beat it?"

"Some contract," Bill mused, putting the letter away in his pocket and reaching for the broom. "So-ome contract! — but we've made a start. I claim we busted up one hop trail pretty complete when the kid nabbed that old prospector and his canteens and the Irishman and his chickens in Obayas. What we didn't get took to the brush, all right. But we're stuck again."

"Cobra's sure got a way of laying low and not letting one hand know what the other one's pulling off. Right there's where all the devilment is hatched. I wish," sighed Charlie, "that I was a story-book expert at disguising myself, Bill. I'll bet I could uncover more deviltry in those little 'dobe joints ——"

"Way you hunt rabbits," moralized Bill, "is to catch 'em away from their burrows. I reckon we'll have to keep on watching on the outside of Cobra, and catch 'em away from their holes. Did you know that Dallam, that big rancher the Kid's schoolma'am boards with, had a bunch of cattle run off night before last? I met him down toward the river, trying to trail 'em. He was sure wild, too. He offered me a couple of his riders any time I want 'em to help round up some of these rustlers. He says he lost a couple of hundred head — they was run across the river close to that big cottonwood grove. He's cussing the river-guard to me — and to the river-guard I reckon he cusses us three rangers that ought to be in forty different places at once."

"You going to get on the rustlers' trail?" Charlie wiped the last tin cup and placed it beside the others on the shelf, and spread the floursack dish-towel over two nails on the wall; after which he turned down his shirt-sleeves and was ready for man-hunting again. Bill finished sweeping and stood the stump of a broom in its accustomed corner behind the door before he answered.

"No — let Dallam's punchers look after his cattle," he said then. "That's what he pays 'em for. We'll try and get a line on this gun-smuggling and ammunition-running. I'm going to ride down and take another look around Obayas. I've got a notion that we didn't get all there is there when we plugged that opium leak through the Irishman's chicken-dinners."

But Bill did not do anything of the kind, for just then Van Dillon rode up with the mail. Every other day, regularly, one of the three rode into Cobra to the post-office and the hot little telegraph station. The postmaster was a close-mouthed old cowman, loyal to the range and all range men, and the three had come to accept his friendliness as sincere. Cobra might waylay one of them or all of them, but Cobra would never learn anything about their correspondence by quizzing the postmaster. And as for the telegraph operator, he was a pale, pessimistic young man who satisfied a little of his grudge against humanity by refusing to have speech with his fellow men except as his duties absolutely compelled him.

So Bill tore open the yellow telegraph envelope which

the Kid handed him, and knew that no eyes save those bored blue ones of the operator had seen the message. He read and then looked up at Van.

"Did you hear anything about the Ojito bank being robbed, Kid? Captain has ordered one of us out on the case."

"Al Williams (who was the postmaster) told me about it. They done it yesterday noon. Gee, the bank musta hollered for the rangers soon as the cashier got his wind after being choked! Al Williams gave me a tip, Bill, that if we was sent to round up the bunch that done it, we needn't burn the earth putting distance between us and Cobra. He whispered to me that he'd bet a hoss he passes mail out to every man that was in that deal."

"Didn't say what names they'd holler through the window, did he?" Charlie looked up to ask drily.

"Oh, no — he left a few little things for us to find out," the Kid retorted. "Can't I go, Bill? There ain't anything stirring around here to keep a man busy."

"This is going to be a man-size job, Kid." Bill did not mean to speak slightingly, but there were times when he forgot that Van was touchy about his youthfulness.

"Well, gee whiz! Ain't I been doing man-size jobs ever since I joined the force? Don't I generally get my man when I go after him? I wish you fellers would quit treating me like I oughta be wearing short pants and huntin' birds with an air-gun! I'd like to know who it was that——"

"A man," Bill's soft voice reminded him with a tolerance that was maddening, "knows how to take orders without whining. And he doesn't have to remind folks what a go-getter he is — if he is one. You and Charlie will stay here and keep an eye out for gun-running and the like. Obayas is still going to bear watching; it's too easy to slip across the river and into the hills on this side to be overlooked by the ones we are after. I guess, Kid, if you do what's cut out for you right around here, you'll have a plenty. What else did Williams tell you about this robbery?"

"Nothing." Van's tone was sulky. "He just asked if we were going to get after the fellows, and he said what I said he said."

"So you said." Bill turned his back on him figuratively and literally and began sorting out the few things he would take with him. There were times when the Kid was extremely trying to one's temper. Bill, while he made ready to start on his new man-hunt, talked very freely and very intimately with Charlie Horne, and quite ignored the Kid. He had learned that this was the surest punishment he could mete out to that heady young man when he was in one of his insufferably conceited moods.

Van could have given him more information, which he had received from the wise old postmaster who saw a great deal more than Cobra gave him credit for seeing. But Van did not, because he had dreamed all the way to camp of following alone the trail of the bank-robbers and of bringing them in single-handed after a desperate chase, and he did not see why Bill wouldn't let him go. But since Bill was going to be mean about it, Bill could rustle his own clues, for all the Kid cared.

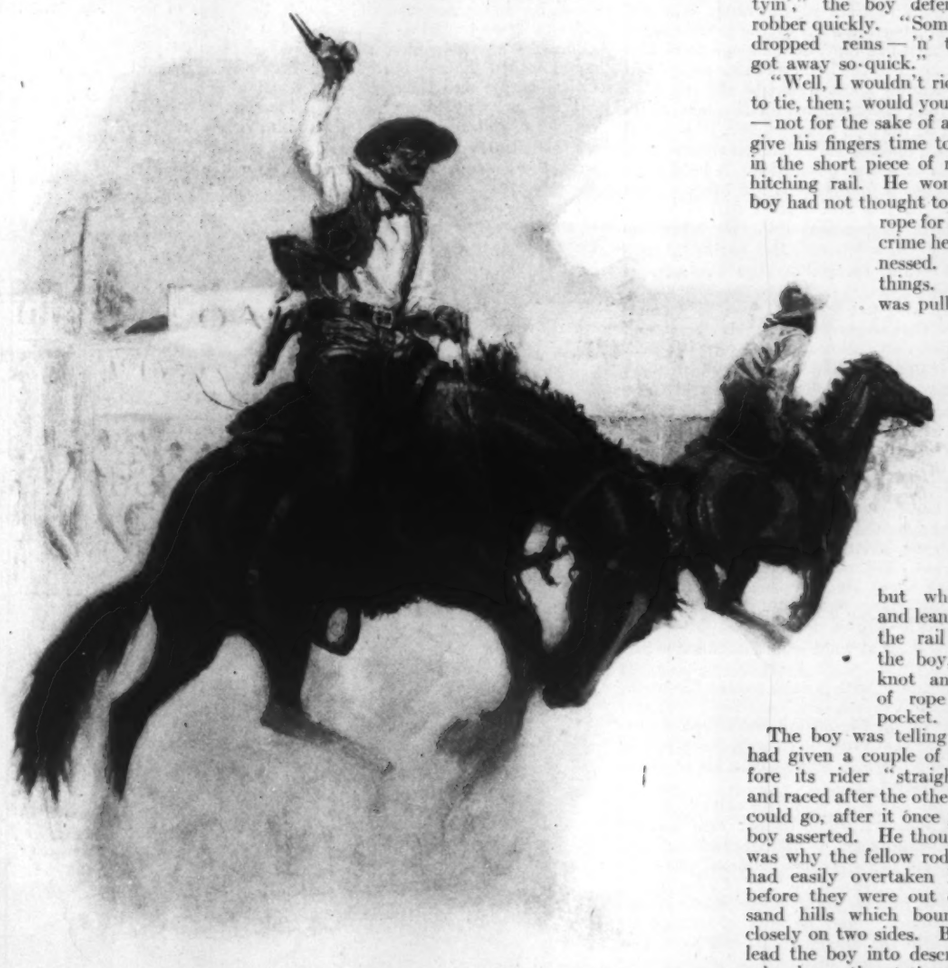
Bill, knowing only that the Kid was having one of his ornery spells, paid no attention to him. Charlie he took with him as far as the station nearest to Cobra, so that Charlie could bring his horse back when Bill boarded the first train for Ojito. If it were true that the thieves were Cobra men, Bill reasoned, it would be just as well not to be seen leaving Cobra on the train.

In Ojito, where he arrived early in the evening, Bill asked no questions of the men lounging in the office of the little hotel that was trying very hard to break away from adobe and simplicity and to enter the up-to-date class of hostelries. He left loungers discussing wordily and fruitlessly the hold-up, and went out and sat down on the edge of the walk where the lone Western Union boy, whose office was next door to the hotel, was tinkering with his bicycle between trips.

A half-grown boy, Bill had long ago discovered, can tell more in five minutes than a dozen men who may be talking in order to conceal facts. Bill began to cultivate an acquaintance with the boy. First, he offered a suggestion that simplified the tinkering and won the boy's gratitude. After that he told a funny story that tickled the boy immensely and won his friendship. After that he very artfully led the boy to believe that Bill considered him some kid, and quite wasted in his present sphere of usefulness, which won the boy's patronizing confidence and caused him to think very well indeed of this little, smiling man who looked like a rancher or something, but who talked like a man who has earned a living by making other men laugh. So presently the boy was talking freely about the bank robbery, which to him was a subject of absorbing interest.

"Yuh want to see where the bank-robbers tied their horses while they was robbing the bank?" he asked hospitably when the rear wheel spun on its axle with a satisfying lightness and freedom, and the chain and the pedals worked as smoothly as the owner would have them. "I seen 'em ride up and tie their horses — but I didn't know they was robbers then. Gee! If I had, I'd a throwed down on 'em and got the hull bunch! Right at noon — say, they had their nerve, to come like that right at noon, don't yuh think? Come on — I'll show yuh the hitchin' rail."

To please him — so Bill's manner fairly shouted to all who saw him — Bill strolled after the boy with his hands in his pockets and a cigarette in his smiling lips.



The cowboy race brought forth more yelling from the grandstand

"Looky, the way they dug up the sand makin' their getaway!" the boy pointed out eagerly. "Gee, I wisht I'd known they was robbers! There was only five — looky where the last feller that come out had an awful time gettin' onto his horse! Them's his tracks — the boot tracks. I was comin' along from the post-office and I seen him yankin' his horse around. It got excited and wanted to start when the rest did, and it kep' a-settin' back on the rope so he couldn't git slack enough to untie it. So he cut the rope, and soon as he could git close enough he jumped on without touchin' the stirrups — just swung on from the ground like they do in shows. I thought they was only a bunch of vaqueros, er I'd a throwed down on 'em. I coulda got the last feller easy, while he was fightin' his bronk." And he added in a terribly portentous undertone: "I always go heeled; a feller's got to, in a tough country like this."

Bill looked sufficiently impressed when the boy, with an exaggerated secrecy, displayed the rust-pitted butt of a cheap revolver inside the waistband of his frayed, blue trousers.

"Looked like cowpunchers, you say?" This was the first question Bill Gillis had asked since he arrived in the town. His eyes were studying the deep prints in the sand where the last horse to leave had gouged deep, and the boots of his owner had trampled. "You think you knew some of them, I'll bet. Trust a kid like you to remember faces!"

The boy stuck his hands in his pockets and set his feet a little farther apart. He looked at Bill leaning against the hitching-rail where the horse had been tied, and grinned wisely.

"I don't know 'em to call 'em by name," he confessed, "but you betcher life I'd know 'em if I seen 'em again — the last feller, anyway. I was watchin' him fight his horse, so I got a better look at him than the rest. They just piled on their horses and beat it like they was tryin' to see which would git out o' town first. And the last feller acted like he didn't want to git left; when his horse wouldn't stand he just slashed the rope and took after 'em."

"Well," Bill drawled, "if I was in town on business like that I wouldn't tie my horse — would you? He wasn't very smart."

"Aw, that horse he had wouldn't stand without tyin'," the boy defended his bank-robber quickly. "Some of the rest just dropped reins — 'n' that's why they got away so quick."

"Well, I wouldn't ride a horse I had to tie, then; would you?" Bill persisted — not for the sake of argument, but to give his fingers time to untie the knot in the short piece of rope left on the hitching rail. He wondered why the boy had not thought to take that bit of rope for a souvenir of the crime he had almost witnessed. Boys did those things. But the rope was pulled down almost out of sight in the crack between the pole and the post that supported it, and it had been cut close to the knot so that it was not at all conspicuous. It might not be of any value to Bill, but while he smoked and leaned lazily against the rail and talked to the boy, he undid the knot and slid the bit of rope into his coat pocket.

The boy was telling how the horse had given a couple of buck-jumps before its rider "straightened it out" and raced after the others. It certainly could go, after it once got started, the boy asserted. He thought maybe that was why the fellow rode it. The man had easily overtaken his companions before they were out of sight in the sand hills which bounded the town closely on two sides. Before Bill could lead the boy into describing the man, a head was thrust through the window of the telegraph office, and the boy ducked close to the bank wall and made his way cautiously behind it and around on the other side, whence he presently emerged, whistling unconcernedly, and returned to his bench beside the office door.

Bill, thus deserted, went back to the hotel and up to his room, and sat down on the edge of the sagging bed to meditate upon what he had just heard. The men had looked like vaqueros — cowpunchers of the extreme southwest — and that, no doubt, was why they had been able to ride in and rob the bank and ride out again without exciting much curiosity — and no suspicion whatever. Even the sharp-eyed messenger-boy had not seen anything suspicious in their departure. Cowpunchers, since the first herd was gathered in the West, have been wont to ride pellmell into any town that came in their way, and to kick up a cloud of dust

getting out of town again. Ojito would not pay much attention to five riders of that breed.

The last to get away had ridden a half-broken horse that must be tied and had given his rider a good deal of trouble at the mounting. This, to Bill, placed that particular man in the class of "bronk-riders." No ordinary rider would risk having trouble with his horse in getting away from a ticklish situation like that. The fellow certainly must be accustomed to riding bad horses, and because the horse had speed had preferred him to a well-broken animal — a professional bronk-rider, without a doubt, Bill decided.

Bill pulled the bit of rope from his pocket and examined it thoughtfully. A rope is just a rope, to the ordinary man. But a man who specializes in riding and roping is very particular about the rope he uses, and Bill felt that this man who rode a "bronk" on such a mission would be very likely to have his pet brand of rope and to use that brand and none other. He smiled a little while he turned the fragment in his hand. Rope is rope — but this rope was the kind which has a "heart-cord" — a blue heart-cord at that. That is, the outer strands were wound around a stout, blue cord that formed the heart of the rope. Bill knew that rope of old; beloved of contest ropers who may be seen at frontier celebrations and rodeos, "roping and tying," and trying to shave seconds off the record time for such a work; a Bartlett rope, this — and if Bill was any judge, an almost new one.

Sitting there on the bed with the bit of rope in his hands, Bill from his sure knowledge of range men and their ways reconstructed the scene at the hitching rail. Given a bunch of men like that, bold enough to ride at noon into a town and rob the bank and ride away, Bill guessed that the leading spirit would be the one bold enough to ride a half-broken horse for the sake of its speed. He would be the one, reasoned Bill, who would leave the bank last, making sure that the others were getting away safely as he had planned it. A bold man, that, and a cunning one and clever. It takes a man with courage and coolness and a good deal of native cleverness to ride bronks, mused Bill. He knew the type as well as he knew himself; the southwest was full of such men — and therein lay the weakness of his clue.

While the stores were yet open Bill went down and crossed to the one that seemed the largest. They sold rope there, yes. But they had no Bartlett rope in stock. Sim Carson had bought their last, a week or two ago. They would have some in a few days — it ought to be in now, for that matter. Bill said he would call again if he failed to find what he wanted elsewhere, and went out feeling that the clue had warmed a little. Sim Carson — who was he, and where did he live, and what was his business?

The next half-hour enlightened him on all three points, and it disappointed him as well. Sim Carson appeared at the hotel, having come down from Marfa on the evening train. Bill, poring over a time-table in the office, heard all about Sim Carson's trip to Marfa, and heard a friend telling Sim about the robbing of the bank. Sim said he wished he had been in town — and let his hearers guess at what would have happened in that case.

"They didn't get away with enough to bust the bank, did they?" he asked anxiously, and then went over and called the cashier up on the antiquated telephone on the desk — the kind that must be rung by hand before the receiver is taken down — and asked a lot of questions about the robbery.

Bill studied him covertly while he talked to the cashier, who was plainly a friend of his. Sim Carson was just a big, round-faced, twinkling-eyed rancher, an old-time cow-puncher who has acquired property with the passing years; he was the sort of man that a woman or a child in trouble would single from a crowd and ask for assistance — and be sure of getting it. While he talked into the telephone his left hand was stroking the hotel cat, that was purring and arching its back against his shoulder.

"The darned roughnecks!" he exclaimed to the cashier. "I've got to go out to the ranch, so I won't see you this time — but I'll put my riders to scouting around. Maybe they can pick up something. No — I'm going to be in San Antone next week — what? Oh, sure! Wish you could come along, Ed. . . . You bet I will! Well, say! If you get any line on anything, I wish you'd let me know. I can stand a few outlaws running loose just to kind o' keep a little pep in life and give a feller some excuse for packing a gun like he's used to all his life. But when they get to runnin' in bunches and stickin' up banks and the like uh that, they got to be cleaned out. Gunmen I can stand — but I shore do hate a thief! Well, adios, Ed."

He hung the receiver in its brackets and swung away from the desk, the cat still purring and arching its back at the place where his shoulder had been.

"It's a fact," Sim Carson grunted to the clerk who seemed to know him well. "There's getting to be a heap too much of that sort of thing around here. Ed says he's asked the rangers to get on the job . . . but what's that amount to?"

"Still, it was a ranger that got Wolf Masters down in Cobra — got him single-handed, too," an old man pointed out while he whittled chewing tobacco off a plug. "Yuh wanta give the devil his due, Sim."

"Oh, well, that feller knowed Wolf and knowed he was crooked," argued Sim carelessly. "Just the same, I hate to see Ed give himself the worst of it like that. What Ed shoulda done was to get the Pinkerton men here — and a couple uh good man-trailin' dogs. Way he's fixed it, they'll make their clean getaway. You mind what I tell yuh."

"Dogs 'n' detectives laid 'em down on that train hold-up at Dry Devils, Sim — yuh don't wanta fergit that," the old man drawled, rolling his cud to the other cheek and leaning forward so that he could expectorate through the open doorway on to the street. "'N' when everybody else had quit, the rangers landed the man that done it. That's why Ed hollered fer rangers. He jedged 'em by their works."

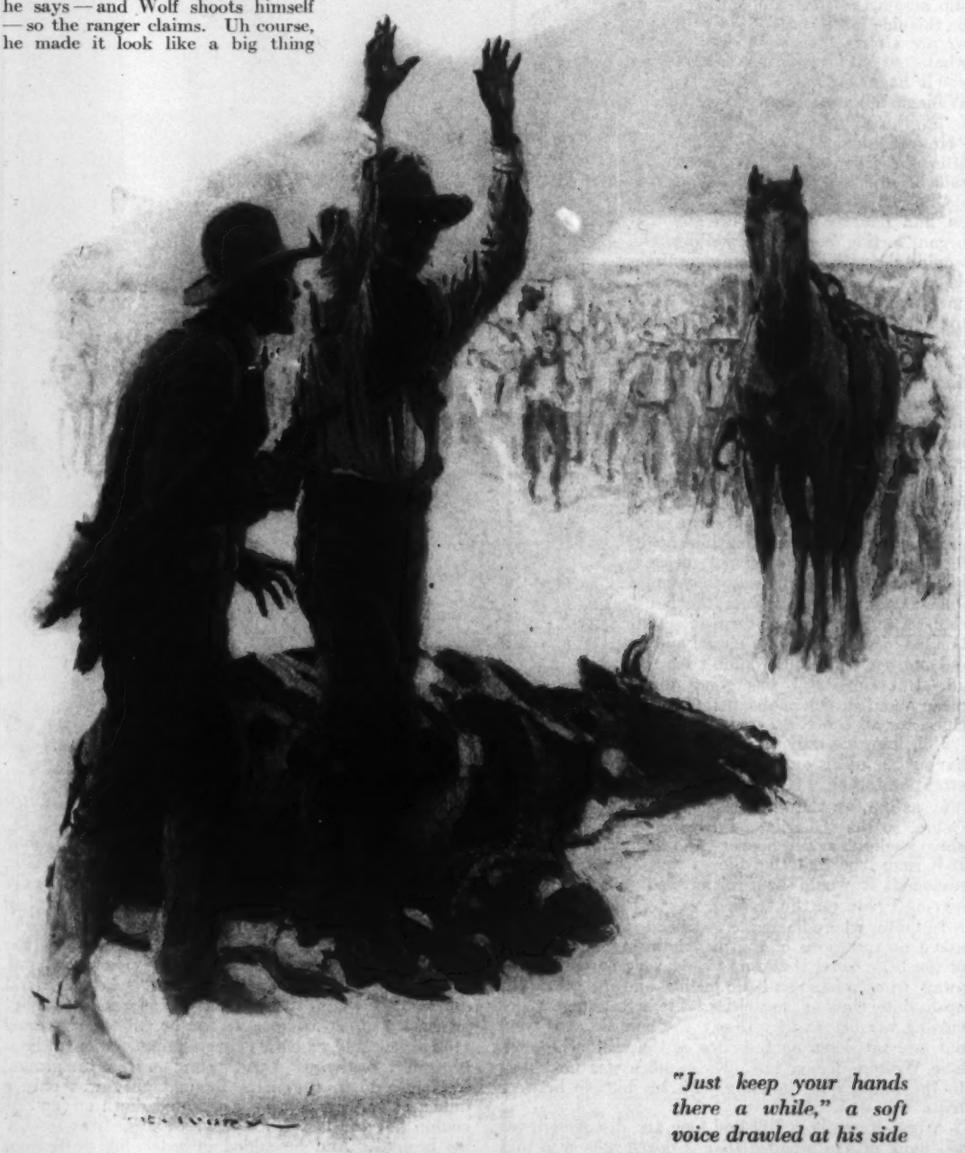
"So do I," Sim Carson growled, and bit the end off a cigar as though he were setting his gold-filled teeth into an enemy. "Two years ago I sent word to the rangers that we had a fine large bunch of brand-workers ranging down here, and that they better come and round 'em up. Did they do it? Huh! One year ago I tried again — that time I had a bunch of horses run outo' the home pasture, right under the noses of my riders. I wrote twice, hollerin' like a whipped pup. Did I get any help from the rangers? Not what you could notice! There's been two or three stalling around Cobra lately, and they got Wolf Masters — why? I can tell you why! Because one of the rangers used to run with Wolf and knew all about him before ever he was sent down there; and because he wanted Wolf to split the money, and Wolf wouldn't do it. So Mr. Ranger nabs him for the crime — so he says — and Wolf shoots himself — so the ranger claims. Uh course, he made it look like a big thing for the rangers — but I got the inside of it from the feller that was shippin' out in Cobra when Wolf was killed. It was his cattle Wolf was inspectin', and it was him that helped take Wolf off the freight car when it was backed into the yards after the killin'.

"It's all right, Jim, to stand up for the rangers — you ain't ever been in a place where you needed 'em right bad. Wolf Masters was a crook, all right — I know how he stood in with the rustlers, and that's why I kept on losing stock when he was brand inspector. He was a crook, and I reckon he had it coming. But, that don't give me any license to pin my hopes on the rangers rounding up these bank-robbers. They'll never do it. And I've got an interest in this little bank, remember. That's why I'm sore at Ed for making such a (thus-and-so) fool move. I've a durn good mind to let my ranch work go to pot, and put my own men on the trail; only some ranger would hop in when it was all over but the hangin', and claim the prisoners and the glory of gettin' 'em. Let 'em make their play — and quit! After that maybe, I'll take a hand myself."

"Ain't any idee who it was, have yuh, Sim?" asked the old man, crossing his thin legs the other way and trotting his raised foot up and down excitedly.

"If I had, I'd round 'em up pronto and beat them four-flushers to it," Sim snapped. "Has anybody showed up from Ysleta yet? I took notice nobody got off'n the train I come down on."

"Nobody from the West yet," the hotel clerk responded promptly. "They'll come in on the morning train, most likely." [*Continued on page 53*]



"Just keep your hands there a while," a soft voice drawled at his side

The Return of K. of K.

[*Continued from page 9*]

nose was of the straight, short English type, slightly chopped up at the end — a good-looking nose; his mouth was wide and not chiseled, yet sensitive as well as strong; the jaw was powerful and the chin square with a marked dimple in it; there was also color, the claret and honey of English tanned complexions. Of course his eyes, with the exaggeratedly thick and long black lashes, were the wonderful part of him, but there is no describing the eyes. It was the look from them, probably, which made General Cochrane's face remarkable. I suppose it was partly that compelling look which had brought about his career. He was six feet four, lean and military, full of presence, altogether a conspicuously beautiful old lion in a land where every third man is beautiful.

"What are you looking munitions-of-war at, General, down the innocent little Thames River? You must be seeing around corners, past Wargrave, as far as Henley."

"I didn't see the Thames River," he shot at me in his masterful way. "I was looking at things past, and people dead and gone. We ancients do that. I saw London streets and crowds; I read the posters that told that Kitchener was drowned at sea, and then I saw, a year later, England in panic; I saw an almighty meeting in Trafalgar Square and I heard speeches which burned my ears — men urging Englishmen to surrender England and make terms with the Huns. Good God!" His fist came down on the rattling little iron table. "My blood boils now when I remember. Child," he demanded, "I can't see why your alluring ways should have set me talking. Fancy, I've never told this tale but twice, and I'm holding forth to a little alien whom I haven't known two days, a young ne'er-do-well not born till forty years after the tale happened!"

"What difference does that make?" I asked. "Age means nothing to real people. And we've known each other since — since we hunted pterodactyls together, pre-historically. Only — I hate bats," I objected to my own arrangement. I went on: "If you knew how I want to hear! It's the most wonderful thing in my life, this afternoon — you."

"I know you are honest," he said. "Different from the ruck. I knew that the moment I saw you."

"Then," I prodded, "do begin with the posters about Lord Kitchener."

"But that's not the beginning," he protested. "You'll spoil it all," he said.

"Oh, no, then! Begin at the beginning. I didn't know. I wanted to get you started."

The gray eyes dreamed down the placid river water. "The beginning was before I was born. It began when Kitchener, a young general, picked up a marauding party of black rascals on his way to Khartoum. They had a captive, a white girl, a lady. They had murdered her father and mother and young brother. The father was newly appointed Colonel of a regiment, traveling to his post with his family. The Arabs were saving the girl for their devilish head chieftain. Kitchener had the lot executed, and sent for the girl. She was ——"

The old man's hand lifted to his head and he took off his hat and laid it on the ground.

"I cannot speak of that girl without uncovering," he said, quietly. "She was my mother." There was an electrical silence. I knew enough to know that no words fitted here. The old officer went on: "She was one of the wonderful people. What she seemed to think of, after the horrors she had gone through, was not herself or her suffering, but only to show her gratitude. It was a long journey — weeks — through that land of hell, while she was in Kitchener's hands, and not once did she lose courage. The Sirdar told me that it was having an angel in camp — she held that rough soldiery in the hollow of her hand. She told Kitchener her story, and after that she would not talk of herself. You've heard that he never had a love affair? That's wrong. He was in love then, and for the rest of his life, with my mother."

I gasped. The shrapnel eyes menaced me.

"She could not speak of herself, d'you see? It was salvation to think only of others, so that she'd not told him that she was engaged to my father. Love from any other was the last thing she was thinking of. After what had happened she was living from one breath to another and she dared not consider her own affairs. The night before they reached Cairo, Kitchener asked her to marry him. He was over forty then; she was nineteen. She told him of her engagement, of course — told him also that it might be she would never marry at all; a life of her own and happiness seemed impossible now. She might go into a sisterhood. Work for others was what she must have. Then, unexpectedly, my father was at Cairo to meet her, and Kitchener went to him and told him. From that on the two men were close friends. My people were not married till five years later, and when I came to be baptized General Kitchener was godfather. All my young days I was used to seeing him about the house at intervals, as if he belonged to us. I remember his eyes following my mother. Tall and slight she was, with a haunted look, from what she'd seen; she moved softly, spoke softly. It was no secret from the two, my father and mother, that he loved her always. Yet, so loyal, so crystal he was that my father had never one moment of jealousy. On the contrary they were like brothers. Then they died — my father and mother. The two almost together. I came into Kitchener's hands, Lord Kitchener by then. When he met me in London, a long lad of seventeen, he held my hand a second and looked hard at me.

"'You're very like her, Donald,' he said. And held on. And said it again. 'Your mother's double. I'd know you for her boy if I caught one look of your eyes, anywhere,' he said. 'Her boy.' — Well — what? Do I want more tea? Of course I do."

For the smiling plump maid had long ago brought the steaming stuff, the bread and butter and jam and plum cake. I had officiated and General Cochrane had been absorbing his tea as an Englishman does, automatically, while he talked.

About us the tables were filling up, all over the rose-garden. The Americans were there with the beautiful long-legged giant deer-hound puppy, Jock, and were having trouble with his table manners. People came in by twos and threes and more, from the river, with the glow of exercise on their faces; an elderly country parson sat near, black-coated, white-collared, with his elderly daughter and their dog, a well-behaved Scottie this one, big-headed, with an age-old, wise, black face. And a group of three pretty girls with their pretty, pink-cheeked mother and a young man

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Campbell's Soups

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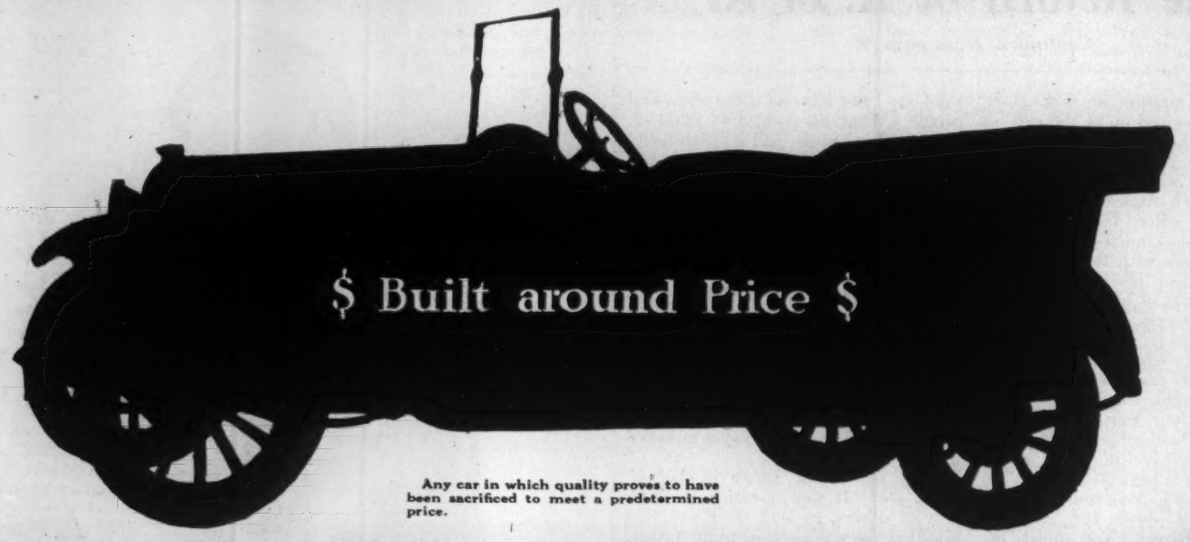

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TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

or so were having a gay time with soft-voiced laughter and jokes, not far away. The breeze lifted the long purple and rose-colored motor veils of mother and daughters. The whole place was full of bright colors and low-toned cheerful talk, yet so English was the atmosphere that it was as if the General and I were shut into an enchanted forest. No one looked at us, no one seemed to know we were there. The General began to talk again, unconscious as the rest of anything or anybody not his affair.

"I got my commission in 1915 in K-1, Kitchener's first hundred thousand, and I went off to the front in the second year of the war. I had a scratch and was slightly gassed once, but nothing much happened for a long time. And in 1916, in May, came the news that my godfather, the person closest to me on earth, was drowned at sea. I was in London, just out of the hospital and about to go back to France."

THE old General stopped and stared down at the graveled path with its trim turf border lying at his feet.

"It was to me as if the world, seething in its troubles, was suddenly empty — with that man gone. I drifted with the crowd about London town, and the crowd appeared to be like myself, dazed. The streets were full and there was continually a profound, sorrowful sound, like the groan of a nation; faces were blank and gray. Those surging, mournful London streets, and the look of the posters with great letters on them — his name — that memory isn't likely to leave me till I die. Of course I got hold of every detail and tried to picture the manner of it to myself, but I couldn't get it that he was dead. Kitchener, the heart of the nation; I couldn't comprehend that he had stopped breathing. I couldn't get myself satisfied that I wasn't to see him again. It seemed there must be some way out. You'll remember, perhaps, that four boats were seen to put off from the *Hampshire* as she sank? I tried to trace those boats. I traveled up there and interviewed people who had seen them. I got no good from it. But it kept coming to me that it was not a mine that had sunk the ship, that it was a torpedo from a German submarine, and that Kitchener was on one of the boats that put off and that he had been taken prisoner by the enemy. God knows why that thought persisted — there were reasons against it — it was a boy's mad theory. But it persisted; I couldn't get it out of my head. I was in St. Paul's at the Memorial Service; I heard the 'Last Post' played for him, and I saw the King and Queen in tears; all that didn't settle my mind. I went back to the front, heavy-hearted, and tried to behave myself as I believed he'd have had me — the Sirdar. My people had called him the Sirdar always. Luck was with me in France; I had chances, and did a bit of work, and got advancement."

"I know," I nodded. "I've read history. A few trifles like the rescue of the rifles and holding that trench and ——"

The old soldier interrupted, looking thunderous. "It has a bearing on the episode I'm about to tell you. That's why I refer to it."

I didn't mind his haughtiness. It was given me to see the boy's shyness within that grim old hero.

"So that when I landed in London in 1917, having been stupid enough to get my right arm potted, it happened that my name was known. They picked me out to make a doing over. I was most uncommonly conspicuous for nothing more than thousands of other lads had done. They'd given their lives like water, thousands of them — it made me sick with shame, when I thought of those others, to have my name ringing through the land. But so it was, and it served a purpose right enough, I saw later.

"Then, as I began to crawl about, came the crisis of the war. Ill news piled on ill news; the army in France was down with an epidemic; each day's news was worse than the last; to top all, the Germans found the fleet. It was in letters a foot long about London — newsboys crying awful words:

"'Fleet discovered — German submarines and Zeppelins approaching.'

"A bit later, still worse. 'The *Bellerophon* sunk by German torpedo — ten dreadnoughts sunk —' There were the names of the big ships, the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Warspite*, the *Thunderer*, the *Agamemnon*, the *King Edward* — a lot more, battle cruisers, too — then ten more dreadnoughts — and more and worse every hour. The German navy was said to be coming into the North Sea and advancing to our coast. And our navy was going — gone — nothing to stand between us and the fate of Belgium.

"Then England went mad! I thank God I'll not live through such days again. The land went mad with fear. You'll remember that there had been a three-year strain which human nerves were not meant to bear. Well, there was a faction who urged that the only sane act now possible was to surrender to Germany quickly and hope for a mercy which we couldn't get if we struggled. The government, under enormous pressure, weakened. It's easy to cry 'Shame!' now, but how could it stand firm with the country stampeding back of it?

"So things were the day of the mass meeting in Trafalgar Square. I was tall, and so thin and gaunt that, with my uniform and my arm in its sling, it was easy to get close to the front, straight under the speakers. And no sooner had I got there than I was seized with a restlessness, an uncontrollable desire to see my godfather — Kitchener. Only to see him, to lay eyes on him. I wish I might express to you the push of that feeling. It was thirst in a desert. With that spell on me I stood down in front of the stone lions and stared up at Nelson on his column, and listened to the madmen. They were mad, quite, those speakers. The crowd was mad, too. It overflowed that great space, and there were few steady heads in the lot. You'll realize it looked a bit of a close shave, with the German navy coming and our fleet being destroyed, no one knew how fast, and the army in France and struck down by illness. At that moment it looked a matter of three or four days before the Huns would be landing. Never before in a thousand years was England as near the finish. As I stood there fidgeting, with the starvation on me for my godfather, it flashed to me that there's a legend in every nation about some one of its heroes, how in the hour of need he will come back to save the people — Charlemagne in France, don't you know, and Barbarossa and King Arthur and — oh, a number. And I spoke aloud, so that the chap next prodded me in the ribs and said, 'Stop that, will you? I can't hear' — I spoke aloud and said:

"'This is the hour. Come back and save us.'

"The speakers had been ranting along, urging on the people to force the government to give in and make terms with those devils who'd crushed Belgium. Of course there were plenty there ready to die in the last ditch for honor and the country, but the mob was with the speakers. Quite insane with terror the mob was. And I spoke aloud to Kitchener, like a madman of a sort also, begging him to come from another world and save his people.

"'This is the hour; come and save us,' said I, and said it as if my words could get through to Kitchener in eternity.

"With that a taxicab forced through the crowd, close to the platform, and it stopped and somebody got out. I could see an officer's cap, and the crowd pressing. My eyes were riveted on that brown cap; my breath suddenly came queerly; there was a murmur, a hush and a murmur together, where that tall officer with the cap over his face pushed toward the speakers. I felt I should choke if I didn't see him — and I couldn't see him. Then he made the platform, and before my eyes, before the eyes of twenty thousand people he stood there — Kitchener!"

General Cochrane stared defiantly at me. "I'm not asking you to believe this," he said. "I'm merely telling you — what happened."

"Go on," I whispered.

He went on: "A silence like death fell on that vast crowd. The voice of the speaker screaming out wild cowardice about mercy from the Germans kept on for a few words, and then the man caught the electrical atmosphere and was aware that something was happening. He halted half-way in a word, and turned, and faced the grim, motionless figure — Kitchener. The man stared a half minute and shot his hands up and howled, and ran into the throng. All over the great place, by then, was a whisper swelling into a bass murmur, into a roar, his name.

"'Kitchener — Kitchener!' and 'K. of K.!' and 'Kitchener of Khartoum!'

"Never in my life have I heard a volume of sound like London shouting that day the name of Kitchener. After a time he lifted his hand and stood, deep-eyed and haggard, as the mass quieted. He spoke. I can't tell you what he said. I couldn't have told you the next hour. But he quieted us and lifted us, that crowd, fearstruck, sobbing, into courage. He put his own steady dignity into those cheap, frightened little Johnnies.

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Why Some Foods Explode in the Stomach

By WILLIAM ELDRIDGE

"THE combinations of food that most people eat three times a day inflict nothing less than a crime against their health and are the direct cause of 90 per cent. of all sickness."

This is the rather startling statement of Eugene Christian, the famous New York Food Scientist whose wonderful system of corrective eating is receiving so much eager attention throughout the Nation at the present time.

According to Eugene Christian we eat without any thought of the relation which one food has to another when eaten at the same time. The result is that often we combine two foods each of great value in itself, but which when combined in the stomach literally explode, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

All of this, states Eugene Christian, can be avoided if we would only pay a little attention to the selection of our daily menus instead of eating without any regard for the consequences.

This does not mean that it is necessary to eat foods we don't like; instead Christian prescribes meals which are twice as delicious as those to which we are accustomed.

Not long ago I was fortunate enough to be present when Eugene Christian was relating some of his experiences with corrective eating to a group of men interested in dietetics, and I was literally amazed at what he accomplished with food alone and without drugs or medicines of any kind.

One case which sticks in my mind was that of a mother and daughter who went to him for treatment. The mother was forty pounds overweight and her physician diagnosed her case as Bright's Disease. She had a sluggish liver, low blood pressure and lacked vitality. The daughter had an extreme case of stomach acidity and intestinal fermentation, was extremely nervous, had chronic constipation, and was 30 pounds underweight.

Christian prescribed the proper food combinations for each. Within a few weeks all symptoms had disappeared, and within three months the mother had lost 33 pounds and the daughter had gained 26 pounds, and both were in perfect health—normal in every particular.

Another case which interested me greatly was that of a young man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Dr. Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multimillionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice, although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

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He gave us strength even if the worst came, and he held up English pluck and doggedness for us to look at and to live by. As his voice stopped, as I stood down in front just under him, I flung up my arms and I suppose I cried out something; I was but a lad of twenty, and half crazed with the joy of seeing him. And he swung forward a step to me as if he had seen me all the time — and I think he had. 'Do the turn, Donald,' he said. 'The time has come for a Cochrane to save England.'

"And with that he had wheeled and without a look to right or left, in his own swift, silent, shy way he was gone.

"Nobody saw where he went. I all but killed myself for an hour trying to find him, but it was of no use. And with that, as I sat at my lunch, too feverish and stirred to eat food, demanding over and over what he meant, what the 'turn' was which I was to do, why a Cochrane should have a chance to save England — with that, suddenly I knew."

General Cochrane halted again, and again he gazed down the little river, the river of England, the river which he, more than any other, had kept for English folk and their peaceful play-times. I knew I must not hurry him; I waited.

"The thing came to me like lightning," he went on, "and I had only to go from one simple step to another; it seemed all thought out for me. It was something, don't you see, which I'd known all my lifetime, but hadn't once thought of since the war began. I went direct to my bankers and got a box out of the safe and fetched it home in a cab. There I opened it and took out papers and went over them. . . . This part of the tale is mostly in print," General Cochrane interrupted himself. "Have you read it? I don't want to bore you with repetitions."

I answered hurriedly, trembling for fear I might say the wrong thing: "I've read what's in print, but your telling it puts it in another world. Please go on. Please don't shorten anything."

The shadow of a smile played. "I rather like telling you a story, d'you know," he spoke, half absent-mindedly — his real thoughts were with that huge past. He swept back to it. "You know, of course, about Dundonald's Destroyer — the invention of my great-grandfather's kinsman, Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald? He was a good bit of an old chap in various ways. He did things to the French fleet that put him as a naval officer in the class with Nelson and Drake. But he's remembered in history by his invention. It was a secret, of course, one of the puzzles of the time and of years after, up to 1917. It was known there was something. He offered it to the government in 1811, and the government appointed a committee to examine into it. The chairman was the Duke of York, commander-in-chief of the army, said to be the ablest administrator of military affairs of that time. Also there were Admirals Lord Keith and Exmouth and the Congreve brothers of the ordnance department. A more competent committee of five could not have been gathered in the world. This board would not recommend the adoption of the scheme. Why? They reported that there was no question that the invention would do all which Dundonald claimed, but it was so unspeakably dreadful as to be impossible for civilized men.

"There was not a shadow of doubt, the committee reported, that Dondonald's device would not merely defeat but annihilate and sweep out of existence any hostile force, whole armies and navies. 'No power on earth could stand against it,' said the old fellow, and the five experts backed him up. But they considered that the devastation would be inhuman beyond permissible warfare. Not war, annihilation. In fact, they shelved it because it was too efficient. There was great need of means for fighting Napoleon just then, so they gave it up reluctantly, but it was a bit too shocking.

"The weak point of the business was, as Dundonald himself declared, that it was so simple — as everybody knows now — that its first use would tell the secret and put it in the hands of other nations. Therefore the committee recommended that this incipient destruction should be stowed away and kept secret, so that no power more unscrupulous than England should get it and use it for the annihilation of England and the conquest of the world. Also the committee persuaded the Earl before he went on his South American adventure to swear formally that he would never disclose his device except in the service of England. He kept that oath.

"Well, the formula for this affair was of course in pigeonholes or vaults in the British admiralty, ever since the committee in 1811 had examined and refused it. But there was also, unknown to the public, another copy. The Earl was with my great-grandfather, his kinsman and lifelong friend, shortly before his death, and he gave this copy to him with certain conditions. The old chap had an ungovernable temper, quarreled right and left, don't you know, his life long, and at this time and until he died he was not on speaking terms with his son Thomas, who succeeded him as Earl, or indeed with any of the three other sons. Which accounts for his trusting to my great-grandfather the future of his invention. I found a quaint note with the papers. He said in effect that he had come to believe with the committee that it was quite too shocking for decent folk. Yet, he suggested, the time might come when England was in straits and only a sweeping blow could serve her. If that time should come it would be a joy to him in heaven or in hell — he said — to think that a man of his name had used the work of his brains to save England.

"Therefore the Earl asked my grandfather to guard this gigantic secret and to see to it that one man in each generation of Cochranes should know it and have it at hand for use in an emergency. My grandfather came into the papers when he came of age and after him my father; I was due to read them when I should be twenty-one. I was only twenty in 1917. But the papers were mine, and from the moment it flashed to me what Kitchener meant I didn't hesitate. It was this enormous power which was placed suddenly in the hands of a lad of twenty. The Sirdar placed it there.

"I went over the business in an hour — it was simple, like most big things. You know what it was, of course; everybody knows now. Wasn't it extraordinary that in five thousand years of fighting no one ever hit on it before? I rushed to the war office.

"Well, the thing came off. At first they pooh-poohed me as an unbalanced boy, but they looked up the documents in the admiralty and there was no question. It isn't often a youngster is called into the councils of the government, and I've wondered since how I held my own. I've come to believe that I was merely a body for Kitchener's spirit. I was conscious of no fatigue, no uncertainty. I did things as the Sirdar might have done them, and it appears to me only decent to realize that he did do them, and not I. You probably know the details."

I waited, hoping that he would not stop. Then I said: "I know that the government asked for twenty-five volunteers for a service which would destroy the German fleet, but which would mean almost certain death to the volunteers. I know that you headed the list and that thousands offered." My voice shook and I spoke with difficulty as I realized to whom I was speaking. "I know that you were the only one who came back alive, and that you were barely saved."

GENERAL COCHRANE seemed not to hear me. He was living over enormous events.

"It was a bright morning in the North Sea," he talked on, but not to me now. "Nobody but ourselves knew just what was to be done, but everybody hoped — they didn't know what. It was a desperate England from which we sailed away. We hadn't long to wait — the second morning. There were their ships, the triumphant long lines of the invader. There were their crowded transports, the soldiers coming to crucify England as they had crucified Belgium — thousands and tens of thousands of them. Then — we did it. German power was wiped off the face of the earth. German arrogance was ended for all time. And that was the last I knew," said General Cochrane. "I was conscious till it was known that the trick had worked. Of course it couldn't be otherwise, yet it was so beyond anything which mankind had dreamed that I couldn't believe till I knew. Then, naturally, I didn't much care if I lived or died. I'd done my turn as the Sirdar told me and one life was a small thing to pay. I dropped into blackness quite happily and when I woke up to this good earth I was glad. England was quite right. The Sirdar had saved her."

"And — the Sirdar?" I asked him. "Was it — himself?"

"Himself? Most certainly."

"I mean — well —" I stammered. And then I plunged in. "I must know," I said. "Was it Lord Kitchener in flesh and blood? Had he been a prisoner in Germany and escaped? Or was it — his ghost?"

The old lion rubbed his cheek consideringly. "Ah, there you have me," and he

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smiled. "Didn't I tell you this was a tale which could be told to few people?" he demanded. "'Flesh and blood' — ah, that's what I can't tell you. But — himself? Those people, the immense crowd which saw him and recognized him, they knew. Afterwards they begged the question. The papers were full of a remarkable speech made by an unknown officer who strikingly resembled Kitchener. That's the way they got out of it. But those people knew, that day. There wasn't any doubt in their minds when that roar of his name went up. They knew! But people are ashamed to own to the supernatural. And yet it's all around us," mused General Cochrane.

"Could it have been — did you ever think —" I began, and dared not go on.

"Did I ever think what, child?" repeated the old officer with his autocratic friendliness. "Out with it. You and I are having a truth-feast."

"Well, then," I said, "if you won't be angry ——"

"I won't. Come along."

"Did you ever think that it might have been that — you were only a boy, and wounded and weak and overstrained — and full of longing for your godfather. Did you ever think that you might have mistaken the likeness of the officer — for Kitchener himself? That the thought of Dundonald's Destroyer was working in your mind before, and that it materialized at that moment and you — imagined the words he said. Perhaps imagined them afterwards, as you searched for him over London. The two things might have suggested each other in your feverish boy's brain."

I stopped, frightened, fearful that he might think me not appreciative of the honor he had done me in telling this intimate experience. But General Cochrane was in no wise disturbed.

"Yes, I've thought that," he answered dispassionately. "It may be that was the case. And yet — I can't see it. That thing happened to me. I've not been able to explain it away to my own satisfaction. I've not been able to believe otherwise than that the Sirdar, England's hero, came to save England in her peril, and that he did it by breathing his thought into me. His spirit got across somehow from over there — to me. I was the only available person alive. The copy in the archives was buried, dead and buried and forgotten for seventy years. So he did it — that way. And if your explanation is the right one it isn't so much less wonderful, is it?" he demanded. "In these days psychology dares say more than in 1917. One knows that ghost stories, as they called them in those ignorant times, are not all superstition and imagination. One knows that a soul lives beyond the present, that a soul sometimes struggles back from what we call the hereafter to this little earth — makes the difficult connection between an unseen world of spirit, unconditioned by matter, and our present world of spirit, conditioned by matter. When the pull is strong enough. And what pull could be stronger than England's danger? To Kitchener?" The black-lashed, gray eyes flamed at me, unblinking the rift of light through the curtain of eternal silences.

When I spoke again: "It's a story the world ought to own some day," I said. "Love of country, faithfulness that death could not hinder."

"Well," said old General Cochrane, "when I'm gone you may write it for the world if you like, little American. And what I'll do will be to find the Sirdar, the very first instant I'm over the border, and say to him, 'I've known it was your work all along, sir, and however did you get it across?'"

A month ago my cousin sent me some marked newspapers. General Cochrane has gone over the border, and I make no doubt that before now he has found the Sirdar and that the two sons and saviors of a beloved little land on a little planet have talked over that moment in the leisures and simplicities of eternity and have wondered perhaps that anyone could wonder how he got it across.

Next month: Another great "after the war" story, written, because of its sensational nature, anonymously. "War Against War" is the title

Uncle Sam, Trustee

[*Continued from page 19*]

contemplated their subjugation, although the United States had acknowledged their independence, and on consultation with Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun, President Monroe, in his annual message to Congress in 1823, had declared to the world as our settled policy that no government should thereafter establish a monarchy on this hemisphere — that is to say, in North or South America. It was a dedication of these two continents to the principles of Jefferson. We didn't want to see any of the military or kingly powers of the Old World grow up on these continents; our own forefathers had fought one bloody revolution to be rid of them, and they thought they'd save any of the other struggling countries this side of the water from having to do the same job over again. They believe that the voice of the people was the voice of God.

Jones went on to explain that when the Monroe Doctrine went into effect we had declared our purpose not to interfere with the colonies already under the dominion of European powers, but that we should prevent any further extension of such powers. As a consolation and set-off, we bound ourselves to see to it that the lives and property of European citizens in the various South American republics should be protected; we were to see to it that law and order were maintained in the weaker States.

"And as these States grow older and stronger," added Jones, "we look to them to join us in maintaining the Monroe Doctrine. President Wilson sought the cooperation of Brazil, Argentina and Chile in the Mexican mess. Uncle Sam has no designs on these little countries or their territories; he simply wishes to help them, to act the Big Brother to them so long as they may need his protection."

Someone asked if some of our South American neighbors had not already grown to such an extent that they didn't need our help any longer, and Jones replied that they had, and that for that very reason they are now able to join us in upholding the Monroe Doctrine.

"But you must remember that they've grown up under our care, without any armament to speak of. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the English Ambassador, intimated in 1895 that the necessity for the Doctrine was a thing of the past. President Cleveland, replying to him, insisted that the Monroe Doctrine could not become obsolete while our Republic endured; that it was essential to the integrity of our free institutions and our form of government."

"Do you mean," Witherbee inquired, "that we must fight the battles of those South American countries?"

"No," answered Jones. "If any Republic to the south of us should commit a wrong against any European nation, the Monroe Doctrine wouldn't prevent punishment by the European nation, except to see that the punishment didn't assume the form of occupation in any shape. Our own Government has always refused to enforce the claims of its private citizens by an appeal to arms, but all foreign governments do not take the same view, and we have felt bound to respect their traditional custom. We once helped Santo Domingo to straighten out her finances so that she was able to pay her European obligations, and thus avoid war. That's the kind of help you would extend to your friend in his financial troubles, and it's a neighborly thing to do. We take possession of the custom-houses down in South America every once in so often, just as we took possession of them in Santo Domingo, as the trustee of some one or other of the European nations; we collect their revenues and apply them on the claims of these European nations. We have done it recently in Haiti and in Nicaragua. These little Republics owe us nothing; but we won't allow a European nation to take charge of their custom-houses, and so we do it for them."

Jones explained at length his theory of the Monroe Doctrine. He called the attention of his little audience of interested listeners to the fact that after we had helped Cuba to establish her independence, we made her

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"There's a Reason"

write into her constitution the Platt Amendment, which among other things declared that if her Government did not maintain law and order, we would be allowed to intervene and establish it for her. It wasn't really necessary to put that in her constitution, but it was better to have it there, declared Jones. And we went there later and took charge of her Government for that very purpose, just as we have since the election taken charge of Santo Domingo. It didn't cost us anything in loss of life; as soon as we went into Cuba, the insurgents immediately laid down their arms. And Cuba, he said, isn't going to run amuck soon again; she knows it won't do any good.

"Why shouldn't we give a helping hand to these struggling Republics?" inquired Jones. "They would otherwise be at the mercy of foreign powers. As a good neighbor, should we not extend to them our assistance? Besides, one of the selfish reasons President McKinley gave for intervening in Cuba was 'the very serious injury to the commerce, trade and business of our people.' We voluntarily assumed the office of policeman on this beat. If the responsibility for maintaining law and order in Mexico isn't ours, why did the President send John Lind to Mexico to say to Huerta that he must not be a candidate for President of Mexico?" And Jones's voice rose to the orotund pitch familiar to the habitués of the court-room.

"What better acknowledgment could Europe make of our responsibility than to acquiesce in President Wilson's refusal to recognize Huerta? Europe knew that it was up to us, under the Monroe Doctrine — the responsibility was ours.

"And when we cry 'bravo!' because the President has kept us out of war in Mexico," continued Jones, with the heroic flourish of a man who's not too proud to fight, "we might as well make a dead heat of it and applaud him for refusing to allow a policeman in the District of Columbia to arrest a criminal because in arresting the criminal the policeman might be killed; or, we might as well applaud him for refusing to allow the fire department to answer an alarm because some of our firemen might suffer injury in attempting to put out the fire. We maintain our army and navy just as we maintain our police- and fire-departments, as an insurance against the larger loss of life and property. As a matter of fact, there are over sixty thousand people accidentally killed in the United States every year — almost as many people as there were Union soldiers killed in battle during the entire Civil War — and two million maimed or injured. There were thirty thousand of our citizens down in Mexico; they were not millionaires; they were just the hardy pioneers who had gone in there to help develop that country, and incidentally to help themselves to a living, under the promised protection of our flag, and they were entitled to its protection just as much as those of us who remained at home.

"We intervened in Cuba 'in the cause of humanity and to put an end to the barbarities, bloodshed, starvation and horrible miseries existing there, and which the parties to the conflict are either unable or unwilling to stop or mitigate.' That was the language of McKinley's historic message to Congress. And he added: 'It is no answer to say this is all in another country, belonging to another nation, and is therefore none of our business; it is specifically our duty, for it is right at our door.'

"President Grant instructed our naval commanders in Cuban waters to 'spare no effort to protect the lives and property of *bona fide* American citizens and to maintain the dignity of the flag.' We landed a guard of marines from the *Boston* and stationed them in the legation compound at Peking to protect American citizens in China. We made Austria give up Martin Koszta, a poor Hungarian who had come to this country and declared his intention to become a citizen, and who was afterwards seized by Austrian officials at Smyrna; we took him forcibly aboard one of our battleships and gave him the protection of the American flag. Chile paid us seventy-five thousand dollars as indemnity to the families of American citizens injured and killed in an outbreak in Valparaiso. Our diplomatic correspondence is brisk with cases where we have compelled other nations to respect and to repair the rights of our citizens. The readiness and ability of our Government to protect its citizens is the surest guaranty against such injuries."

"I guess that's right," agreed one of the party.

"And yet," continued Jones, "our American citizens in Mexico have been compelled to hide their nationality behind the British flag, for which the Mexicans seem to have a lively respect. Washington, in one of his inaugural addresses, said: 'There is a rank due to the United States which will be imperiled, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness; if we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it.'"

"You must be in favor of war, then," interposed Witherbee, as Jones paused.

"No, sir, I'm not in favor of war any more than you are; but there are worse things than war — the murder of our unprotected men-folks and the ravishing of our women-folks, for instance. I'd rather die in defense of the honor and the lives of my women-folks than play the coward and turn them over to the tender mercies of a band of peons. Even the Italian Government compelled us to pay for the lynching of Italian subjects in New Orleans. They were only laborers, but they were 'commercial adventurers' just the same."

"What are you making all this fuss about? You voted for Wilson, didn't you?" inquired Witherbee, maliciously.

"Yes, I voted for Wilson, but I don't agree with him in all things. He was the choice of two evils. I think he caters too much to the Industrial Workers of the World. As an American, I feel a sense of shame that a man like Carranza should ignore the request of the President for the return of our soldiers whom he had captured, and later comply with the same request from Sam Gompers. Either we've got to maintain the Monroe Doctrine, or give it up. Every great nation, like every great man, has duties and responsibilities commensurate with its station. If you want to leave Mexico a desert, a tail-ender in the march of progress, leave her to the aborigines, and watch them go on their knees and beg of us to come back. It's just as natural and just as legitimate for capital to go from the United States to Canada, Mexico, Cuba and other South American countries needing capital as it was for New England capital to go West."

"Then you believe the flag should follow our trade?"

"Most assuredly. What is trade? It is life — material life to most of us, as it is to the nation. We may build castles, but we've got to put foundations under them. If President Wilson thinks Carranza, or Villa, would make, either of them, the best ruler to be had in Mexico, then in the name of all that's merciful, let him help the one he decides to support to stop the blood-letting, the outrages, and the destruction of property in Mexico. We'll pay dear for it in the end if he doesn't. He can compel Mexico to do as we compelled Cuba to do: write into her constitution guaranties of freedom of speech, of the press, and of religious worship and see that they are enforced. He might better do that than go scouting around the edges of the trouble and keeping the Mexican people in the air as to his intentions. . . . There!" Jones added, smiling, "I guess I've talked enough for one night!"

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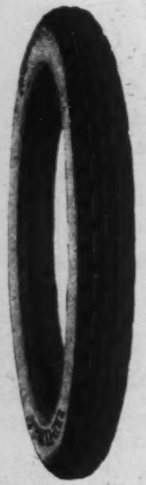

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

The Perfect Food

OF the many magazines we read, I value McClure's most highly. Wishing to avail myself of the service bureau, I venture to ask you a question or two which we have been discussing of late. What is a perfect food? Does such a food really exist, or is it idealistic? Would it be wholly digested? *R. F., Massachusetts.*

In strict sense the perfect food does not exist. Physiological, chemical, physical and economic conditions prevent its attainment. It is written, "There is none righteous, no, not one." This might be paraphrased to read, "There is no food perfect, no, not one," notwithstanding the claims of a few enthusiastic manufacturers. In the first place, the perfect food for Ann would not be the perfect food for Andrew. One is stout, sedentary; the other, emaciated and active. One lives almost wholly indoors; the other leads a vigorous out-of-door life. The latter not only burns up more food, but *more kinds* or constituents of food. A perfect food does not mean that it is digested without waste, (debris or fecal matter) but rather that:

1. It contains proteins, carbohydrates, fats or oils, mineral salts, vitamines and moisture in exact proportions or balanced for bodily needs.

2. It contains the necessary amount of cellulose or "roughage" to insure porosity and to prevent undue packing in the stomach and the intestines. This is a strong argument against the continued use of highly refined or concentrated foods.

3. There must be no waste, either through excess or lack of constituents.

4. It must be readily absorbed or digested without imposing undue strain upon the digestive system.

5. It must be obtainable at a reasonable cost.

Analyzing any one of these requirements it will be noted that there can be no one perfect food or diet since the individual himself differs from others as widely as does his social and economic position. When the circle is squared, perpetual motion established, the elixir of life distilled, then we may hope for the perfect food. Your discussion is, however, not without profit since it leads one to a more careful selection of foods best adapted to his own body and purse.

Package Goods Give Insurance

IN your work of serving the readers of McClure's, you are no doubt doing much good by showing pure food products, but are you not stopping just short of another great service you might be able to do? Many of the readers of McClure's not only desire to use pure food products, but they also desire to practise such economy in the purchase of foods as may be warranted by their income. McClure's no doubt derives its greatest income from its advertisements, but when one buys a package of wheat containing two ounces, paying 12 cents for the same, it does not help the nutriment part to show that the wheat used is pure and wholesome. Wheat is worth not more than $1.50 per bushel of 60 pounds. Pretty much the same conditions apply to rice (puffed) at 15 cents a package. So we might go through McClure's pages and find many articles recommended as pure, but of so low nutritive value, compared with the crude article, that no one short of the very wealthiest ought to use them. Do you not think you owe the readers of McClure's a statement showing the value of these preparations as compared with their bases, and advising a better and more economical way of preparing and using them? *T. F. H., Georgia.*

We appreciate your kind letter and the candid way in which you express your opinion with reference to various food products. As a matter of fact, practically all of the packaged foods show a higher nutritive value, pound for pound, than do the crude materials. For example, Puffed Rice, which you quote, has a fuel value of about 1730 calories per pound, whereas rice as ordinarily purchased has a fuel value of approximately 1620 calories per pound. Furthermore, practically all of the packaged goods, in fact all of them bearing the name of a reliable, honest, conscientious manufacturer, are clean, wholesome and exhibit the highest type of sanitary handling. Bulk products are too frequently contaminated with dirt and filth. We do not believe McClure's carries advertising of any food product of low nutritive value, but are inclined to the belief that anyone who purchases these products is getting good value for the money, uniformity of quality, flavor, and the priceless insurance offered by cleanliness.

A Dangerous Drug

I AM sending you under separate cover, some No. 44 Goitre Tablets put out by Halsey Bros. Company, in the bottle in which they were purchased. I have been troubled for a long time, wondering if these tablets are injurious to my husband. He has taken two of them every night. He suffers from headaches, and his pulse is above normal. Will you tell me what these tablets are composed of? This size bottle costs $1.00. *Mrs. F. J. E., Michigan.*

If your husband is taking the goitre tablets you submit, you perhaps will be surprised to learn that he is introducing into his system a powerful and dangerous drug, namely, extract of thyroid gland. This gland, as you probably know, is located in the neck of nearly all mammals. Commercially it is often obtained from sheep. There is a distinct danger in administering thyroid preparations. Any physician will tell you so. They should never be used except under the strict observance of a doctor who can judge in part of the action of the drug by the rate of the pulse beat. The headache and increased heart beat are all indicative of thyroid action. As a treatment for goitre the tablets are questionable. Would it not be well for you to read a book, recently published, called "Side Stepping Ill Health," by Dr. E. F. Bowers (Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass.). On page 332 you will notice a reference to Dr. Fitzgerald's method of treating goitre. Show it to your physician.

An Illusion

WILL you kindly advise me if there is any merit in "Egg-Save," as the makers claim? Does it come within the requirements of the pure food laws of the states or nation? *W. C. W., Pennsylvania.*

Egg-Save is correctly labeled and contains casein, cornstarch, baking soda and albumen. Whether the latter is from "fresh hen eggs" we cannot say. It is colored a brilliant yellow with a vegetable dye. It would pass any existing State or Federal law. The preparation is harmless enough, but we cannot figure qut how a little colored, dried milk, cornstarch, baking soda and a little albumen sold at the rate of $2.00 per pound saves eggs, except in giving the cake a false color value.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

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better than metal-polish—

THERE! See it shine? It takes Bon Ami to do that!

I can tell just by looking at a candlestick, what it was cleaned with. If they used a metal polish, there will be dark lines of dirt and oily deposit in the corners and notches.

A metal polish does not really clean—it just dissolves tarnish. It has no power to dig out dirt from the little corners the way the soft Bon Ami mineral does.

Bon Ami is nicer to use—not oily or smelly—doesn't stain finger nails—and has no acid to eat the metal.

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YOU who have driven a car know how wretched some tops look after a few weeks' wear. You also know the solid discomfort of sitting under a top that leaks.

Genuine PANTASOTE, which is protecting 200,000 owners of 200,000 cars, has been recognized as the quality top material since the beginning of the Automobile industry—the first in the field and still leading through sheer merit.

The merit lies mainly in the secret composition used in making Pantasote. This secret and exclusive compound is impervious to the blistering of the Summer sun and to the other extreme — zero weather.

It possesses unique properties which prevent it from leaking, cracking, chipping and peeling—faults that are common with cheaper materials.

It is the best insurance that your car will continue to look new and clean and fresh long after it has left the showroom. And that, after all, is what you want and what you are entitled to on a purchase which runs into a thousand dollars or more!

The cars shown in this advertisement are some which have adopted PANTASOTE as standard equipment. This is in itself a guarantee of quality. It is proof that the manufacturers of these cars are making a sincere effort to give you quality, for PANTASOTE costs more than any other top material.

AVOID MISREPRESENTATION —even though it be unintentional. Look for this label on tops represented as PANTASOTE.

Send for a copy of "What's What in Top Materials." It describes various materials used for covering tops.

THE PANTASOTE COMPANY
1712 Bowling Green Building New York City

The Lifted Veil

[*Continued from page 25*]

Having given this information, and repeated her congratulations with a greater freedom of aplomb, she bade him good-by. He realized after she had gone that what he had hoped for had not come. No special light had been vouchsafed to him. In the presence of this girl who was suffering he had been stupid and null.

The door was opened to him by Pansy Wilde, delicately, and almost adorably, pretty in the black dress and jaunty white apron which seemed to be her uniform. "Mr. Hindmarsh is out, sir," she smiled, timidly, in reply to Bainbridge's question, as he took off his overcoat. "He asked Mrs. Gildersleeve if I might answer the door for him, and she said I could."

"And you're getting along all right?"

There was a bright look in the face, though she hung her head. "Oh, yes, sir."

"Better than at the Home?"

The tone was even more eager. "Oh, yes, sir."

"And the other maids are nice to you?"

The voice fell to uncertainty. "Yes, sir."

"And Hindmarsh, too?"

"Oh, *he's* all pie. He's lovely."

"And you've seen your mother?"

"Yes, sir; she come last night." She glanced up, to say in a virtuous tone: "I—I asked her pardon."

"That's right, Pansy. You must try to be a good daughter to her now. Be gentle and kind to everyone, and don't answer back whatever the other maids may say to you —"

Cheek and eye brightened. "Mr. Hindmarsh said that if they was saucy to me I was to tell him. He said he'd settle their hash for them."

"I wouldn't do that either, Pansy, if I were you. If you have anything to bear, bear it — and keep quiet. That's what helps us most in the long run."

Renouncing the joy of battle with some regret Pansy said, "Yes, sir," docilely, and he continued on his way upstairs.

HE saw at once that Clorinda was not only nervous and excitable, but more demonstrative than on any previous occasion. Those tendernesses which he had had to beg from her she offered of her own accord, coming forward to meet him on the threshold and locking her hands about his neck. "I'm so glad you've come," she whispered. "I've wanted you so."

Never had he seen her so charming, so welcoming. Never had she been more eager to please him, to have him command. Never had her touch been lighter, her movements more graceful; never had she come so near to him on the simple ground of woman coming near to man. If she had had it in her mind to bewitch him with the fascinations that would most readily get possession of his senses she would have borne herself in just this way. She was simple and noble and caressing and feminine, now in turns, and now all at once.

He was both enchanted and appalled. How should he tell her what he knew? How should he share or mitigate or forestall what must of necessity be her moment of humiliation? Inwardly he begged, he prayed, for the promised light. While he watched her and smiled and responded to her moods he was saying to himself that the veil was still down, thicker than ever, a darkness where he hoped for a pillar of fire, and he knew neither what to say nor what to do.

But he waited. While she talked, somewhat inconsequentially, on subjects of no importance, he made the necessary responses, but he did no more. The workings of his mind were not only complicated; they were self-contradictory. With one set of his faculties he enjoyed, as only a lover can enjoy, the spell she cast over him; with another he found himself, in spite of his warnings of the previous night, again accusing her of treachery to Maggie Palliser; with another he was trying to anticipate her shame when he should have to tell her that her treachery was known. Between the humanly tender in him and the sacerdotally severe the struggle was so equal that they negatived each other, rendering him powerless. "Who is sufficient for these things?" he asked himself; becoming only the more certain that unless the longed for guidance were given him he should be lost.

Clorinda was restless, moving unquietly about the room, changing the position of an ornament, a vase of flowers, or a bit of furniture, not because it was out of place, but because she couldn't keep still. He too was restless. When she rose he rose; when she reseated herself he paced about; when she sprang up he was as likely as not to sit down. They were both standing, however, when he threw into the conversation, abruptly: "I met Mary Galloway as I came in."

"Oh, poor Mary!" She continued, as she straightened a beflowered Chelsea shepherd and shepherdess on the cabinet beside her, "I told her. I thought it best."

"Best to tell her? or best to tell everyone?"

"Both. I'd a lot of reasons for thinking she oughtn't to be taken by surprise." She stood back to consider the effect of the figurines. "Seeing her as often as I do I can't help knowing — You see, if I hadn't intervened, poor Mary —" She allowed him to finish both of these sentences for himself as she hurried on. "And she's such a dear. No one knows better than I do how good she is. In spite of all I've done to — to upset the sweet thing's plans she's as nice to me as ever. Why is it that the people who are so true and loyal and strong always have to be the ones to suffer most?" She went forward to move the shepherdess by the fraction of an inch. "And then I think we may as well tell everyone. I *want* to tell everyone. I shall write some notes tonight and post them. Then we shall have burnt our bridges, shan't we?"

Notwithstanding the wild mixture of his emotions he was hurt by the figure of speech. "Is burning our bridges the right term?"

"Isn't it?" She threw him a quick look. "You're doing a daring thing — and so am I?"

He was aware of the opening for gallantry he was overlooking as he said: "What daring thing are *you* doing?"

"I'm marrying the assistant-rector of St. Mary Magdalen's. Isn't that enough? If anybody had asked me a year ago to name the most impossible thing that could happen to me, I should have said *that* — if I'd thought of it — but then I never should have thought of it."

"And do you regret it?"

Once more she came and interlocked her fingers about his neck. "No; I'm glad. He's doing much more for me."

He watched the flame moving under water in her profound dark eyes. "What's he doing for you?"

"He's saving me."

"Saving you from —" he had intended to say, "from what," but he made it quickly, "from whom?"

She released him brusquely, with the fatalistic flinging out of her arms which was one of her characteristic gestures. "From myself first of all."

"And then?"

He thought he detected a weary or exasperated note in her voice as she moved away toward the other side of the room. "Oh, I don't know. It's a great deal to save me from myself." She laughed uneasily. "You mustn't ask too many questions."

"Malcolm Grant's been here, hasn't he?" He introduced the name chiefly because she hadn't done so.

"Yes." The calculated indifference with which she brought out the word seemed to him to betray her. "He was ordered back. He came to tell me."

"What made him think you would care to know?"

"The fact that I do, I suppose. Please don't break that chair." She returned to him to lift his hands from the back of a small gilded chair on which he was leaning with nervous heaviness. As she did so, she smiled and touched him on the cheek. "You're not jealous, are you?"

"That wouldn't be the word. I'm ——"

But she hastened to interrupt. "He stayed to luncheon."

"So Miss Galloway told me; but I can't help wondering why *you* didn't."

"I should if you'd given me time. I can't say everything all at once."

"Why should you have asked him? You've never asked me."

"I didn't ask him. He came just about that time — so what could I do?"

He allowed the explanation to pass.

[*Continued on page 45*]

Copyright by White

In Barrie's exquisite fairy tale, "A Kiss for Cinderella," Maude Adams, who of course plays Cinderella, is given a pair of glass slippers, in lieu of an engagement-ring, by her big policeman lover

BEFORE you buy a motor car — before you invest a single dollar in any make — send for a copy of the "Blue Book of Prominent Buyers." It lists the names of the thousands of America's most representative people who purchased Studebaker cars on Prominent Buyers' Day.

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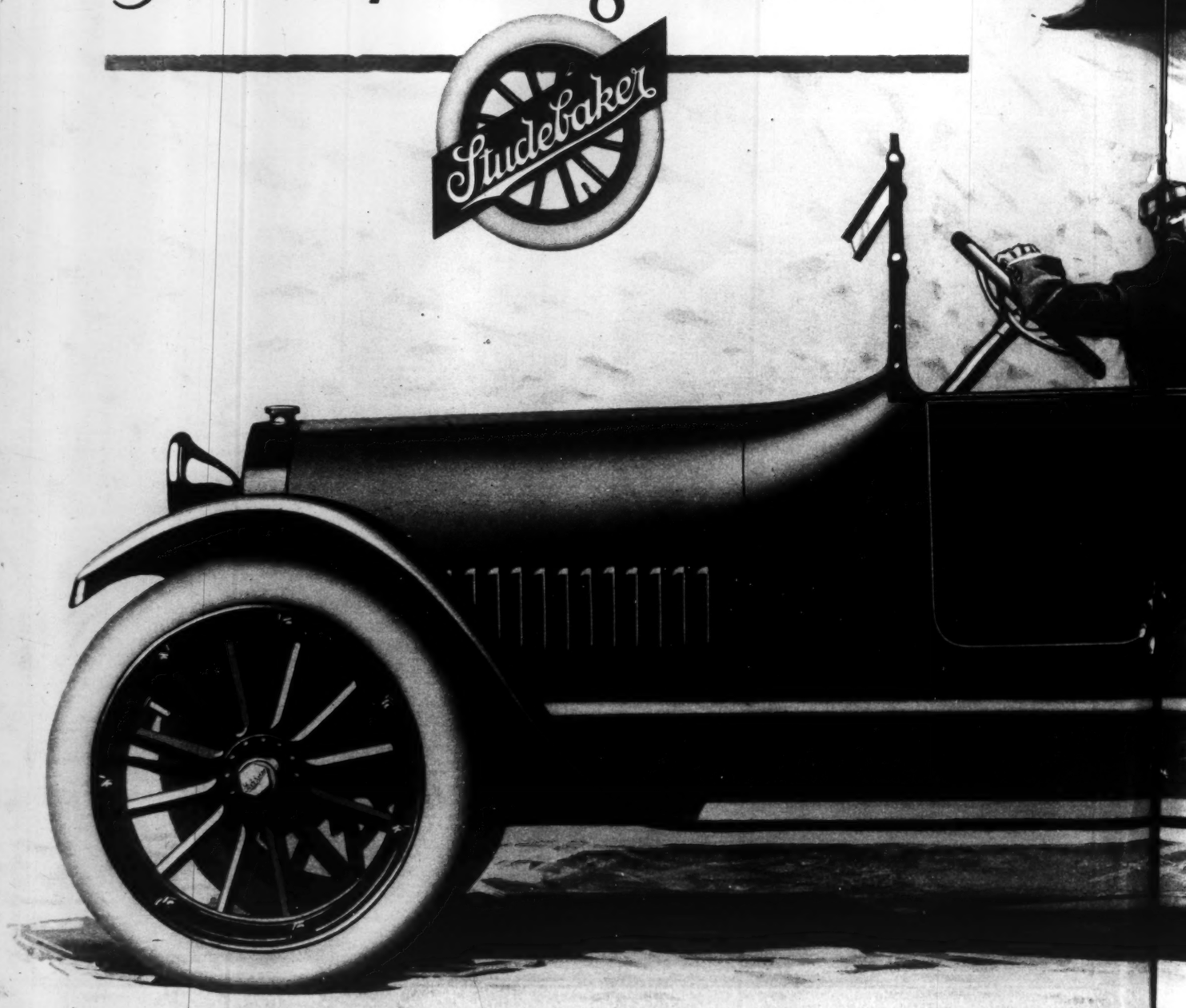
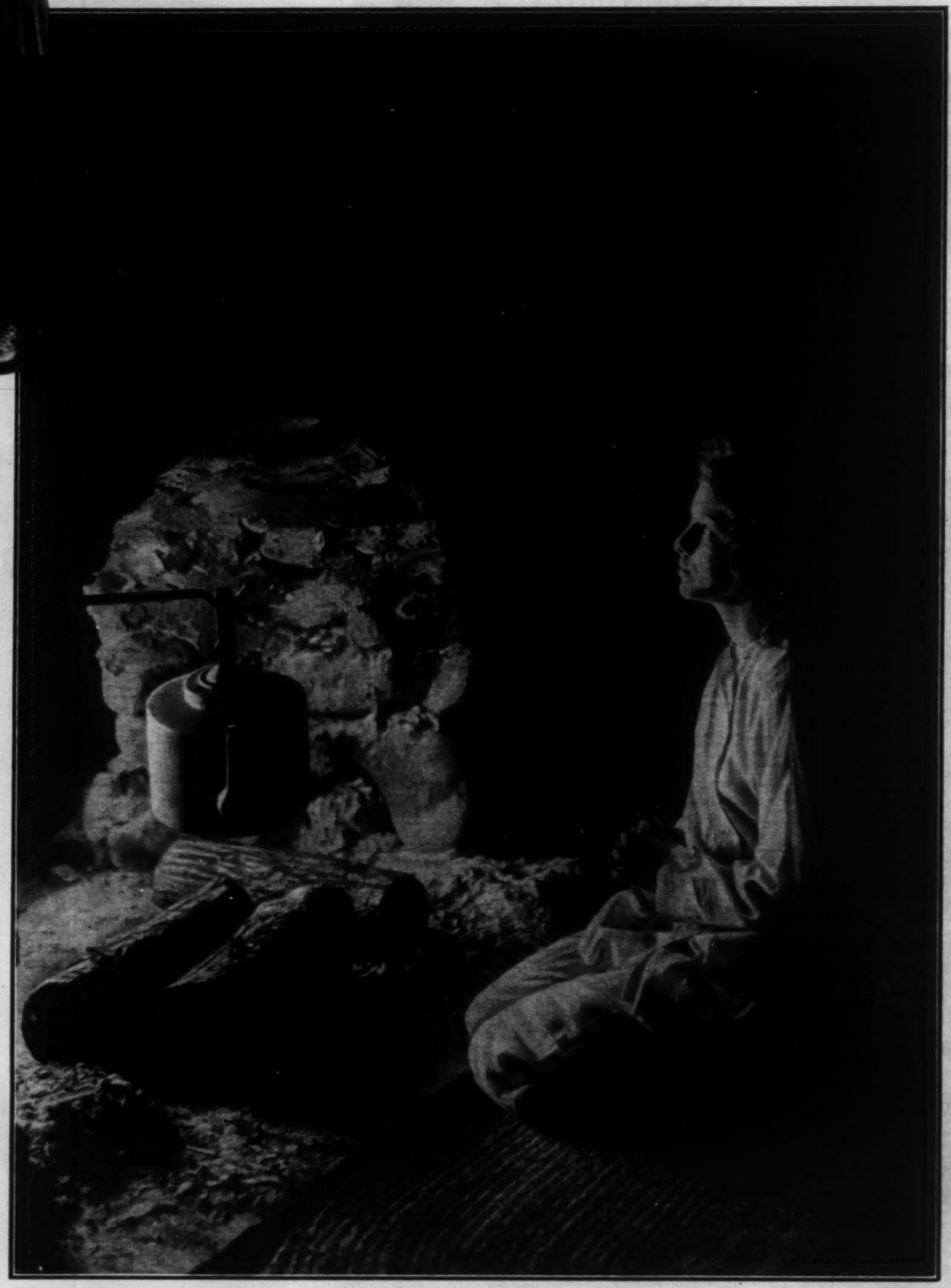


The Dream and the Dreamer

Men dream of gold, women long for jewels; but youth — youth dreams of naught but love, true love



SHIRLEY MASON and George LeGuere, the sweethearts in McClure Pictures' stirring series of five-act photoplays, Seven Deadly Sins. (At the right) Shirley Mason, ingénue of the McClure Pictures

Standing with his hands behind his back he asked gravely: "Has the fact that he's here — permanently — anything to do with your eagerness to — to burn your bridges?"

She took this with a smile, over which, however, there was a shadow. "If it has, wouldn't that be my secret? It seems to me that all you've a right to know is — that I burn them."

He allowed this, too, to pass, not because he was satisfied, but because he recognized some justice in her contention, without agreeing with it all. Besides, he had a more important matter to lay before her, and it seemed to him that the moment had come. That much he could feel, though he could feel no more. He had distinctly the sensation of a man walking in pitch darkness, when he said, quietly, as if telling her a thing indifferent: "I've been talking to the person who wrote the articles about Leslie and Maggie."

As far as he could observe, the words produced for a second or two no effect. She merely stood and looked at him. If there was any change in her it was that she seemed suddenly to have grown dull of intelligence. All life in her expression had gone out.

"*Talking* to him?"

He did not correct her mistake. He had seen from the first that Pansy Wilde's unwitting betrayal of Miss Higgins had escaped her notice. At present he merely nodded — and watched.

There was something worth watching. It was the transition from vacancy to fear in Clorinda's face, and from fear to a kind of dumb awaiting of her sentence. He could read what was passing in her mind as plainly as if she had spoken out. If he had talked to the writer of the lines that had annoyed them then he knew who the "certain dark-eyed woman "was. The glamor, as far as it had existed, was off the sin. It had come near home, and grown not merely traitorous but unspeakably vulgar and gross. The thin covering of mystery, not much of a covering, but a covering all the same, had been rapt from her. She was exposed and defenseless.

By imperceptible movements she crept backward from him. Neither noticed the process till she was further away. Her eyes were fixed on his; his eyes were fixed on hers. Otherwise there was nothing but this slow shrinking. It seemed an eternity before she spoke.

"Well?"

In its very timidity the monosyllable was imperious. Something he must say, and something to the point. It was not the first time in his life that he had been unequal to a great occasion; but it was the first time he had been unequal to an occasion as great as this. He had nothing to say at all. The only words that came to him seemed to be addressed to himself, and they were but an echo of what he had heard on the previous night. "I have compassion on the multitude. I have compassion; I have compassion." He knew he had compassion, so that the reminder failed of its effect.

During another space that was like an eternity, but which was not more than a few seconds long, he cried inwardly for the light to make itself manifest. He must do or say something impressive. Directly or indirectly the sin must be brought home.

But the veil was still drawn, impenetrable, dark. No message came out of it, no illuminating flash. He felt as though somebody else was replying, when, in answer to her laconic demand, he said: "Well, the articles won't appear any more. That's settled. Leslie and Maggie can be at peace."

Her lip quivered; her expression became childlike and frightened. It was with a childlike, frightened fluting that she began: "But — but how did they know?"

He accepted her pronoun. "They didn't know: they guessed. They — they admitted that to me. They knew Maggie had a temper and that Leslie was good looking, and so they put two and two together, and invented the situation. That there was some truth in it was no more than a happy shot."

Her eyes grew wider, and if, possible, more childlike. His pity for her was such that he could have cried out from the force of it. But he was listening for direction, watching for the flash out of darkness. There was a sense in which this leading had the first place in his mind. It was as if from a distance that he heard her say: "But the — other person — the woman ——?"

As there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded, he felt impelled to respond: "Oh, that was guesswork too. She — they — told me so." There was a sofa near her, and she dropped back into it, sitting upright in a corner, and staring at him with a kind of wonder-fire in her eyes. Again he felt himself urged on to add: "Leslie told me it was an actress; but the person who wrote the articles hadn't heard so much as that. They said it was pure invention — speculation at the most — and based on almost nothing." As she was putting her handkerchief to her lips in a way he had never seen her do before he thought it well to give her further assurance. "The important thing is that they expressed regret that their careless words should have given so much trouble, while I know that it's not to happen again."

She bowed her head. Some seconds went by before he perceived that she was crying. She was crying bitterly, almost hysterically, and with a hint of laughter in her tears. It was the first time he had ever seen her give way to such emotion, and in an instant he was kneeling at her feet. When he tried to draw her to him, uttering soothing words, she, like Miss Higgins yesterday, seized both his hands and kissed them.

But he himself was wondering why his confidence had not been sustained. Nothing had been given him. Nothing had been said. Nothing would ever be said now. The opportunity had gone by. Of his complicated yearnings only the compassion had been gratified; and the veil was as closely drawn as ever.

ON making his way between Mrs. Gildersleeve's house and that of the Pallisers, Bainbridge could only reason that the guidance on which he had counted was being reserved for his interview with Leslie and Maggie. He had arranged for it beforehand, telephoning that he had something important to say. Leslie having answered the call Bainbridge knew by his voice that he was in some trepidation. Much as he would have liked to spare his old friend he felt this mercy to be beyond his power, repeating the words of one who, three thousand years before, had tried to modify the Lord's decree, and found himself obliged to utter it even against his will: "The word that God putteth into my mouth, that shall I speak." He was nothing but a mouthpiece. His difficulty lay in the fact that in Clorinda's case the mouthpiece had been charged with no message. If the same thing were to happen again . . .

But the same thing couldn't happen again. In Clorinda's case he, Bainbridge, had not been sufficiently detached, impartial. He loved her so much that to the subtler, severer inspiration his ears had been dull of hearing. He loved Leslie and Maggie, too — but otherwise. It was not in such a way as to put him out of the question as the Lord's instrument. That he should not have faced the matter with Clorinda was a failure of which he was ashamed; but since they were to have their life together he might find subsequent opportunities to make amends to her.

And they were to have their life together. With her arms about him, and her cheek against his, she had whispered: "When shall we be married? Can't it be soon?" He had replied that Lent being so near they would probably be obliged to defer this happiness till after Easter. She had argued that they needed no preparation; they had only to walk into the nearest church, St. Mary Magdalen's for preference, and have the ceremony blessed. There they had left the question, undecided; but the fact that it had been raised, and raised in so definite a manner, filled Bainbridge with a joy which was only the more exciting, certainly the more dramatic, for the element in it he could only describe as acrid.

In Sixty-ninth Street he found Maggie waiting for him in the library with a kind of resigned impatience. "Well, Arthur, what is it now?" were almost her first words of greeting.

"It's good news, Maggie; at least, I hope you'll find it so; but I'll tell you when Leslie comes. In the meanwhile I want to say a word to *you*."

"Well, say it." Having seated herself, with hands folded and feet crossed, she looked up at him.

There were points of view from which she was not the Maggie Palliser of three months before. Mental suffering had subdued her color and deepened the lines of her face; but through being less blowsy she was less pronounced, and through being less pronounced she was gentler and not so masterful.

Bainbridge did not sit down. He stood over her in an attitude of authority. "You're going to get a new chance now, Maggie, to

FIGHTING TRIM

WHETHER your battle is fought in the trenches, behind an office desk or in the home *you need to keep fit.*

It's comparatively easy for the soldier to keep up to scratch. The civilian — man or woman — has a harder task. Sedentary habits, insufficient exercise, too much food and too much hurry about eating it, combine to cause a more or less chronic condition of constipation.

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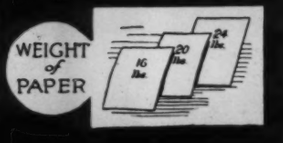

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Absolutely Pure. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

ONE NICKEL

Put a Drop in your mouth at bedtime to loosen the phlegm

Made by the Makers of S. B. Chewing Gum and Lasses Kisses

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see Leslie in the right light, and I do hope you'll make good use of it. I've told you all along you were not just to him ——"

"Has he been just to me?"

"Perhaps not; but try what being just to *him* will do in the way of making him so. A man is most likely to put his wife's claims first when she does the same with his."

"Wait till you're married yourself — and you'll see."

"I hope to; but for the minute we're not so much occupied with me as with you. I want you to be generous to Leslie ——"

"Generous! Why, my dear man, there isn't a woman in New York who's been more ——"

"Yes, yes; I know. You've supplied him with cash, and so long as he was willing to lick your hand you were ready to do it. But that's not enough. You must give him not only all you have but all you are. You must do it once for all; you must keep nothing back. You and everything you possess are to be his. There must be no more doling out. He must be master. For the very reason that you're a big, strong, wealthy, dominating woman you must make yourself humble and small and obedient ——"

She laughed in his face. "I've heard of a camel going through the eye of a needle ——"

"Which was said to be an easier task than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, and I'm afraid it applies to a rich woman, too. You know, Maggie, the kingdom of heaven is not in some other world; it's in this. If you're going to enter it you've got to enter it now. For husbands and wives a large part of the kingdom of heaven is in what they can find in each other."

Her eyes were brimming as she said: "If Leslie had only been willing there's nothing I wouldn't have ——"

"You see, Maggie, you've been in a position to dictate all the terms; and you've dictated them. You've never taken into consideration the fact that Leslie is a scholar and an artist, that he's sensitively independent, and that the one thing under which he's restive is rule. Your instinct is to rule, and you've ruled him. That is, you've ruled him in his outward conduct, while his spirit has been miles away from you. I've heard you say that something had come between you and you didn't know what it was ——"

"I do now. It was other women."

"Wait till you hear what I've got to tell you. In the meantime let me go on. You could give orders to Leslie, and he was obliged to obey you, because he had no money of his own. You used the advantage your money gave you to keep him on a string. But you could only keep his body on a string; the real Leslie, as you felt accurately enough, escaped you. It's the real Leslie you need for your happiness, and so long as you keep him tied you'll never have him. Oh, Maggie, let him go free ——"

"But I tell you he *is* free."

"In this house he's just as free as I am."

"Well? Aren't you our dearest friend ——?"

"Exactly; and Leslie is in precisely the same place. The other night, for instance, when you offered to send me home in one of the motors because of the storm, I wasn't to tell Leslie if I wanted it: I was to tell you. Leslie was here in the room with me, and you were upstairs; but I was to send a servant, or do something like that— No, no; let me go on. That's a small thing; but it's significant. It's an illustration of the way Leslie has lived with you for nearly ten years. He's been a superior lackey ——"

She flashed out: "A superior lackey who hasn't hesitated to make me a laughing-stock in half the newspapers in New York ——"

"Not half the newspapers in New York, but one paper only; and that a paper which has acknowledged to me that the whole story was a myth."

She jumped to her feet. "Whole story was a myth? Why, Arthur, what do you mean?"

They stood confronting each other. "I've been talking to the writer of the paragraphs."

Maggie drew a long, deep breath. Her query was the same as Clorinda's. "Well?"

He took out his pocket-book, and from its contents selected a sheet which he unfolded and laid before her. "Read that."

She read it slowly. Having finished it, she dropped back into her chair to read it the second time. "Well, Arthur, you do beat everything," was her only comment, as without lifting her eyes she began on a third perusal. It was only on completing that that she looked up to say: "What on earth do you make of it?"

He drew up a small chair, on which he sat sidewise, his arm on the back. "I make this. The paper in which the paragraph to which you objected appeared is more than anything else a fun-maker. It's a peculiar kind of fun, but then it's a kind we Americans like. In it we're all handled without gloves just to see how we'll look. It's not meant to be taken seriously, and nine readers out of ten don't take it so. It's our form of caricature — of the sort of thing done in France or England by Spy or Sem or Max Beerbohm. I can't say that I'm enthusiastic over the *genre*, but neither can I find in it anything worse than what I say — not in intention. Where it can play the mischief is where it accidentally stumbles on a bit of too poignant truth."

"Accidentally? I like that."

"It was accidentally in your case. The writer told me so."

"Who was it?"

He considered. "It was someone who had no more personal ill-will toward you than Spy toward the English statesmen he's drawn so amusingly."

"Was it anyone I know?"

"That I'm not going to tell you. I'll say only this, that it's someone who has to earn a living, and this apparently is the obvious way. I don't defend it, but then I don't condemn it. It's a big world, and if we're going to make the best of it we must let the principle of live and let live be something of a guide. It's enough to say that you were taken, not maliciously, but simply as a person conspicuous in New York society, and made to serve your turn. Other people had served theirs, and yours had come round. The main point is that if you hadn't given a handle by — now don't be offended, Maggie! — I'm going to speak straight out! — if you hadn't given a handle by letting your temper and your wilfulness become almost a byword in the town ——"

"The main point is that if Leslie hadn't taken up with some other woman so notoriously that everybody knew it ——"

"No; that isn't a point at all, for the simple reason that as far as the writer was concerned, it was pure invention." He continued the use of Clorinda's pronoun. "They told me so."

SHE leaned toward him, her eyes almost starting from her head. "Arthur, for goodness' sake, what are you talking about?"

"I'm simply telling you what the writer told me — that the dark-eyed woman was merely dragged in to make drama. You can see for yourself that a story in which there was no third person, in which you and Leslie had it all to yourselves would have lacked spice; and so Clorinda Gildersleeve was introduced to make ——"

Maggie shouted, "*What?*"

"The writer had passed Clorinda's house and seen Leslie coming out — twice, if I remember rightly — and thereby hung the tale."

"Oh, my God!" She threw herself back in her chair while a big explosive laugh shook her person and rang through the room. "Clorinda and Leslie! Oh, Lord, how long! No! No! That's *too* funny!"

The effect was what he had hoped to produce. "And it's all there is to it — as far as the paragraphs are concerned. I've the writer's own word for it, and I know it's true. They were going by in Madison Avenue, and Leslie was coming down the steps. Then, some two months later, the same thing happened and ——"

"Does Clorinda know?" Maggie could hardly control her mirth sufficiently to get the question out.

"No. I saw her today, but I didn't tell her. Possibly it may be better not to. If the things are not to appear any longer ——"

She exploded again. "Pouff! We must tell Leslie — we simply must. Clorinda gets on his nerves ——"

"Then mightn't it be wise for that reason not to say anything about it? If you and I know, may it not be just as well to let sleeping dogs lie?"

Maggie fairly shook. "Yes, but the joke of it!"

"He might not enjoy it as much as we."

"Do you mean that we're to keep it to ourselves?" She struck with both her fists on the arms of her chair. "Man, it's too good."

"Still —" He hesitated and began to think. He had the better opportunity for the reason that Maggie was rocking in a new outburst of hilarity.

"Leslie and Clorinda! No, it's too funny! When I've all I can do to make him stay in the room if she comes near! He's never cared for her. She isn't his style."

[*Continued on page 60*]

Who's Your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REG'D 1906 BY ED.V. PRICE & CO.

You, first of all, want to know what's correct for Spring 1917. Every season, through our Book of Correct Styles, we inform nearly a half million men. Won't you write us today for a copy of "Men's Togs" and the name of our exclusive local dealer, in case you don't know him?

Price Building
Chicago, U.S.A.

E. V. Price & Co.

We manufacture no ready made-clothing

Largest Tailors in the World of GOOD Made-to-order Clothes

This story has not been told before —

What you don't know about chocolates

When is a Chocolate Cream properly fresh?

THAT seems easy enough to answer, doesn't it? You would probably say, "When it's just been made," meaning perhaps "when it melts in your mouth," and tastes delicious!

Strictly "fresh" chocolate creams, as a matter of fact, do not taste like that at all. *Ripe* chocolate creams do. Chocolates are like fruits. Time is required to ripen and to bring them to just the right condition for eating—to make them delicious and healthful. This will be clearer when we tell you—

How Chocolate Creams are made

In the Lowney factories most chocolate cream centers are fashioned in molds. The molds of various shapes and sizes are impressed in cornstarch. The cream is poured into these molds and pieces of nuts and fruits are added.

These centers soon become firm. They are then turned out, brushed and cleaned with air to remove the starch. Now they are ready for the dipping table.

The chocolate dipper takes the centers, dips them into warm melted chocolate and fashions different styles of decorations on the tops. Sometimes the centers are dipped by an ingenious machine, known as the "Enrober," which flows melted chocolate completely over them.

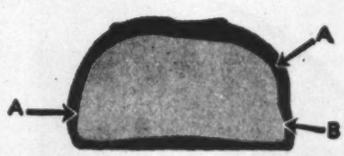
The chocolate coat becomes firm in about fifteen minutes. Now it is certainly a "fresh" chocolate.

But, bite into it, and see if you like this *strictly "fresh"* chocolate!

You don't; and there's a very good reason why you don't.

What newly-made Chocolate Creams really taste like

As you bite into this newly-made chocolate you get first a rather sweet buttery taste. That's because the cocoa butter—which is the natural vegetable oil of the cocoa beans—is all in the outside coating, (A). You taste it unblended with cream or flavoring.



Cross section of a Chocolate Cream

Then there is a crusty taste. It's there because the melted cream hardens slightly where it comes in contact with the starch mold, (B). But, as the center ripens this crust entirely disappears.

Finally you get a taste all flavor and cream, no chocolate at all. It is as though you were eating chocolate and cream *separately*. The flavors are not blended—the chocolates are not ripened.

Nut and fruit chocolates, containing no cream, need no ripening, but even chocolates like nugatines, caramels and taffies *are* improved by ripening.

NOW when most chocolates are ripened these natural changes take place:

First, the cocoa butter is evenly absorbed through the hard outside coating;

Second, the cream center gradually ripens and softens. As it softens it completely absorbs the outside crust, and

the soft ripened cream extends clear to the chocolate coating.

Finally, when this occurs, you have a *ripened* chocolate—delicious to the taste. Its flavors are perfectly blended. The *perfect* chocolate cream, therefore, is not fresh, but ripe.

How old should Chocolates be?

Someone is sure to ask that question, and it is a hard one to answer. As a matter of fact, chocolates kept at the correct temperature remain in perfect condition many months.

The eating age of your chocolates is not so much a question of age as of the temperature at which they have been kept. In fact, the chocolate makers' chief concern is to keep chocolates from being injured by uneven temperature.

What heat does to Chocolates

The direct rays of the sun or extreme heat of any kind will coax the cocoa butter to the surface of the coating. When the coating cools again it has a gray misty look.

Chocolates thus affected are not injured if eaten at once, but will deteriorate rapidly. Little air channels are made where the cocoa butter comes to the surface. The air goes into the center, the flavor escapes and the center becomes dry and tasteless. Dampness is also very injurious to chocolates.

Protecting Chocolates against harmful temperatures

It is for this reason that every modern safeguard is employed by The Walter M. Lowney Company to keep their chocolates at an *even* temperature.

Our shipments to distant points go in refrigerator cars, and our many distributing centers have cooled rooms. Then, too, each year more and more druggists and candy dealers in co-operation with us are using refrigerator showcases.

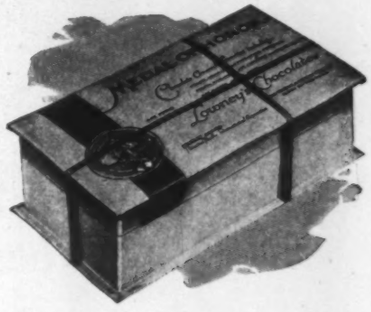
Distributing Chocolates in perfect condition from Boston to the Philippines

Now you will more readily understand how it is possible for Lowney Chocolates, manufactured in Boston, to be delivered all over the United States just right to eat.

You may be surprised to learn that we are making large shipments of chocolates to such tropical countries as the Philippines, Porto Rico, and to China, a country with a very trying climate.

Another protection

With all the Lowney precautions in packing and shipping, you have very little chance of getting an imperfect box. To protect you against such a mischance, however, we put a guarantee slip in each box and authorize our agents everywhere to make this guarantee good.



THIS we believe to be fair dealing in Chocolates. The Medal of Honor package illustrated, is a particularly choice assortment to commemorate the gold medal won at the last exposition—the third world exposition, by the way, to give its unqualified endorsement to Lowney's Chocolates.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
Makers of Chocolates, Cocoa and Chocolate
BOSTON CHICAGO MONTREAL

Lowney's Chocolates

MEDAL *of* HONOR
CLOUDLAND

65¢ 85¢ and $1.00 a pound

CREST
FANCY-FULL
PLENTY-FULL

Possibly you would like to make chocolates at home.* This is good fun and sometimes the chocolates are good. We aren't jealous. In fact, we like to have you try it, as you will better appreciate our efforts.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING CHOCOLATES AT HOME

For Making Centers

Chocolate cream centers are made of cream, called "fondant." To make fondant, use one-quarter teaspoonful cream of tartar and one-third of a cup of hot water to two cups of sugar. If corn syrup is used, make the fondant as follows:

One-half cup corn syrup, one-quarter teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-and-one-half cups sugar, one-third cup hot water.

Boil without stirring until it threads. As it cools, beat until creamy. Keep cool and dry, until needed.

Flavoring should be added by working as much of the extract as is desired directly into the fondant. Mold fondant by hand in the desired shapes and sizes for dipping.

If fruit or nuts are used, make a small ball by rolling out a little piece of the fondant; place the nuts or fruit on the sides, and press together.

For Dipping Centers

Melt a portion of Lowney's Home Sweet Chocolate* in a small double boiler. Break the chocolate in small pieces and stir while melting. Keep the chocolate mass hot but do not allow it to boil. Do not add water to the chocolate.

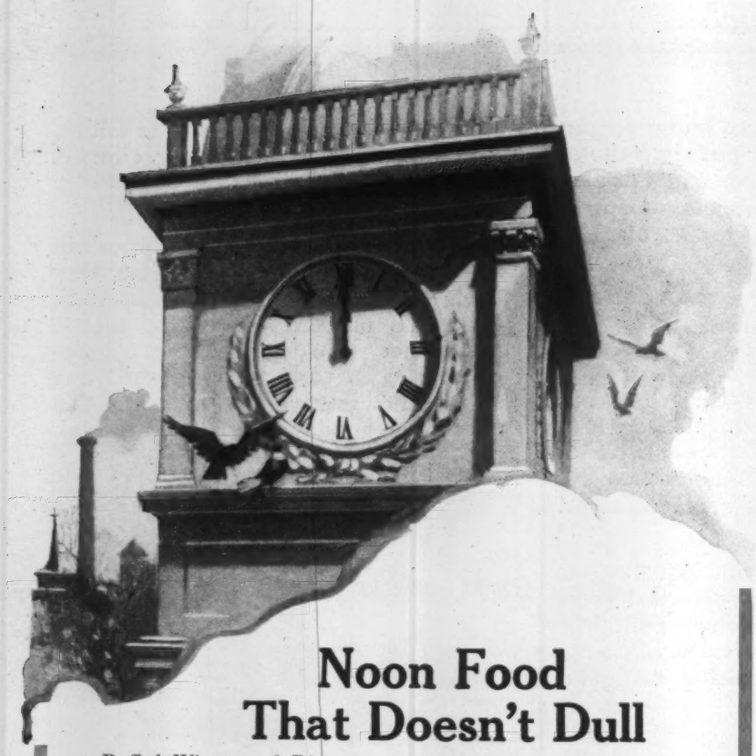
After the chocolate is thoroughly melted, allow it to cool to about 82° Fahrenheit before starting to dip the centers. Use a common table fork, or better, shape a wire similar to a button hook with a loop end, and use that.

Drop the center into the chocolate, taking care to immerse it. Lift out with the fork, shake off surplus coating, and place on waxed paper or oil cloth, by simply turning the fork.

When the centers are dipped, set in a cool place. If chocolates are placed in the refrigerator, keep them carefully covered to prevent sweating.

If you wish to dip the chocolates by hand, pour the melted chocolate on a clean molding board, keep the chocolate rubbed smooth with the hand, and dip centers as above, using fingers instead of a fork.

*Quarter pound cake (with copy of this recipe for your cook book) mailed for 10c in stamps—if your grocer hasn't it in stock. The Walter M. Lowney Co., Boston.



Noon Food That Doesn't Dull

Puffed Wheat and Rice are noontime foods which do not tax digestion.

In bowls of milk, they are ideal luncheons for business men and schoolboys. They save the two dull hours which follow eating hearty foods.

Digestion is easy, because every food cell is exploded. There is no tax on the stomach.

Yet one ounce of Puffed Wheat is worth ten ounces of some foods, because every atom feeds.

Thousands of men prove that fact every day, but millions ought to prove it.

Like Bubbled Nuts

These are whole grains, flavored by a fearful heat. Then steam-exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. The result is airy bubbles, flimsy, flaky, with a taste like toasted nuts. Bubbles that crush and melt away, and leave a wish for more.

They are made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from mammoth guns. The object and result are to blast every food cell, so digestion can instantly act.

So these are whole grains made wholly available, as grains never were before. They are better than foods made of part-grains. And better than whole grains only partly digestible.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

These are more than breakfast dainties. They are wafers for soups. They are toasted morsels to serve in milk. They are nut-like confections when you eat them dry. And they take the place of nut-meats in candy and desserts.

Don't be sparing of them. Keep all three Puffed Grains on hand. Serve them in any way where you know of nothing better. Folks need more whole-grain food.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers (1518)

"You're his style," Bainbridge said, without emphasis.

Maggie paused in her laughter to give him a look. "Oh, me! I'm the poor old thing he was willing to make use of once upon a time ——"

"He told me — or as good as told me — only a few days ago that he was in love with you."

She quieted down. "Who? Leslie?"

"If you'd only given him his head, Maggie, and let him do things in his own way, and *have* things his own way, and be master in his own house . . ."

They discussed this all over again, but on Bainbridge's part only as a by-product of his intelligence. What he was most concerned with was the question as to whether or not the leading he expected was to be granted him. So far as he could see as yet he was being left to his own devices, which, if it continued, meant that he would fail with Leslie as he had failed with Clorinda. It was to gain time in feeling the way in which to deal with this decorative sinner that he kept going over so much of the old ground again.

He was pleased, however, to see that as far as Maggie was concerned he was gaining by his arguments. The idea that Leslie was in love with her, and had revealed the fact to someone else, had not been without its effect. If not won by it she was softened. That which was most truly Maggie Palliser was only too ready to capitulate on any terms that would bring her husband back to her. Bainbridge repeated his tale, therefore, explaining how an anonymous writer had, more or less innocently, made Leslie and herself a subject of romance. The shots were of a kind that would have fallen harmlessly away from them if there hadn't been weak joints in their harness. It was for them both, and for Maggie in particular, to see that the armor was mended for the future and made impervious to such easy attack.

"Oh, well, if it was only Clorinda Gildersleeve," Maggie exclaimed, joyfully, "I can forgive him. Of course Clorinda is fine looking, and clever, and she has a certain charm — anyone can see that! — but Leslie wouldn't look at her the second time if she wasn't a kind of cousin of mine. We've simply *had* to be nice to her. Not that one wouldn't be. I'm devoted to her, for all that she's so moony and half baked. But — well, I shall never get over that. Who the dickens can the fool be that cooked up such a yarn? Some woman, I bet you! Was it Bessie Wrenn? It *was!* I've always said she had something to do with reporters. Her own name is never out of the social columns. And she's hated Clorinda — why I don't know; but Clorinda does get herself hated; her head's so much in the air. Then, too, there was something left out of her when all the other good things were put in; but as for Leslie and her — well, that takes the cake!"

"Perhaps I ought to tell you," Bainbridge said, quietly, before she could go off in another burst of merriment, "that Clorinda and I are engaged to be married."

She took this with some surprise, though without being startled. "Oh? So it's you, after all!"

He smiled, perhaps uneasily. "What do you mean by after all?"

She seemed not to have heard the question. "What about the other man? — the Canadian."

"Well, what about him?"

The answer came slowly, and somewhat doubtfully. "Oh, I don't know — nothing, I suppose."

"Then why did you ask?"

"Oh, for no reason — on general principles. With Clorinda ——"

"Yes, Maggie? With Clorinda — what?"

"Nothing, nothing. Only one never knows which way the cat's going to jump."

"Did you expect it to jump that way — the way of Malcolm Grant?"

"Good Lord, man, how can I tell? It hasn't jumped that way, so let's be thankful." She sprang from her seat. "I'm going to kiss you, Arthur. No; sit still," she commanded, as he struggled from his chair. "There!" A smack resounded on each of his cheeks before she allowed him to rise. "That's to wish you luck and to thank you for all the good you've done me. I'm going to try to follow your advice. Not that it isn't all stuff and nonsense, what you think about my attitude toward Leslie. I've never tried to rule anybody in my life ——"

"You've just done it."

"But if it's going to make Leslie any happier I'll go to him for every penny I spend, and make him believe that it's his own hard earnings. And as for you, Arthur, dear, if Clorinda does marry you, she'll make you a wonderful wife — in her way."

The smile with which she now regarded him was so maternal and sympathetic and mournful that he found it impossible to hide the trouble it inspired. "Maggie, what makes you so doubtful?"

"I'm not doubtful. I'm only — wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"Wondering, I suppose, what Clorinda will do next."

"Is she so capricious?"

"No. I shouldn't say she was capricious."

"Irresponsible then? or inconsequential?"

"No; neither of them."

"Then what?"

She threw up her hands. "Good Lord, man, I don't know. But she's not like other people. She's a relation of mine, and I've known her all her life — on and off. Of late years I've known her very well indeed — and yet I don't know her at all. That's flat. She's a mystery. The nearest thing I can say is that when you see her and talk to her, the real Clorinda isn't there. Where she is heaven only knows. I've never been able to find her."

"But if I have?"

"Then you're luckier than most of us. Who's the person in mythology that turned into water whenever anyone tried to seize him? Well, she's a little like that. Why she didn't marry Malcolm Grant in the first place ——"

"What do you mean by the first place?"

"Oh, years ago; I mean when she made us all think ——"

"If she had her reasons ——"

"Oh, she had her reasons. She always has. But . . ." She held out both her hands. "Anyhow, Arthur, I wish you luck. I don't say but that if it had been Mary Galloway ——"

"Don't, Maggie, don't," he cried, as he held her hands.

"Then I won't. Still, I'd have been easier in my mind. Only," she added, reflectively, "a marriage in which one is easy in one's mind isn't much fun, is it? It must mean an awful lack of pep. Now I come to think of it, if Leslie hadn't kept me on the jump, life wouldn't have been half so exciting; and I dare say you'll find it so with Clorinda — if she does marry you. Now I'm off to tell Leslie."

"Tell him first, and send him here to me afterwards."

"I can tell him this? — about you and Clorinda?"

"You can tell him everything — all except the little joke we've decided to keep to ourselves."

LEFT alone he was able by sheer mental force to thrust into the background the great query that seemed to separate Clorinda from himself, to confront the scene that must take place between him and Leslie. When Leslie came into the room each would know all about the other. Each would know, without shadow of reserve, what the same woman meant and had meant to each. They would have to talk with hearts strangely, brutally unveiled, and reach an understanding the nature of which was beyond Bainbridge's present power to guess at.

After Maggie's noisy talk the house was oddly still. Bainbridge stood in the middle of the room — waiting. He was waiting for Leslie; but more ardently he was waiting for that voice from the cloud which would tell him how he must meet his old friend.

And nothing came. That was the agonizing thing. Keeping his mind as empty and receptive as possible, there was nothing to fill it. He was without inspiration, without so much as a hint. If Leslie appeared, and no suggestion were to be vouchsafed him, he should have either to utter manufactured speeches or be dumb.

Suddenly he found himself quoting, inwardly: "And my speech was not with enticing words of men's wisdom; but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

Of course! It was what he was hoping for.

"Always follow the kindest course."

The words were no more than reminiscent of a past experience.

But the snatches came more rapidly, with something like a tumult of utterance from his soul's mother-tongue. They followed hard on each other like shots from a rifle — but the kind of shot he was used to.

"Let everyone be quick to hear, slow to speak."

"Vie with one another in eagerness for peace, everyone minding his own business."

What St. Louis *thinks of The* NEW EDISON

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

PROBLEM OF MUSIC IN HOME SETTLED BY DIAMOND DISC

Edison Machine 'Re-Creates' Voice Beside It at Victoria Theater Concert.

BY HOMER MOORE.

When Mark Silverstone announces an Edison Diamond Disc concert in the Victoria Theater it is a foregone conclusion that the "Standing Room Only" sign will be displayed. From orchestra pit to roof the multitude filled every nook and corner, and the enthusiasm was commensurate with the attendance. It is a wonderful thing—even in this age of scientific wonders—to see and hear an instrument "recreating"—as Mr. Silverstone calls it—a human voice that is right there beside it, now singing with it and now listening to it, thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality—almost a dual personality. The problem "to hear ourselves as others hear us" has been solved even if we can't as yet "see ourselves as others see us."

The vocal soloist last evening was the beautiful Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was richer than ever before. Her style has broadened and matured and become more musicianly. There is a heart in it that goes to the heart and self-poise and sensitiveness that prophesies a brilliant musical future for this young artist. Miss Case sang the well-known air from Charpentier's "Louise," "A Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs, "The Old Folks at Home" being among the number.

Arthur Walsh, the violinist, played the Schubert "Ave Maria" with the Diamond Disc, and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. Besides these selections, he accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "Recreator" blending into one beautiful tonal picture.

The voice of Thomas Chalmers displayed the merits of that good old tune, "Answers," by Alfred G. Robyn, who used to so completely belong to St. Louis that St. Louis nearly, if not quite, belonged to him.

Mr. Silverstone is, by these concerts, contributing very largely to the advancement of musical taste and interest in this city. Doubtless many went to the performance last night out of curiosity, but that element soon gave place to genuine enjoyment of the program. The problem of music in the home is solved when the singing of the greatest artists is made possible by an instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artist herself.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

2500 Endeavor to Distinguish Natural Voice From Phonograph.

A musical event of unique interest was that at the Victoria Theater Saturday evening, when Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appeared before 2500 music lovers in a tone test of Thomas A. Edison's wonderful phonographic invention.

After an opening address by Mr. Mark Silverstone, who arranged the test, Miss Case stood beside the new Edison phonograph and sang several numbers with the instrument, records of which had previously been made from her voice.

So perfectly did the instrument blend with her voice that the audience could not distinguish except by her lips when Miss Case ceased singing. During rendition of the Song of India, the house was darkened and until the lights were turned on no one knew Miss Case had left the stage.

Besides a rare musical treat, the test convinced many skeptics of the triumph of Mr. Edison's genius in re-creating the human voice in all its naturalness.

THE ST. LOUIS STAR

SILVERSTONE TONE TEST SHOWS EDISON SUCCESS

Again Mark Silverstone's tone test has come and gone and thousands of St. Louis music lovers have voted him their thanks, for indeed he has done much for the uplift of music.

That Thomas A. Edison successfully accomplished the marvelous task of recreating the natural tone of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict of a big audience, Saturday night. The vocal soloist Saturday evening was Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was at its best, and as she progressed it became richer and broader. Miss Case sang the well known aria from Charpentier's "Louise." A song of India by Run'sky-Korsakow and a number of folk songs.

Arthur Walsh, violinist, played Schubert's "Ave Maria" with the diamond disc and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. He also accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "recreator" blending into one beautiful tone.

Silverstone has given these tone tests for several years and with each performance hundreds of the skeptical listeners go away convinced that the new Edison does recreate and that one can now have the greatest artists in their home. Records played by an instrument that does not betray itself in the presence of the artists.

Daily Globe-Democrat.

2500 HEAR NATURAL VOICE TONES IN PHONOGRAPH

That Thomas A. Edison has successfully accomplished the marvelous task of re-creating the natural tone and timbre of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict last night of 2500 music lovers who gathered at the Victoria Theater to witness this demonstration of the triumph of inventive genius. Of the numerous persons who attended the demonstration skeptical of the claims made for the records, all came away convinced that it had proved equal to the severe test.

Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was chosen for the test. Edison considers her soprano voice one of the finest of the many great voices he now re-creates. She stood beside the new Edison as it began to play. She sang a few bars, and the instrument blended perfectly with her silvery voice. She ceased, and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality as when the star accompanied it. None in the audience was able to distinguish when Miss Case ceased singing, except by observing that her lips did not move. The unison between the tones of her voice and the reproduction on the instrument was so remarkable that trained ears could not detect the slightest difference.

Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, photographed on the stage of the Victoria Theatre in St. Louis on Oct. 21, 1916, while singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.

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Go to see Shirley Mason, youngest and loveliest star of the films, in her portrayal of innocent love in "Passion".

Go to see H. B. Warner's splendid work in "Wrath".

Go to see Nance O'Neill's superb emotional acting in the money play "Greed".

Go to see Charlotte Walker in her rôle of "Molly Pitcher" in the patriotic picture "Sloth".

Go to see versatile George Le Guere in the mysterious Seventh Sin.

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McCLURE PICTURES

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"I have compassion on the multitude — I have compassion."

"Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth."

"The word that God putteth into my mouth that shall I speak."

And the Lord had put no word into his mouth at all. If lightnings and thunderings and voices had come out of the cloud they had had no bearing on Leslie.

Minutes passed before Bainbridge drew his inference from this. When he did so it was with some amazement. "The word that God putteth into my mouth that shall I speak"— and God had been silent. It was an expressive silence, and an eloquent. He tiptoed softly from the room.

He was putting on his outside things in the hall when, from Leslie's little study by the door, he heard a voice. It was Maggie's voice, muffled as if her head was on her husband's shoulder. "Haven't we been fools? *Haven't* we?"

Something inaudible was mumbled on Leslie's part, and Bainbridge hurried his preparations.

Maggie was speaking again. His own name and Clorinda's were all he caught. He hurried to the door. His hand was actually on the knob, when he heard an irrepressible exclamation from Leslie. Was it a laugh or an oath or an expression of incredulity? He didn't know. He wanted not to know — never to know. He was out in the cold, clear twilight of the city without knowing.

Not till he was actually standing on the steps with the door shut behind him did the perspiration break out on his forehead. He hardly knew why, unless it was that he had escaped a danger. If so, it was the danger of speaking — when silence was of God.

He saw then what he had not seen hitherto. The others were to be spared; but he was not. He must drain the cup of all their secrets, while they were to be left each with his or her own. Maggie was not to know more than she knew already — nor Leslie — nor Clorinda. But he was to know everything. He was to carry all three of them where he had carried so many others during the past four or five years — in his heart.

So be it; he was ready; he was able; it was obviously best. But as he went down the steps and made his way slowly and thoughtfully toward a splendid wintry sunset, the inner veil seemed, if not actually lifted, a little farther off.

[*To be concluded*]

The Go-Between

[*Continued from page 28*]

"Huh!" grunted Sim Carson disgustedly. "'Long about a week from now you kin look for some wise-lookin' mark to come packin' a carbine into town and say he's a ranger — when they ought to have a bunch on the trail right now. Don't hold your breath, Jim, till they get somebody!" He went out.

Bill, though his teeth were set together so tightly that his jaws ached, had continued calmly studying the time-table while this big rancher reviled him and the Force he represented, and repeated the vicious gossip that surrounds every unusual criminal case like the poisonous vapor thrown off by the death orchid. That he did not spring to his feet and call Sim Carson a liar proved how completely his personal self was submerged in his duty as a State Ranger. Wolf Masters had been his boyhood's chum, it is true; but that he had known of Wolf's crimes — that he had denounced Wolf because Wolf had refused to share the stolen money with him, was a slander for which, in his private capacity as an honest man, he would have felt justified in shooting the man who was guilty of first mouthing the lie.

He sat quiet while the blood raged through his heart. He did not look up when Sim Carson strolled outside, but for all that he knew every move that was made in that room. The old man presently rose and stretched himself and remarked that Sim was a good man, but he shore was prejudiced in his ways; and went across the street to the battered adobe shack that was evidently his home. The clerk glanced after him and smiled tolerantly, and observed to the others loafing there that Sim *was* a good man, and a sharp one, and that he didn't much blame him for being all stirred up. The clerk volunteered the statement — for Bill's benefit, probably, since he glanced his way when he spoke — that Sim was one of the directors and kept all his funds in the bank that was robbed, and that he guessed Sim was afraid he might lose his money or something.

Bill did not manifest any particular interest in the subject, and presently he went in and ate his supper and went to bed. To the clerk, who might be curious — as hotel clerks in small towns have a way of being — he put a few inquiries about the supply of horses in that part of the country. He did not say that he was an advance guard of horse-buyers for the war, but the clerk somehow became firmly convinced that this was his mission, and passed the news on to the hotel gossips after Bill had gone up to his room.

There was nothing, Bill felt sure, to be gained by hanging around Ojito. The robbers were strangers here, and it was extremely unlikely that they would venture again into the town. It was a matter of regret that Sim Carson, buyer of Bartlett rope though he was, could not sanely be connected with the crime; Bill felt that he could feel a very keen satisfaction in slipping handcuffs upon Sim Carson, and in letting him know that a ranger had run him down. But Sim Carson was well known here, he was a director of the robbed bank and a heavy depositor, and it was manifestly impossible to suspect him of having a hand in the hold-up.

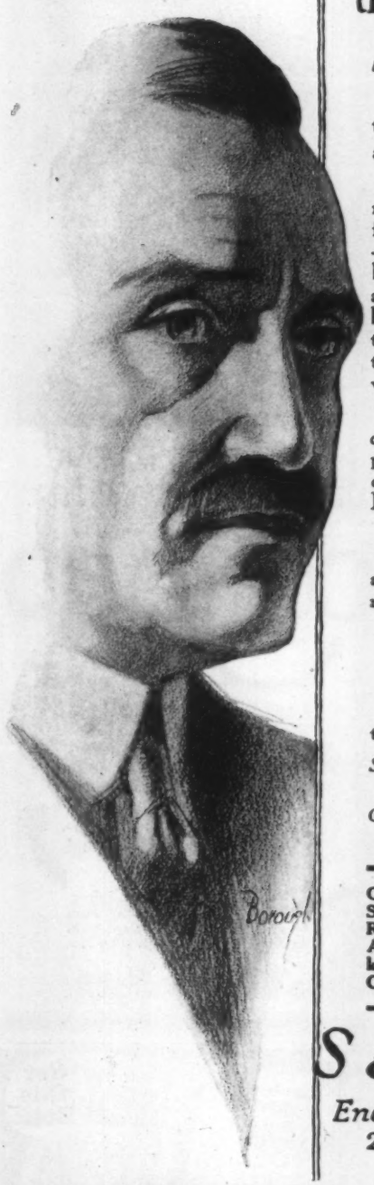
Just the same, Bill promised himself that, once he had the thieves under arrest, he would hunt up Sim Carson and make him swallow his words — and it did not matter to Bill that his hat crown just about reached Sim Carson's chin, or that Carson could probably swing Bill off the ground as he would a child, with one arm. Bill Gillis never seemed to remember that most men were a lot bigger than he — and, curiously enough, no one who knew him seemed to remember it either.

In the morning Bill asked the clerk if he could give him change for a hundred-dollar banknote. The clerk couldn't, of course, and told Bill he had better take it to the bank. So Bill went to the bank, and the clerk was able to tell the town why he went, and that he was a sure-enough horse-buyer, and packed money enough around with him to buy out the town. Bill, you must know, owned a face and a smile and a personality that were absolutely convincing, and the hotel clerk had imagination. Bill did not have to lie very often with his lips; he had a trick of confirming another's guess or denying it, without saying a word.

So at the bank he gave the cashier a glimpse at his ranger star while he stood at the wicket pushing the hundred-dollar bill through to be changed. And without moving their feet from where they were planted on opposite sides of the partition, they transacted other business than the changing of the hundred dollars into currency of smaller denominations. The cashier, obedient to Bill's murmured command, scribbled rapidly and pushed the paper through the wicket — and Bill, in that manner, obtained a description of the robbers; for a bank cashier, if he is worthy his position, is a trained observer and can put his observations into few words if the need arises.

Bill also received two pink slips of paper with the bank's name on them. These were like the bands used on the packages of stolen currency, which was indicated as being mostly fifty-dollar notes, with a package of twenties, and five notes of one-hundred dollars each. Besides this there was a bag of gold twenties, a stack of ten-dollar pieces and fifty dollars in fives; also what silver had been out on the counter.

As to the exact details of the robbery, Bill did not trouble to find out. He was not a detective of the best-seller type, and he did not attempt to arrive, by devious processes of deduction, and a reconstruction of the criminal's mental and moral condition before and after the crime, at any miraculous identification of the thieves. All that Bill Gillis wanted was facts that would help him in tracing the flight of the five and ferreting out their present whereabouts. He did not even ask the cashier to give him a diagram showing where each man had stood, and whether the right hand or the left was used in scooping the money off the counter and into the bag that carried it away. He merely told the



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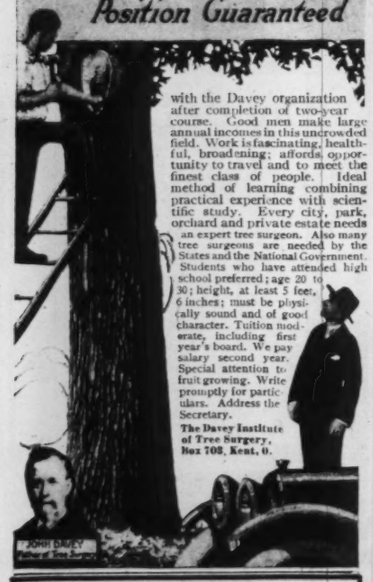

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STRONGER THAN NAILS

cashier not to mention, even to the bank's officers, that a ranger was working on the case.

The cashier was eying him bewilderedly, and Bill was taking his money out of the door — and counting it as he went — within five minutes of the time he had entered; whereas the town would naturally expect that, when the ranger or rangers arrived, he or they would be closeted with the cashier in the bank's private office for an hour or so, while the bookkeeper attended to the wicket. (This bank was operated usually with a staff of two persons.)

"Kinda thought there'd a ranger or two come in on this train," the clerk observed amiably when Bill entered the office. "Nobody got off at all."

"Rangers? What for? — oh, you mean for that bank-robbery." Bill helped himself to a match. "Guess they didn't scrape the barrel — I got my hundred changed, all right. Say, where can I hire a good saddle horse? I want to ride out amongst the ranches for a day or two."

The clerk advised him to the best of his ability and at some length and Bill followed his advice. But all that he learned during two days of continuous riding put him no farther along the trail of the bank-robbers, so that he left Ojito with no more accomplished than if he had gone the morning after his arrival.

At San Antone, he decided, he might run across something. The contest to be held there as a part of the Fiesta de Flores celebration would call together all the riders in the country who were not crippled or in jail, and among them might be at least one or two of the five whose descriptions the cashier had given him and which, by artful questioning of the messenger-boy, he had confirmed. It was a pity, thought Bill, that the boy had not noticed the brands on any of the horses, and that none of the few men who had seen them seemed to have read the brands, either.

Two days before the Fiesta, Bill landed in San Antone and found only a few riders there — men from the outlying ranches who had come early to rest their horses for the big event and to "work out" those which they meant to use in the contests. There was nothing to be learned from these, and Bill did not bother with them.

Instead he took train for Austin — which was, at first thought, getting even farther away from his quest. But it had occurred to Bill that in writing to Captain Oakes for help, Sim Carson might have mentioned someone he suspected, or have given some other clue to the shady side of Val Verde county. At any rate, while he waited for the gathering of the crowd to San Antone, he wanted to have a look at the records.

IN the office of the Adjutant-General Bill pored over the files of Captain Oakes's company of rangers, which the clerk obligingly placed before him. As he read, vivid memory-pictures flashed before him: the enlistment of Van Dillon, for instance — Bill pictured the Kid's twitching lips and flushed cheeks and his fingers going up to fondle the new star on his breast, that day when he walked into headquarters at Ysleta; the brief, official report of the expedition of Rangers Gillis and Dillon to the Franklyn Mountains to intercept a suspected smuggling of guns into Mexico, and the capture, by Ranger Dillon, of Jim Lyons; of the fight at Pirate Island — Bill read and read, his mind a reminiscent kaleidoscope as the terse sentences recalled long trips and rough trails and hardships and arrests, but never once, he told himself proudly, disloyalty or cowardice or weak failure.

And yet, Sim Carson had stood before him and declaimed to all present that the rangers were "four-flushers"— and a man of Bill's type would sooner be called a liar. He wished that he could place before Sim Carson and make him read aloud these records to those who had listened to his boastful jibes at the men whose very life-blood went into the writing.

He started to read further but he pulled himself away from the pulse-stirring exploits that had never been heard of outside the service. What he had come there to find was the report of complaints and requests for help from Val Verde county. It would be there, carefully recorded, something in this form: "(Date) Received letter from . . . telling of theft . . . and asking that rangers be sent on the case." Then, if rangers had been sent, their names would be given and the date of their departure. Afterwards the result would be recorded. But search as he would —and Bill spent a whole day at it — he could find absolutely no mention of the letters which Sim Carson declared he had written to Captain Oakes; nor the report of any complaint of brand-workers operating in Sim Carson's neighborhood; nor of any horses being stolen from the pasture of Sim Carson, nor of any call for ranger help.

By these files Sim Carson was branded a liar who lied deliberately, maliciously, to blacken the fame of the Ranger Force.

Little Bill Gillis went back to San Antone, baffled and angrier than he had been for many a day. Truth to tell, he did not know just what he should do next, if the Fiesta de Flores failed to yield him a warm clue. On the train, discouragement pointed out to him that a dozen riders might be using Bartlett rope to match the piece in his pocket; and that the men who robbed the bank would be fools to show themselves here, where detectives might be expected to swarm looking for the five. What would be more to the point, Bill told himself then, would be to call Charlie and the Kid to help him comb the country for men who answered the cashier's description.

But he had started for San Antone, and when the train pulled in there and he saw the crowd on the platform, and the bunting flying, and heard the band blaring a brassy welcome, Bill picked up his grip — Bill was traveling now in civilian fashion — and went down into the crowd. And the first face he saw that he recognized was Sim Carson, standing in the center of a noisy group and shouting above the general uproar of band and voice, to a friend farther away in the crowd:

"Howdy! Howdy! Say, I can't git *to* yuh to shake — but meet me in the Buck Horn. We may find a corner where we can swap lies ——"

"Swap lies is right!" With a swift vision of Sim Carson standing there in the Ojito hotel, lying about him and his fellow rangers, Bill spoke the sentence aloud.

A lanky fellow with a long upper lip and little, keen eyes heard and twisted his shoulders so that he could glance at Bill. "You know it!" he approved laconically, and went his way, searching for friends among that restless mass of joviality.

Bill felt better. One other man in that town knew Sim Carson for a loud-mouthed liar, and Bill squeezed himself into a packed street-car and made the journey past the old plaza and across the bridge in a more optimistic frame of mind. He would wait a day or so before he wired for Charlie and the Kid.

At the Alamo he had been wise enough to keep his room; so he threw his grip and a quarter at a scurrying bell-boy and told him the room number, and went straight to the Buck Horn. His antagonism for Sim Carson had a certain quality that made Bill seek his presence. Besides, the Buck Horn would be crowded and he might see or overhear something that would help him.

"*Every*body drink!" cried a jovial voice as Bill went in. The crowd pushed to the bar, bearing Bill along on the wave of its eagerness. He did not attempt to hold back, though the voice had been the voice of the man he hated.

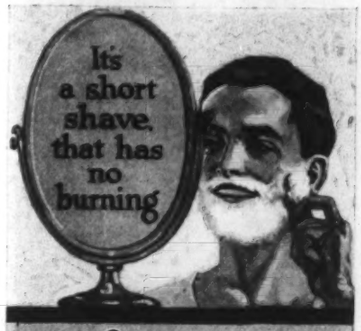
At the bar, Carson leaned heavily with a glass in his hand, laughing and waiting until all had been served.

"Here's hopin' I bust the ropin' record wide open!" he cried, and they all drank with him and applauded him and drank again. He was popular; Bill had to admit it. But then, any man is popular who spends his money freely. Because he hated him, Bill watched Sim Carson toss a dingy, yellow-backed bill on the bar and receive the change. That one toast, Bill saw at a glance, had cost Carson six or seven dollars.

Bill made his way to a case of small stuffed animals and sat down in a chair made vacant by the stampede to the bar. Over a cigarette or two he watched the shifting crowd and listened to the talk of riding and roping, of horses and men and prizes to be won. Every face, every man that came near him he studied swiftly, but not one fitted any of the mental portraits he had formed of the men he wanted.

After a while he went to another saloon, less popular than the Buck Horn but crowded to the doors. Presently Sim Carson and his crowd surged in, uproarious in their merry-making.

"*Every*body drink!" the voice of Sim Carson invited to the full extent of his lungs; and Bill, maintaining his place at one end of the bar where he could scan the faces of all who came thirsty before the white-jacketed servitors, accepted a cigar from the hospitality thus sweepingly extended. Sim Carson, he observed, was spending a good deal of money for the entertainment of his friends. One might almost believe him to be a candidate for some office. Another banknote of the



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yellowish variety went across the bar and sent back into his extended palm a handful of silver and smaller bills.

It irritated Bill to see this man so popular and so jovial. He felt that if he remained in his presence another five minutes he would reach out in spite of himself and slap Sim Carson on his smooth, ruddy jowl. So he left him there among his satellites and went back to the Alamo where was peace of a certain kind.

. . . . . .

For the next three days the nerves of Bill Gillis became what he called edgy. He wanted, more than he had in a long time wanted anything, to tell Sim Carson to his face what he thought of him and all his works. The man was popular and Bill had to confess to himself that there were plenty of reasons for that popularity. Carson was big and frank and friendly, boldly proclaiming his loyalty to the range. He was a good rider, for all his years and his increasing bulk. In the roping contest he had more than held his own, so that he was sure of being one of the favorite contestants in the finals, which would be held the last day. He continued to spend money with the freedom of a harebrained young fellow who has lately inherited a dazzling fortune. His hearty bellow: "*Every*body drink!" had become the slogan of all the saloons in San Antone, so that he went around town with a thirsty crowd at heel like a pack of well-trained dogs. It got on the nerves of Bill Gillis, so that he found himself swearing under his breath whenever he caught sight of the man.

Other things irritated Bill. He could not, for instance, hit upon any trace of the five men whom the cashier had so carefully described. He could not locate a coil of Bartlett rope anywhere among the riders, save the one which Sim Carson carried at his saddle-fork and sent hurtling after the fleeing steer turned loose for him each day in the roping contest — and Carson had unconsciously established a complete, unshakable alibi the first time Bill laid eyes on him.

Still, the man haunted him; irritated him; obtruded his loud, openly honest presence upon Bill a dozen times a day. To Carson, Bill was merely a quiet, inoffensive little stranger who was taking in the Fiesta. Never once did he claim Carson's attention for more than a passing glance. Never did Carson dream how this little fellow had come to hate the sight of him, the sound of his voice, the straggling group of admirers that followed him always.

"*Every*body drink!" came the shout, in the Buck Horn at one o'clock on the last day of the contest. "Last drink before yuh see me break the record ropin' and tyin', boys. Wish me luck, all you real ones — and *every*body drink!"

The crowd pushed, laughing and shouting, to the long bar. Bill was already there, standing at one end with a glass of beer before him and a fresh-made cigarette in his lips. Sim Carson edged down that way so that there would be more room for his friends. Bill scanned the faces dispassionately — flushed, laughing faces, eager faces with the tan of the wide spaces to speak their calling.

Carson glanced at Bill, saw only that he was a stranger and that he manifested no symptoms of friendliness, and showed him his back while he exchanged facetious jibes with a rival. As the glasses were set down empty on the bar, Carson reached negligently into an inner pocket and produced a fresh sheaf of banknotes; tore off the band with one crook of his finger and took the top note off without so much as looking to see how large it was. "And I'll bet you, you miss your throw, Jack," he was saying good-humoredly. "You'll try so darned hard to take that purse away from me, that you'll git rattled. You mark what I tell yuh — you'll git plumb rattled out there today."

Bill was not listening to the talk. He was wondering how much longer he could keep his hands off the man. Even the sight of his back and thick red ears angered him. He hated the gray suit Sim Carson wore, and he hated the way his hair grew down to a point in the nape of his neck.

Carson moved away, and the crowd went with him. Bill started to follow—but first he stooped and picked up something from the floor and thrust it hastily into his pocket. He did not stop then to examine what he had found, but went to his room where he could think without a hundred petty distractions.

He took the thing from his pocket and straightened it out and bent his head a little, studying it. His fingers trembled a bit. It was not much that he had found — and yet it

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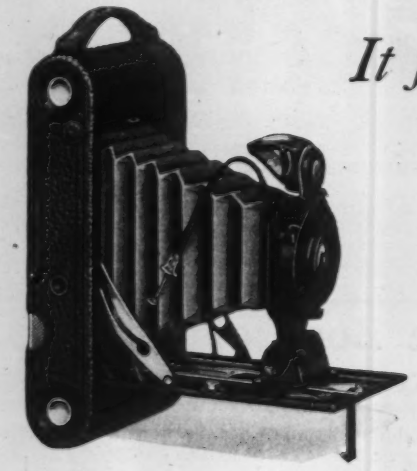

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was everything: a crumpled strip of pink paper, stamped in green letters, "Ojito Stockmen's Bank," and written across one end with a blue pencil, "$1,000."

Bill sat and stared at the pink strip of paper while he studied the problem. Sim Carson had not taken part in that hold-up — that much was certain. Also, he was a stockholder and a depositor in the Ojito bank, and there was no reason why he should not have in his possession a package of the bank's currency. A dozen, for that matter, if he wanted to carry that much around with him; yet ——

Bill jumped up as though he had been stung and rushed down to the office, thankful for once in his life that he was in a civilized section of the country and could make use of some of its conveniences. He showed the girl at the telephone switchboard his star and asked for a clear line on long-distance, and presently was inside a booth asking a few crisp sentences and getting surprised answers.

Immediately after that Bill showed a funny little streak of humanness. With all the worry and puzzlement of his quest, with all his anxiety, he had yet followed the fortunes of the various contests with all of a rangeman's understanding and interest. This was the day of the finals, and Sim Carson was to rope a steer and tie it down and shave seconds off the record time for such a performance — if he could. Thousands of men in the crowd — yes, and women — were eager to watch him do it. Much as Bill hated him, he also wanted to see Sim Carson make one last attempt to win the purse. So Bill, ignoring his one-sided feud with Sim, found a place to roost on the fence close to the infield, where he could watch the fun.

There was the pony race, which whirled past to a dusty finish with excited boys in short pants whipping furiously. There was the cowboy race, with a little more zip to it and a little more yelling from the grandstand. There was an exhibition of fancy roping — trick roping, more spectacular than practical, since every cowpuncher knows that it is not always the fellow who can spin a big loop and dance in the middle of it who can catch his steer out on the range. Bill had seen too much of that sort of thing to care a great deal about it. He was fingering a crumpled strip of pink paper in his pocket, and a bit of rope with a blue heart-cord, and doing a good deal of thinking while he waited for the roping contest.

A gate back of the infield was opened, and Sim Carson rode out into the track, shaking open the loop of his Bartlett rope and spreading it over one shoulder while he took his place on the mark. Another gate opened near him and a lean, spotted steer with horns well spread and tapering came lumbering past Sim, who held his dancing horse on the line and watched the steer cross the thirty-yard score line ahead of him. Then he slackened rein and leaned forward.

As the steer's front feet cleared the line Sim's horse shot out in pursuit of the fleeing animal, and Sim's loop was circling faster and faster over his head. In roping steers, and in tying them down, more than half the work falls upon the horse, as you may know. Sim's horse, knowing exactly what was wanted of him, ran close. The loop settled true over the horns of the steer, and the horse swerved sharply to one side after the slack had been taken in and the rope passed over the steer's rump. The steer was flipped upon its side; and Sim, on the ground before the horse had stopped, twitched a short length of tie-rope from his belt, rushed in and tied front and hind feet together.

A roar went surging up from the crowd when Sim straightened and raised both hands high in the air in the signal that his steer was tied. Tied in less than the record time, as many a stop-watch proved. Sim turned to the grandstand, red-faced and smiling, his hands still high above his head.

"Just keep 'em there a while," a soft voice drawled at his shoulder.

Sim Carson whirled and looked down into the hard, gray eyes of Bill Gillis. The color in his face faded to a sickly tan. "Who the devil are *you?*" he blurted, his eye-balls staring.

"Me? Oh, I'm just one of those four-flushing rangers," Bill drawled and drew the bitterness from his soul with the words. "You know the breed — yuh know 'em so well you had to lie about 'em to hide how much you're afraid of 'em. I'm on that Ojito bank robbery. Come on and walk a little ahead of me, and I won't put irons on you, Sim, for all the crowd to see. If anybody gets next, it'll be your own fault."

The megaphone was bellowing to the world there gathered the number of seconds which Sim Carson had consumed in tying down his steer. As Sim, with his trained horse following like a dog after him, walked from the infield, cheers and shouts and hand-clapping met him and surrounded him and followed him.

"You can wave your hand to the crowd if you want to," Bill Gillis permitted in the kindness of his heart. Sim Carson was no longer a blatant, boastful slanderer of the Ranger Force, but a prisoner whom Bill would not humiliate any more than he must. "That red machine there at the end of the stables — head for that. We'll get away from here before anybody gets wise."

AN hour later, Bill was examining a dozen postal money-order receipts and jotting down the names and addresses of the payees. "You was just a little too careful in your accounts with the gang, Sim," he observed whimsically when he had completed the list. "It's a safe bet to wire and have these fellows taken in — they're the five that did the job for you. That right?"

"Maybe it is, and maybe it ain't," Sim retorted sullenly. "Find out — you know so much!" He regarded Bill for a minute, irresolute. "I wish, seein' you've turned the trick," he said, "you'd tell me how you done it."

"How? By sticking to the trail — when there wasn't any trail," Bill informed him ambiguously. "Then you dropped this band when you broke into that bundle of money in the Buck Horn, and I got the bank on long distance and found out you hadn't drawn out any money in that shape. I'd seen you busting big bills for drinks and putting the change in your pocket, and busting another bill in the next place. Didn't take much brains to figure you out as the go-between for the gang, working to get those big bills off your hands. And, Sim, these receipts you've saved up to prove each fellow's been getting his share, tell the rest. Except — " and Bill grinned a little — "I'm just guessing that you lent one of 'em a tie rope. You did, didn't you?"

"Oh, you rangers—I'd ruther have a pack uh wolves on my trail!" Carson turned away and stared gloomily at the wall. "You've got me — let up on me now, can't you?"

"Why, sure! That's where rangers always let up!" Bill went out; and the sheriff, grinning a little under his big mustache, locked the door behind him.

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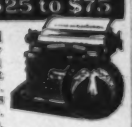

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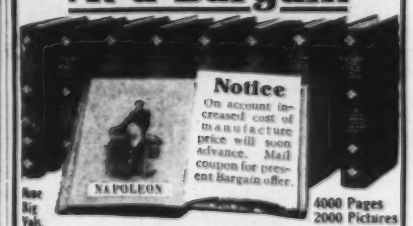
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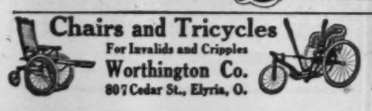

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Repair Shops for Men and Women

[*Continued from page 23*]

rich or important they may be, since it is often through lack of these qualities that they have broken down in health.

Strange as it may seem this great athlete relies chiefly upon mental control for the fine physical results that he obtains. He believes in building up health by first building up character, so that when a man has been shown the way of right living he may have the power within himself to follow it.

Muldoon ranks moral courage as high as physical courage and says that a man who is unable to control his temper, his passions, and to banish poisonous fears from his heart has a poor chance of living to be very old.

He denounces as absurd and unkind various stories that have gone the rounds to the effect that he treats patients with brutality. Witness the story of his nearly jouncing to death some soft fat Wall Street broker on a horseback hike and then leaving him five or six miles off in the woods to walk home. Such tales are pure inventions; also the statement that all patients at White Plains must follow the same exercise regimen whether they are strong or weak.

"The men who come here are divided into three classes," Muldoon explained to me, "according to their physical condition. There are the Ables, the Not Ables, and the Never Sweats. They all go to bed at the same hour, lights out at nine sharp, but the Not Ables are allowed to sleep until seven, whereas the Ables and the Never Sweats have to get up at six for their bath and setting-up exercises.

"After breakfast the Ables and the Never Sweats start off on a hike, but the Never Sweats have it much easier than the Ables; they do not do as much or go so far. And the Not Ables do not go at all."

CONTRARY to the general impression, one of the main features in Muldoon's régime is rest. Some of the patients (the Not Ables) are called upon to take very little exercise, no horseback rides, no strenuous hikes on foot, only the brisk setting-up movements that accompany the morning bath.

Muldoon never tires of preaching that we should guard with jealous care our store of nervous energy and see to it that this store is replenished in the brain reservoir whenever we have drawn largely upon it. In his own case after great wrestling matches when for hours (once for nine hours) he has made huge expenditures of muscular and nervous force, it has been his practice to spend twenty-four or thirty-six hours continuously in bed, taking no food, except water, and allowing no person under any circumstances to come near him.

"After the great Sullivan-Kilrain fight of seventy-five rounds — you know I trained Sullivan and I might naturally have been out with the boys painting New Orleans red after the victory — I disappeared for a day and a half. No one knew where I was, not even Sullivan. I was in a dark room, flat on my back, sleeping and resting. The consequence was that on the second day when the others were dead to the world I was feeling fine."

All this is very simple and reasonable. No drugs or doctoring. No alcohol or tobacco. Wholesome food with abundant water drinking, reasonable exercise and plenty of rest. So Muldoon gets the admirable results that have made his treatment famous all over the land. There is no mystery about it, nothing difficult or complicated about it, and one almost wonders why the patients need go to White Plains at all. Why could they not follow this treatment and get these admirable results in their own homes?

The answer is that they could if they had the will power to do it; but that is the trouble, that is exactly what broken-down Americans lack — the will power to live as they should. Muldoon renders them a two-fold service, first in *showing them* exactly what to do and then in *insisting* that they do it, whether they feel like it or not.

Of course, in all our large cities there are thousands of broken-down Americans whose health problems are not capable of such rough-and-ready solution. There are great numbers of neurasthenics, for instance, men and women who seem to have nothing the matter with them, but are, nevertheless, half-invalids. They look well, they eat well, they play golf, they discuss the war, they talk and act like ordinary persons in excellent health; in a way they *are* in excellent health: there is no impairment of vital organs that can be detected, their minds are keen and active, but somehow they are out of adjustment with life. They cannot face the daily grind of duties and responsibilities, they cannot make decisions, they feel themselves weak, inefficient, deeply depressed, full of fears.

Neurasthenics are weary pilgrims on life's highway, men and women who have been baffled by the problems of existence, home problems, business problems, emotional problems, and have run up the white flag of surrender. There are thousands of these unfortunates, including many who, apparently, have everything in the world to make them happy. More women than men suffer in this way, perhaps because women's lives are less disciplined and less efficient than men's lives; or because women have not learned to defend themselves against emotional stresses as well as men; or because life is harder for women than for men; or because women are more self-sacrificing (through love) than men.

Strangely enough, the largest number of neurasthenic cases occur in the period of greatest human vigor; that is, between the ages of twenty and forty, although there is a danger period for men in the late fifties, often following their retirement from active work.

I may add that just as men are less subject to neurasthenia than women so they are more easily cured than women, being often reestablished in health after a few weeks, sometimes a few days, whereas women drag along for months or years with the same distressing symptoms (sleeplessness, melancholy, general ineffectualness), passing from one sanatorium to another or returning again and again to the same sanatorium after apparent cures and disappointing relapses.

Let us now consider what can be done to relieve this malady. How are neurasthenics restored to health?

The answer is that deliverance comes through a mental readjustment which gives courage, which strengthens the weakened will, which makes these sufferers understand that the only justification for their existence lies in their power of service. They must cease thinking always about themselves, about their symptoms and weaknesses, and must proceed with the essential business of having some *usefulness* on this earth, of being *good for something* to somebody.

A man who successfully preaches this doctrine is Dr. Austin F. Riggs of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, who has changed this lovely Berkshire village into a Mecca of hope and regeneration for unhappy neurasthenics from all parts of the country.

"Justify your existence on this earth or the earth does not want you," he says to his patients. "Find your job and do it. Let it be some job that is worth doing, no matter how humble, and that you are fitted to do, then go at it, lose yourself in it and you will lose most of your pains and fears, your indigestion, your insomnia; in short, you will get over your neurasthenia."

On every street in Stockbridge you meet men and women who are learning and practising this wisdom. These patients have their days mapped out for them hour by hour (this is their present salvation and future peril, since later they must rely on themselves), so much intellectual effort, so much carpet weaving or cabinet work to give them concentration, so much exercise (the marginal pictures on page 23 show some of the bedroom exercises recommended by Dr. Riggs), so much amusement, so much sleep. Each case has its own schedule, since no two persons have the same needs or difficulties, but all patients must be on time (development of will power), all must rise at the hour indicated and perform their daily duties as indicated, regardless of their inclinations or indolences.

As illustrating how Dr. Riggs differentiates between his patients, I may mention the case of two women who came to Stockbridge at about the same time, both suffering from nervous exhaustion. One of them was told to give up cigarettes, and having obeyed, with much reluctance, was surprised a few days later to see the other woman smoking.

The explanation was that these two women had reached the same nervous state by contrary ways. One had sacrificed too much, the other too little. One had led a frivolous,

self-indulgent life and needed to practise self-denial, whereas the other had been bearing the burdens of the universe and was half crushed by them. To brighten her existence there was need of gaiety, a touch of worldliness.

A case showing the blighting effects of fear is that of a woman in advanced neurasthenia who came to Stockbridge to be treated by Dr. Riggs. She arrived one evening with her husband and, as they were persons of consequence who had particularly requested it, the doctor himself met them at the station and drove with them to a house that they had rented for their stay in the village.

As the woman was greatly fatigued by the journey, she desired to go at once to her bedroom, and her husband was about to carry her upstairs, when the doctor interposed.

"Wait!" he said. "Why do you carry her?"

"I always carry my wife up and down stairs," replied the husband. "She is not strong enough to walk."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, doctor," protested the patient, "I haven't stepped out of my bed without assistance in over a year. It's *necessary* for me to be carried."

"We must see about that," laughed the specialist. "Please come in here."

They brought the woman into the sitting-room, and Dr. Riggs went over her carefully, listening to her heart and asking various questions.

"You see how weak I am!" she lamented.

He shook his head good-naturedly.

"I don't think you are so very weak. There is no reason why you cannot walk up these stairs."

"No, no! It would kill me."

"Not a bit of it. Come, I want you to try."

"Will you take the responsibility if I drop dead?"

"I'll take the entire responsibility. You couldn't drop dead if you tried. Come, now!"

He held out his hand encouragingly, and a few moments later this woman who for many months had been carried everywhere, even across her bedroom, walked up the stairs unassisted and was none the worse for it. Within a month she climbed to the top of Bear Mountain, and for three years she has been a perfectly well woman.

There came to Dr. Riggs for treatment a famous college athlete, a great football star and later a hunter of big game all over the world, who broke down at about thirty-five and became a neurasthenic. He was convinced that his heart was affected (having fainted in a theatre), and when he came to Stockbridge he was so weak and depressed that he could not walk the few hundred yards between the doctor's office and the inn, but insisted on taking a carriage. Some other doctor had told him that he had dilation of the heart and no words could quiet his alarm.

In order to put confidence into this man, it was necessary to re-educate him in the psychology and physiology of his own case. The first morning before he set forth on a very easy walk, about ten minutes over the level, there was presented to him a chart showing his pulse, his blood pressure, his heart action; and, later in the day, he compared this point by point with a similar chart showing his after-exercise reactions.

"You see, nothing happened to you," smiled the doctor.

This procedure was followed every day, and soon the man became interested in his own internal machinery and was encouraged to see that it was functioning better than he had expected. Thus courage was built up in this distressed patient by taking him, as it were, behind the scenes, and gradually the daily walks were lengthened until, within the season, he was striding for hours over the Berkshire hills and coming home the last stretch down the mountain on a jog trot or a run. The chief element in this cure consisted in straightening out a kink in the man's mental machinery.

I met a woman in Stockbridge who, years ago, after a great sorrow, let herself sink into the deepest hells of neurasthenic torture and she told me how she had resolved, after her restoration to health, that never again would she surrender to the trials and griefs of life, never again would she allow *anything* to hurt her deeply, not bereavement or loss of money or loss of health or even the approach of death. She had discovered the blessed truth that it is within our power, by a voluntary attitude of mind, to resist sorrow, to prevent griefs from overwhelming us.

"I know this is true," she said, "because I have borne just as hard things since then without allowing them to crush me. It does no good to let ourselves go like that. It only makes us useless, pitiful wrecks, and *nothing* is worth such a price."

But *how* did this woman protect herself? How can any of us protect ourselves against sorrows? Or against reverses of fortune, business disasters? Or against the loss of dear ones? Are there not situations in life, shattering blows in life that *must* prostrate us, deplete our nerve force, leave us conquered?

The answer is that, by a right attitude of mind, based on a sound philosophy of life (work, play, love, care of the body), we can bear misfortunes and live through tragedies that would destroy us if we had a wrong attitude of mind. Who has not viewed a certain situation with black despair at one moment, then confidently, courageously at a different moment of the same day or the same night? Yet the situation has not changed. It is our vision that has changed, from one hour to another, from one day to another, so that now there is hope, resignation, an issue from our troubles where before there was no hope, no resignation, no issue from our troubles.

I also met in Stockbridge an elderly woman who has succeeded in following Dr. Riggs's great rule for health: *we must learn to help ourselves*. For years she had suffered from arthritis, a painful affection of the joints that made it almost impossible for her to dress herself or to arrange her hair. It would have been easy and quite excusable if she had resigned herself to having these intimate services performed by an attendant; in fact, her husband urged this. But the lady would never consent, saying that she *must* struggle against her affliction; if she yielded to it it would grow worse and she would soon be a helpless invalid; and many a time her husband saw her brushing her hair with tears running down her cheeks from the pain of her efforts. She *would* do this and the habit of self-mastery, thus established, not only ennobled her character and saved her from a general breakdown, but it finally conquered the disease itself, which suddenly left her, as if ashamed of torturing so brave a person.

I also met a young college woman, self-supporting, who has lived for two years among neurasthenic patients and has studied them closely.

"Listen!" she said to me. "I have had troubles and disappointments enough to become a neurasthenic myself ten times over, if it were not for two things: I have had to work for my living and I have had the knowledge that I was *needed* by someone who is very dear to me."

There is the antidote to this neurasthenic poison — *work* that is done through love; work that *must* be done lest some loved one suffer.

THUS far we have considered only two among many of the smaller human repair shops that have gradually established themselves in various parts of the country and that render a valuable service by offering help and wisdom to tired, half-worn-out business men and to discouraged, nerve-shattered women.

It remains to picture the larger and more varied activities of a great sanatorium like the one at Battle Creek, Michigan, with its vast hotel accommodation, its hospital, its staff of doctors and nurses (scores of them), its health lectures, its Swedish-movement exercises done to music, and its interesting diet plan. Nor should I forget the department for X-ray examinations under the direction of Dr. James Case who is, perhaps, the most distinguished Roentgen-ray diagnostician in the world.

Each day here has its own rather full programme of events, these being varied through the week, so that there is never a lack of something to do, nor is there too much of the same thing. Every morning after breakfast there are special classes for women in the gymnasium followed by Folk dances and games. Also there are corrective and medical gymnastics for men. There is the Indian club drill for guests and patients. There are scientific cooking classes with demonstrations by an expert dietician. There are indoor swimming-pools and all kinds of outdoor exercise, including a golf course. There are religious services, song services and evening health talks with question-answering by the director, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, and by other distinguished persons.

No one is required to take part in these exercises, but the happenings are so interesting, so obviously helpful that most of the patients do take part, and I have seen few things more impressive than the after-supper gathering of men and women in the big gymnasium, several hundred of them, gaily and zealously going through spirited

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marching exercises, body-swaying exercises, skipping exercises, all together, while the piano plays lively airs and winds up with a crashing *finale* that brings the whole company down the hall, sixteen abreast, beaming and glowing (some of them puffing) to the tune of "Hail, Columbia!"

And every morning at seven, weather permitting, Battle Creek pedestrians pause and stare as hundreds of sanatorium guests in come-as-you-please costumes line up along the stone terrace before the main building and go through fifteen minutes of setting-up exercises.

"Two steps to the right, bend over and touch your left toe. Ready!" shouts the graceful leader, and the company obey — or try to, while the piano tinkles on.

What but the inspiration of numbers and the general enthusiasm could induce these pampered city dwellers (see that fat woman rising on her toes!) to be out here at seven o'clock taking this fine exercise! It's the sort of thing they *believe in* at home, but here they *do* it!

The force of example! The wonderful encouragement of meeting some man or woman who is interested in your bodily ills and who says sympathetically: "I know *exactly* how you feel; I had the very same symptoms last week or last year, but I got all over my trouble by doing so and so."

PERHAPS the most valuable lesson taught by Dr. Kellogg is that men and women will strive vainly for health and efficiency until they learn to keep their bodies clean *inside*. The greatest single cause of human suffering or failure is intestinal stasis, stagnation, and all patients are instructed to regard this as a matter of *the most vital importance*.

Every day in all our cities patients come to doctors and say: "Oh, doctor, I am all broken down by overwork! I am so irritable, so tired! And I can't digest my food!"

But it is not overwork that has broken them down. Not one man in a thousand overworks. The irritability, the fatigue, the nervous indigestion, in most cases, come from poisons produced by decaying food that has remained undisturbed for weeks or months in folds of the colon, exactly as stagnant water remains in shallow bends of a running river.

Some doctors say to a patient: "Oh, there's nothing much wrong with you, just constipation." They might as well say: "There's nothing much wrong with you, just smallpox!"

"One of the most active, perhaps the most common and most potent of all the causes of arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries) as well as of diseases of the heart and kidneys," declares Dr. Kellogg, "is intestinal stagnation. By the retention of food remnants and other wastes in the colon, opportunity is afforded for putrefaction and the formation of poisons possessed of the potency of snake venoms, which, being absorbed, set up in the body generative changes not only in the blood vessels, but in the heart, kidneys, liver and other vital parts."

During the past fifty years nearly a hundred thousand patients at Battle Creek have been taught not only to get rid of food poisons by intestinal cleanliness but greatly to lessen the production of these poisons by a diminished consumption of meat. In fact, during their stay in the sanatorium, patients are put on a low protein (non-flesh) diet with undoubted benefit to themselves.

Dr. Kellogg himself furnishes a striking illustration of the immense physical vigor that may accompany a low protein diet. He told me that in forty years he has not eaten two pounds of meat, yet today at sixty-five he moves about with the vim and snap of youth and shows an unbelievable physical endurance. Day after day he works ceaselessly from early morning until long after midnight. Although small in stature he has great muscular power and in his lectures used to lift a weight of 750 pounds or fling over his shoulders the heaviest man in the audience. All this in spite of the fact that as a boy he was delicate, so that his parents thought him scarcely worth bringing up, and as a young man he was a consumptive. He attributes his subsequent fine health and success in life to wise living and especially to right eating.

I know a distinguished editor who for years was almost an invalid, a victim of nervous exhaustion, indigestion, brain fag and a dozen other things, depending on the doctor he consulted, and he never came to a new city, here or abroad, without consulting a new specialist. Poor man! He went through life like a galley-slave dragging a ball and chain behind him. He was always tired, always afraid to eat, and he spent half his mornings and most of his evenings in bed.

Finally he found relief from his miseries in the low protein diet and I saw him some time after he had made a long stay at Battle Creek. Here indeed was a transformation! This one-time irritable invalid was now full of clean-blooded energy and youthful spirits, a man approaching sixty with the vigor of forty-five.

"I never have indigestion and I'm never tired. I can't get tired," he laughed. "I work all the time and the more I work the better I feel. I assure you I am in such a state of physical well-being that I can love my enemies out of sheer good nature."

It is a remarkable fact that harmful bacteria which swarm in the colon and produce deadly disease and fatigue poisons when fed on meat proteins do not produce these poisons when meat proteins are absent from the colon. In fact, laboratory experiments show that these bacteria actually prefer the non-meat diet and thrive benignly in cultures containing such starches, sugars and vegetable proteins as would be present in the colon of a non-meat-eating person. Even diphtheria germs, Dr. Kellogg assures me, when developed in cultures of sugar cease to produce the deadly diphtheria toxines, but immediately begin to produce them if transferred to a medium containing meat proteins. In other words non-meat-eating persons may have in their bodies bacteria that will do them no harm so long as they remain on a low protein diet, but that will change into active breeders of disease poisons should the person change to a meat diet.

In his lectures to patients Dr. Kellogg makes the point that wrong habits of living not only bring illness and inefficiency to individuals beyond number, but that these wrong habits are today an actual menace to the integrity of our civilization! All about us are evidences of an alarming drift towards race degeneracy!

What evidences?

The birthrate, to begin with, which is diminishing more rapidly in the United States than in any other part of the world except Australia and New Zealand.

He also points to the startling increase in degenerative diseases (those that we produce in ourselves) of the heart, the kidneys, the arteries, the stomach, the intestinal tract, and maintains that every year in the United States at least half a million men and women die needlessly from these diseases; that is, they might have lived on for years had they learned to eat suitable food and to take proper care of their bodies.

Suitable food? Now we come to the non-flesh dietary that is followed and recommended in the Battle Creek Sanatorium. What are we to think about this non-flesh dietary?

It must be said that the flesh-abstaining cause has been injured, just as the prohibition cause was formerly injured, by a certain arrogance and intolerance on the part of its upholders. They have confused the issue by advancing arguments of a vaguely religious or esthetic nature that are not convincing. They insist that meat eating is contrary to some holy law, or say that meat eating is degrading, which only irritates or amuses the average person.

The average man is intensely practical about his steaks and chops and will continue to eat them, as his father and forefathers did, unless he is given most convincing reasons for not eating them. Nor is he interested in any anthropological discussion, based on teeth evidence or jaw evidence, as to whether humans were intended to eat flesh, like dogs, or to eat fruits and nuts like their primate cousins, the apes and gorillas. No matter what Nature intended in the past, he wants to be shown what harm there is today in eating meat and, until he is shown, his faith in roast beef, broiled chicken, fried ham and crisp little sausages for breakfast will stand like the unshakable hills.

Let us look, then, at this meat-eating question in an open-minded spirit as we have looked at the alcohol question, the sex question, the honesty question; let us avoid the ancient error of asserting that certain things are wrong and must therefore be unhygienic and be ready to say (if it appears to be true) that certain things, being unhygienic, must be wrong.

In what way is flesh-eating unhygienic and harmful to men and women? How and to what extent may men and women hope to benefit by adopting a non-flesh dietary?

One answer is that flesh-eating tends to increase human fatigue because meat proteins produce in the body certain waste products like uric acid (not otherwise produced), and these products, not being easily eliminated,

thicken the blood and therefore call upon the heart to do more work in pumping this viscous blood through the capillaries, in other words, increase the blood pressure. This is the theory of Dr. Alexander Haid of London, who maintains that flesh-abstainers have greater physical endurance than flesh-eaters.

Other physiologists assert that flesh foods, during digestive changes, actually create fatigue poisons that act directly and harmfully upon the body and lessen its endurance.

"Whatever the explanation," concludes Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University, a recognized authority on food values, "there is strong evidence that a low-protein, non-flesh, or nearly non-flesh dietary is conducive to endurance. . . . The question of the extent to which flesh foods may be used advantageously is still open, but there can now be little question, in view of the facts which have come to light during the last few years, that the ordinary consumption of those foods is excessive."

Some years ago Professor Fisher made some interesting experiments to compare the muscular endurance of persons accustomed to a high protein and full-flesh dietary with that of other persons who subsisted on a low protein and non-flesh dietary. Dr. Kellogg showed me the tabulated results of these tests which demonstrated the overwhelming superiority in endurance of the low protein, non-flesh-eating contestants.

The result was all the more significant since many of the winners were overworked physicians, nurses and employees of the Battle Creek Sanatorium, while their opponents were fifteen picked athletes of Yale University, baseball players and oarsmen who were in fine training.

The tests were threefold: first, holding the arms out horizontally as long as possible; second, deep knee-bending; third, leg-raising with the person lying on his back.

In the first test (arm-holding) the best low protein record was 176 minutes, which was *eight times* as long as the best flesh-eating record, made by a Yale baseball player. And the average record of thirteen sedentary flesh-abstainers was 64 minutes as against an average record of ten minutes for the fifteen Yale athletes.

In the second test (knee-bending) the sedentary flesh-abstainers bent their knees an average of 535 times, the athletic flesh-abstainers 927 times, and the Yale athlete flesh-eaters 383 times.

In the third test (leg-raising) the average record was more even, owing to the extraordinary performance of one famous Yale oarsman (1,302 times), this being ten times as much as any other Yale flesh-eater accomplished; but even so the non-flesh-eaters showed a higher average, 288 times against 279 times.

WE come now to another Battle Creek stumbling block — tea and coffee! These two are not to be taken, says Dr. Kellogg, not to be taken at all since both contain drugs that influence the heart powerfully. In a single cup of coffee there is as much caffeine as a surgeon would inject into a patient on the operating table if he found his heart weakening. It is evident, therefore, that the coffee habit is a drug habit and the tea habit is a drug habit.

Must we, then, give up tea and coffee?

We hate to think of ourselves as drug-users, but we hate also the idea of being extremists, faddists. We know that many persons live to a sound old age who have, all their lives, taken tea and coffee; we are reluctant to forego the luxury of our morning *café au lait* unless it is absolutely necessary. Furthermore, many doctors permit coffee-drinking, and I may add that Muldoon's patients are *required* to take a morning cup of coffee, weakened with milk, whether they wish it or not and whether their doctors recommend it or not.

Perhaps the solution of this, as of other diet problems, lies in great moderation. Suppose we allow ourselves, just for the joy of it, a small amount of tea or coffee, *one of these, not both*, and only one cup a day instead of two or three cups. It is unlikely so modest an indulgence will harm us, and it may benefit us. One cup of coffee a day is like one cigar a day — a permissible satisfaction, the only trouble being that many persons find such moderation harder to practise than total abstinence.

During my visit to Battle Creek, I met a white-haired, sweet-faced lady, girlish in figure and very spry in her movements, who confessed to me that it was an impulse of vanity that made her give up meat eight years ago.

"I heard Dr. Kellogg say in one of his lectures," she laughed, "that women can keep their hands pretty as they grow old; that is, free from swollen and crooked joints, if they will cut out meat eating. Well, that started me. I remembered that my mother's hands had been disfigured in this way and I knew that already I had one joint that was troubling me — there it is; but you see the others are all right."

She held up her hands with a little gesture of pride and I saw that her fingers were straight and slender, the fingers of a woman twenty years younger than she.

"From that day I have followed Dr. Kellogg's teachings," she continued, "and it is wonderful how I have benefited. At first my family objected to my not eating meat. Some said I would fade away, some laughed at me; but as the years passed and they saw how well I kept, they stopped laughing, especially one of my cousins, a very rich woman and a heavy meat eater who has developed an enormous blood pressure and is now dying from a clot of blood in the brain.

"Her daughters would say to her, 'Mother, you shouldn't eat so much. Why don't you do like Cousin Louisa?' You see, they couldn't help noticing the difference between us."

"Has your blood pressure always kept low?" I asked.

The lady's eyes twinkled. "Ah, that is my triumph. Only a few weeks ago Dr. Kellogg sent for me. It was the first time I had ever seen him, as I come here chiefly because I like it and not because I need treatment.

"'Well,' he said, 'I suppose you eat meat when you are at home?'

"I told him that I had not touched meat for eight years and, of course, he was pleased.

"'Let me see your chart,' he said; and as he glanced at it his eyes opened. 'Why, this is splendid! You have the blood pressure of youth. I congratulate you.'

"As a matter of fact, my blood pressure runs right along evenly about 115 or 117 and I am certain it is because, all these years, I have been free from those auto-intoxication poisons that come from eating meat."

Speaking of blood pressure, I may mention that this is one of the mysteries of the body that are explained to Battle Creek patients. Men and women who have fancied, in their ignorance, that a high blood pressure means imminent disaster, learn that there are cases where a fairly high blood pressure is entirely normal and offers no cause for alarm. A powerful man or woman with a large body requires a large and powerful heart capable of driving the blood strongly. Persons who do hard bodily work or take violent exercise must have a high blood pressure to give them physical endurance.

In any case, high blood pressure is only a symptom, like fever; not a disease. It may be caused by anger, by over-eating, or by the over-stimulation of alcohol, tobacco, coffee, tea, and in such cases it can be quickly relieved by a change of habits.

On the other hand, high blood pressure (say 160 instead of 130) may have a more serious cause, as in kidney disease or hardening of the arteries. But even here this increased blood pressure is necessary to make the impaired organs do their work. We know that fever is Nature's beneficent effort to burn up poisons in the body that would otherwise destroy us; in the same way a high blood pressure is Nature's effort to overcome dangerous interferences with the circulatory system.

On my return to New York from Battle Creek I had a talk on these matters with Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, director of the Life Extension Institute in New York City, and I was pleased to find that he regards Dr. Kellogg's work with favor and admits that in many cases there are advantages in low protein dietary. He is (as I am) what may be called a *near* non-flesh advocate and every year more and more of our conservative medical men are coming to that position.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that heavy meat-eating goes with the degenerative diseases (kidney disease, heart disease, hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure) that are taking such a huge and unnecessary toll of American lives every year. The best scientific investigations lead to the conclusion that meat is toxic except when taken in great moderation."

When I asked what he called great moderation he replied that persons in average health who eat eggs every day would probably be better off if they took meat only two or three times a week. On the other hand, certain persons with a neurasthenic tendency or others whose blood pressure is too low and who need stimulation should eat meat once a day. In general, he feels that it is safer to

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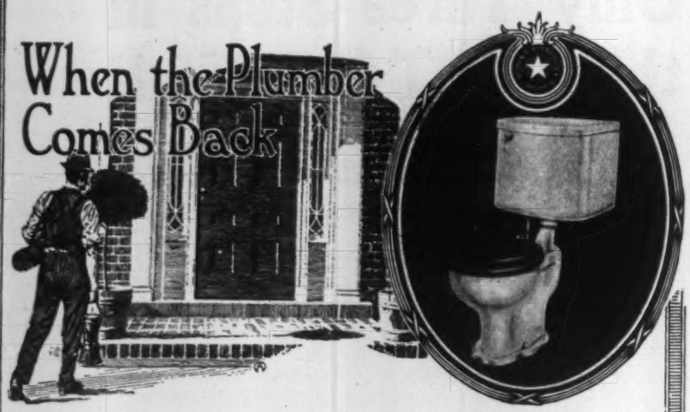

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err on the side of eating too little meat rather than too much.

I will conclude with a few of Dr. Kellogg's health precepts:

The best way to grow thin is not to fast but to eat bulky, laxative food.

At every meal eat some uncooked food, like fruit or nuts.

A sun bath taken regularly every day will lead you a long way on the road to health.

Here's a good chest exercise. Seize the coat collar with both hands. Now take a deep breath, swelling up the chest as much as you can. Now pull on the coat collar with both hands and breathe out. The pulling will keep the chest up. Do this a dozen times — while you are dictating — any time.

Sit up! Sit straight! Sit tall! Hold your chest high! Trade your old office chair for a new one made on physiologic principles — one that supports the back at the weak spot and holds the head high.

Sleep out of doors by aid of porch, balcony, bed, window tent or wide-open windows. Eat simple food and chew it well. Cut out mustard, pepper, hot sauces, tea, coffee and all such poisons. Discard flesh meat. Plant a garden and eat its fruits. Your reward will be long life, healthful life, efficient life.

Every year take an inventory of yourself. Get an expert to inspect your stomach, size up your liver, test the efficiency of your kidneys, listen to heart and lungs, count your blood cells, feel your arteries, find your blood pressure, take your weight and measure your strength with a dynamometer. Find out just what old Father Time and his ally, bad habits, have been doing to you. *How about your safety margin?*

Don't forget your cousins, the chimpanzee, the orang, the gibbon and the gorilla. It's a good idea once in a while to wander off in the woods and get lost and stay over night. Rough it a little and have some real fun in a wild return to savagery.

Start every day with a hearty laugh. Here is the way to do it: Stand up before a mirror. Now look pleasant. Pull the mouth corners toward the ears as far as you can. Squint the eyes a little and take a deep breath. Now let it go — Ha! Ha! Ha!

Mr. Moffett will go on with this wonderful series of articles. They have aroused every reader. Each mail brings us dozens of letters of praise. "You are rendering a service to humanity," says one reader

Summer — *Continued from page 22*

Mr. Royall's was full of a sonorous satisfaction. It was a long time since he had had anyone of Lucius Harney's quality to talk to: Charity divined that the young man symbolized all his ruined and unforgotten past. When Miss Hatchard had been called to Springfield by the illness of a widowed sister, and young Harney, by that time seriously embarked on his task of drawing and measuring all the old houses between Nettleton and the New Hampshire border, had suggested the possibility of boarding at the red house in his cousin's absence, Charity had trembled lest Mr. Royall should refuse. There had been no question of lodging the young man: there was no room for him. But it appeared that he could still live at Miss Hatchard's if Mr. Royall would let him take his meals at the red house; and after a day's deliberation Mr. Royall consented.

Charity suspected him of being glad of the chance to make a little money. He had the reputation of being an avaricious man; but she was beginning to think he was probably poorer than people knew. His practice had become little more than a vague legend, revived only at lengthening intervals by a summons to Hepburn or Nettleton; and he appeared to depend for his living mainly on the scant produce of his farm, and on the commissions received from the few insurance agencies that he represented in the neighborhood. At any rate, he had been prompt in accepting Harney's offer to hire the buggy at a dollar and a half a day; and his satisfaction with the bargain had manifested itself, unexpectedly enough, at the end of the first week, by his tossing a ten-dollar bill into Charity's lap as she sat one day retrimming her old hat.

"Here — go get yourself a Sunday bonnet that'll make all the other girls mad," he said, looking at her with a sheepish twinkle in his deep-set eyes; and she immediately guessed that the unwonted present — the only gift of money she had ever received from him — represented Harney's first payment.

But the young man's coming had brought Mr. Royall other than pecuniary benefit. It gave him, for the first time in years, a man's companionship. Charity had only a dim understanding of her guardian's needs; but she knew he felt himself above the people among whom he lived, and she saw that Lucius Harney thought him so. She was surprised to find how well he seemed to talk now that he had a listener who understood him; and she was equally struck by young Harney's friendly deference.

Their conversation was mostly about politics, and beyond her range; but tonight it had a peculiar interest for her, for they had begun to speak of the Mountain. She drew back a little, lest they should see she was in hearing.

"The Mountain? The Mountain?" she heard Mr. Royall say. "Why, the Mountain's a blot — that's what it is, sir, a blot. That scum up there ought to have been run in long ago — and would have, if the people down here hadn't been clean scared of them. The Mountain belongs to this township, and it's North Dormer's fault if there's a gang of thieves and outlaws living over there, in sight of us, defying the laws of their country. Why, there ain't a sheriff or a tax-collector or a coroner'd durst go up there. When they hear of trouble on the Mountain the selectmen look the other way, and pass an appropriation to beautify the town pump. The only man that ever goes up is the minister, and he goes because they send down and get him whenever there's any of them dies. They think a lot of Christian burial on the Mountain — but I never heard of their having the minister up to marry them. And they never trouble the Justice of the Peace either. They just herd together like the heathen."

He went on, explaining in somewhat technical language how the little colony of squatters had contrived to keep the law at bay, and Charity, with burning eagerness, awaited young Harney's comment; but the young man seemed more concerned to hear Mr. Royall's views than to express his own.

"I suppose you've never been up there yourself?" he presently asked.

"Yes, I have," said Mr. Royall with a contemptuous laugh. "The wiseacres down here told me I'd be done for before I got back; but nobody lifted a finger to hurt me. And I'd just had one of their gang sent up for seven years too."

"You went up after that?"

"Yes, sir; right after it. The fellow came down to Nettleton and ran amuck, the way they sometimes do. After they've done a wood-cutting job they come down and blow the money in; and this man ended up with manslaughter. I got him convicted, though they were scared of the Mountain even at Nettleton; and then a queer thing happened. The fellow sent for me to go and see him in jail. I went, and this is what he says: 'The fool that defended me is a chicken-livered son of a —— and all the rest of it,' he says. 'I've got a job to be done for me up on the Mountain, and you're the only man I seen in Court that looks as if he'd do it.' He told me he had a child up there — or thought he had — a little girl: and he wanted her brought down and reared like a Christian. I was sorry for the fellow, so I went up and got the child." He paused, and Charity listened with a throbbing heart. "That's the only time I ever went up the Mountain," he concluded.

There was a moment's silence; then Harney spoke. "And the child — had she no mother?"

"Oh, yes; there was a mother. But she was glad enough to have her go. She'd have given her to anybody. They ain't half human up there. I guess the mother's dead by now, with the life she was leading. Anyhow, I've never heard of her from that day to this."

"My God, how ghastly," Harney mur-

mured, and Charity, choking with humiliation, sprang to her feet and ran upstairs. She knew at last: knew that she was the child of a drunken convict and of a mother who wasn't "half human," and was glad to have her go; and she had heard this history of her origin related to the one being in whose eyes she longed to appear superior to the people about her! She had noticed that Mr. Royall had not named her, had even avoided any allusion that might identify her with the child he had brought down from the Mountain; and she knew it was out of regard for her that he had kept silent. But of what use was his discretion, since only that afternoon, misled by Harney's interest in the outlaw colony, she had boasted to him of coming from the Mountain? Now every word that had been spoken showed her how such an origin must widen the distance between them.

During his ten days' sojourn at North Dormer Lucius Harney had not spoken a word of love to her. He had intervened in her behalf with his cousin, and had convinced Miss Hatchard of her merits as a librarian; but that was a simple act of justice, since it was by his own fault that those merits had been questioned. He had asked her to drive him about the country when he hired lawyer Royall's buggy to go on his sketching expeditions; but that too was natural enough, since he was unfamiliar with the region. Lastly, when his cousin was called to Springfield, he had begged Mr. Royall to receive him as a boarder; but where else in North Dormer could he have boarded? Not with Carrick Fry, whose wife was paralyzed, and whose large family crowded his table to overflowing; not with the Targatts, who lived a mile up the road, nor with poor old Mrs. Hawes, who, since her eldest daughter had deserted her, barely had the strength to cook her own meals while Ally picked up her living as a seamstress. Mr. Royall's was the only house where the young man could have been offered a decent hospitality. There had been nothing, therefore, in the outward course of events to raise in Charity's breast the hopes with which it trembled. But beneath the visible incidents resulting from Lucius Harney's arrival there ran an undercurrent as mysterious and potent as the influence that makes the forest break into leaf before the ice is off the pools.

THE business on which Harney had come was authentic; Charity had seen the letter from a New York publisher commissioning him to make a study of the eighteenth century houses in the less familiar districts of New England. But incomprehensible as the whole affair was to her, and hard as she found it to understand why he paused enchanted before certain neglected and paintless houses, while others, refurbished and "improved" by the local builder, did not arrest a glance, she could not but suspect that Eagle County was less rich in architecture than he averred, and that the duration of his stay (which he had fixed at a month) was not unconnected with the look in his eyes when he had first paused before her in the library. Everything that had followed seemed to have grown out of that look: his way of speaking to her, his quickness in catching her meaning, his evident eagerness to prolong their excursions and to seize on every chance of being with her.

The signs of his liking were manifest enough; but it was hard to guess how much they meant, because his manner was so different from anything North Dormer had ever shown her. He was at once simpler and more deferential than anyone she had known; and sometimes it was just when he was simplest that she most felt the distance between them. Education and opportunity had divided them by a width that no effort of hers could bridge, and even when his youth and his admiration brought him nearest, some chance word, some unconscious allusion, seemed to thrust her back across the gulf.

Never had it yawned so wide as when she fled up to her room carrying with her the echo of Mr. Royall's tale. Her first confused thought was the prayer that she might never see young Harney again. It was too bitter to picture him as the detached impartial listener to such a story. "I wish he'd go away; I wish he'd go tomorrow, and never come back!" she moaned to her pillow; and far into the night she lay there, in the disordered dress she had forgotten to take off, her whole soul a tossing misery on which her hopes and dreams spun about like drowning straws.

Of all this tumult only a vague heartsoreness was left when she opened her eyes the next morning. Her first thought was of the weather, for Harney had asked her to take him to the brown house under Porcupine, and then around by Hamblin; and as the trip was a long one they were to start at nine. The sun rose without a cloud, and earlier than usual she was in the kitchen, making cheese sandwiches, decanting buttermilk into a bottle, wrapping up slices of apple pie, and accusing Verena of having given away a basket she needed, which had always hung on a hook in the passage. When she came out into the porch, in her pink calico, which had run a little in the washing, but was still bright enough to set off her dark tints, she had such a triumphant sense of being a part of the sunlight and the morning that the last trace of her misery vanished. What did it matter where she came from, or whose child she was, when love was dancing in her veins, and down the road she saw young Harney coming toward her?

Mr. Royall was in the porch too. He had said nothing at breakfast, but when she came out in her pink dress, the basket in her hand, he looked at her with surprise. "Where you going to?" he asked.

"Why — Mr. Harney's starting earlier than usual today," she answered.

"Mr. Harney, Mr. Harney? Ain't Mr. Harney learned how to drive a horse yet?"

She made no answer, and he sat tilted back in his chair, drumming on the rail of the porch. It was the first time he had ever spoken of the young man in that tone, and Charity felt a faint chill of apprehension. After a moment he stood up and walked away toward the bit of ground behind the house, where the hired man was hoeing.

The air was cool and clear, with the autumnal sparkle that a north wind brings to the hills in early summer, and the night had been so still that the dew hung on everything, not as a lingering moisture, but in separate beads that glittered like diamonds on the ferns and grasses. It was a long drive to the foot of Porcupine: first across the valley, with blue hills bounding the open slopes; then down into the beech-woods, following the course of the Creston, a brown brook leaping over velvet ledges; then out again onto the farm-lands about Creston Lake, and gradually up the ridges of the Eagle Range. At last they reached the yoke of the hills, and before them opened another valley, green and wild, and beyond it more blue heights eddying away to the sky like the waves of a receding tide.

Harney tied the horse to a tree-stump, and they unpacked their basket under an aged walnut with a riven trunk out of which humblebees darted. The sun had grown hot, and behind them was the noonday murmur of the forest. Summer insects danced on the air, and a flock of white butterflies fanned the mobile tips of the crimson fireweed. In the valley below not a house was visible; it seemed as if Charity Royall and young Harney were the only living beings in the great hollow of earth and sky.

Charity's spirits flagged and disquieting thoughts stole back on her. Young Harney had grown silent, and as he lay beside her, his arms under his head, his eyes on the network of leaves above him, she wondered if he were musing on what Mr. Royall had told him, and if it had really debased her in his thoughts. She wished he had not asked her to take him that day to the brown house; she did not want him to see the people she came from while the story of her birth was fresh in his mind. More than once she had been on the point of suggesting that they should follow the ridge and drive straight to Hamblin, where there was a little deserted house he wanted to see; but shyness and pride held her back. "He'd better know what kind of folks I belong to," she said to herself, with a somewhat forced defiance; for in reality it was shame that kept her silent.

Suddenly she lifted her hand and pointed to the sky. "There's a storm coming up."

He followed her glance and smiled. "Is it that scrap of cloud among the pines that frightens you?"

"It's over the Mountain; and a cloud over the Mountain always means trouble."

"Oh, I don't believe half the bad things you all say of the Mountain! But anyhow we'll get down to the brown house before the rain comes."

He was not far wrong, for only a few isolated drops had fallen when they turned into the road under the shaggy flank of Porcupine, and came upon the brown house. It stood alone beside a swamp bordered with alder thickets and tall bulrushes. Not another dwelling was in sight, and it was hard to guess what motive could have actuated the early settler who had made his home in so unfriendly a spot.

Charity had picked up enough of her

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For instance—

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432 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

companion's erudition to understand what had attracted him to the house. She noticed the fan-shaped tracery of the broken light above the door, the flutings of the paintless pilasters at the corners, and the round window set in the gable; and she knew that, for reasons that still escaped her, these were things to be admired and recorded. Still, they had seen other houses far more "typical" (the word was Harney's); and as he threw the reins on the horse's neck he said with a slight shiver of repugnance: "We won't stay long."

Against the restless alders turning their white lining to the storm the house looked singularly desolate. The paint was almost gone from the clapboards, the window-panes were broken and patched with rags, and the garden was a poisonous tangle of nettles, burdocks and tall swamp-weeds over which big blue-bottles hummed.

At the sound of wheels a child with a tow-head and pale eyes like Liff Hyatt's peered over the fence and then slipped away behind an out-house. Harney jumped down and helped Charity out; and as he did so the rain broke on them. It came slantwise, on a furious gale, laying shrubs and young trees flat, tearing off their leaves like an autumn storm, turning the road into a river, and making hissing pools of every hollow. Thunder rolled incessantly through the roar of the rain, and a strange glitter of light ran along the ground under the increasing blackness.

"Lucky we're here after all," Harney laughed. He fastened the horse under a half-roofless shed, and wrapping Charity in his coat ran with her to the house. The boy had not reappeared, and as there was no response to their knocks Harney turned the door-handle and they went in.

There were three people in the kitchen to which the door admitted them. An old woman with a handkerchief over her head was sitting by the window. She held a sickly-looking kitten on her knees, and whenever it jumped down and tried to limp away she stooped and lifted it back without any change of her aged unnoticing face. Another woman, the unkempt creature that Charity had once noticed in driving by, stood leaning against the window-frame and stared at them; and near the stove an unshaved man in a tattered shirt sat on a barrel asleep.

The place was bare and miserable and the air heavy with the smell of dirt and stale tobacco. Charity's heart sank. Old derided tales of the Mountain people came back to her, and the woman's stare was so disconcerting, and the face of the sleeping man so sodden and bestial, that her disgust was tinged with a vague dread. She was not afraid for herself; she knew the Hyatts would not be likely to trouble her; but she was not sure how they would treat a "city fellow."

Lucius Harney would certainly have laughed at her fears. He glanced about the room, uttered a genera "How are you?" to which no one responded, and then asked the younger woman if they might take shelter till the storm was over.

She turned her eyes away from him and looked at Charity.

"You're the girl from Royall's, ain't you?"

The color rose in Charity's face. "I'm Charity Royall," she said, as if asserting her right to the name in the very place where it might have been most open to question.

The woman did not seem to notice. "You kin stay," she merely said; then she turned away and stooped over a dish in which she was stirring something.

Harney and Charity sat down on a bench made of a board resting on two starch boxes. They faced a door hanging on a broken hinge, and through the crack they saw the eyes of the tow-headed boy and of a pale little girl with a scar across her cheek. Charity smiled, and signed to the children to come in; but as soon as they saw they were discovered they slipped away on bare feet. It occurred to her that they were afraid of rousing the sleeping man; and probably the woman shared their fear, for she moved about as noiselessly and avoided going near the stove.

The rain continued to beat against the house, and in one or two places it sent a stream through the patched panes and ran into pools on the floor. Every now and then the kitten mewed and struggled down, and the old woman stooped and caught it, holding it tight in her bony hands; and once or twice the man on the barrel half woke, changed his position and dozed again, his head falling forward on his hairy breast.

[To be continued]

As the minutes passed, and the rain still streamed against the windows, a loathing of the place and the people came over Charity. The sight of the weak-minded old woman, of the cowed children, and the ragged man sleeping off his liquor, made the setting of her own life seem a vision of peace and plenty. She thought of the kitchen at Mr. Royall's, with its scrubbed floor and dresser full of china, and the peculiar smell of yeast and coffee and soft-soap that she had always hated, but that now seemed the very symbol of household order. She saw Mr. Royall's room, with the high-backed horsehair chair, the faded rag carpet, the row of books on a shelf, the engraving of "The Surrender of Burgoyne" over the stove, and the mat with a brown and white spaniel on a moss-green border. And then her mind traveled to Miss Hatchard's house, where all was freshness, purity and fragrance, and compared to which the red house had always seemed so poor and plain.

"This is where I belong — this is where I belong," she kept repeating to herself; but the words had no meaning for her. Every instinct and habit made her a stranger among these poor swamp-people living like vermin in their lair. With all her soul she wished she had not yielded to Harney's curiosity, and brought him there.

The rain had drenched her, and she began to shiver under the thin folds of her dress. The younger woman must have noticed it, for she went out of the room and came back with a broken tea-cup which she offered to Charity. It was half full of whiskey, and Charity shook her head; but Harney took the cup and put his lips to it. When he had set it down Charity saw him feel in his pocket and draw out a dollar; he hesitated a moment, and then put it back, and she guessed that he did not wish her to see him offering money to people she had spoken of as being her kin.

The sleeping man stirred, lifted his head and opened his eyes. They rested vacantly for a moment on Charity and Harney, and then closed again, and his head drooped; but a look of anxiety came into the woman's face. She glanced out of the window and then came up to Harney. "I guess you better go along now," she said. The young man understood and got to his feet. "Thank you," he said, holding out his hand. She seemed not to notice the gesture, and turned away as they opened the door.

THE rain was still coming down, but they hardly noticed it; the pure air was like balm in their faces. The clouds were rising and breaking, and between their edges the light streamed down from remote blue hollows. Harney untied the horse and they drove off through the diminishing rain, which was already beaded with sunlight.

For a while Charity was silent, and her companion did not speak. She looked timidly at his profile; it was graver than usual, as though he too were oppressed by what they had seen. Then she broke out abruptly: "Those people back there are the kind of folks I come from. They may be my relations, for all I know." She did not want him to think that she regretted having told him her story.

"Poor creatures," he rejoined. "I wonder why they came down to that fever-hole."

She laughed ironically. "To better themselves! It's worse up on the Mountain. Bash Hyatt married the daughter of the farmer that used to own the brown house. That was him by the stove, I suppose."

Harney seemed to find nothing to say, and she went on: "I saw you take out a dollar to give to that poor woman. Why did you put it back?"

He reddened, and leaned forward to flick a swamp-fly from the horse's neck. "I wasn't sure ——"

"Was it because you knew they were my folks, and thought I'd be ashamed to see you give them money?"

He turned to her with eyes full of reproach. "Oh, Charity —" It was the first time he had ever called her by her name. Her misery welled over. "I ain't — I ain't ashamed. They're my people, and I ain't ashamed of them," she sobbed.

"My dear . . ." he murmured, putting his arm about her; and she leaned against him and wept out her pain.

It was too late to go around by Hamblin, and all the stars were out in a clear sky when they reached the North Dormer Valley and drove up to the gate of the red house.

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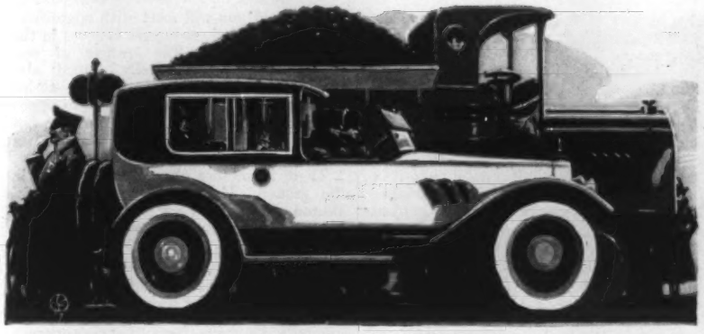

The Automobile and the Future

How the Motor Vehicle Will Influence City Life

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of Popular Science Monthly

HUGE piles of masonry and metal, with gilded cupolas and minarets glistening in the sunlight; buildings so tall that the tallest of our day seem puny in comparison; bridges thrown across streets a thousand feet above the pavement and constituting veritable viaducts in the air; deep down in the ground, tier upon tier of railways, with mysteriously swift electric trains transporting millions to their homes and offices; high in the air giant, circling, transatlantic airships and mail-carrying aeroplanes; and lastly a restless, swarming population, packed between heaven and earth in strata of steel and stone — that is the city of the future as the mind's eye of the romancer sees it. The stars are quenched in a city thus imagined. What can the Pleiades mean in a sky cut into mere slices by precipitous walls? And the Moon — what can the Moon be but a pallid disk so hopelessly outglared by the nocturnal blaze of countless little artificial suns lining the avenues that her passage across a slot-like street remains unnoticed? Spring and summer — what can they mean but a mere rise in temperature? Green fields and tossing trees, the clean sweep of the country breeze, the setting of a carmine sun can play no part in that prison-like city of romance.

If there ever had been a possibility of that romantically dreadful city's coming into being the automobile has destroyed it. The cities of the world have grown haphazard. There has been little planning for the future. The size of a community has always been determined by the desirability of its location and by its commercial accessibility. Location is a matter of geography; accessibility of transportation. Since inland transportation is accomplished chiefly by vehicles, it follows that the character of a city is in a large measure determined by the character of the vehicles that reach it and circulate within it. If a chariot is the prevailing vehicle of the day, the city streets will be built for chariots; if horse cars or electric trams become indispensable, the streets must be modified for their accommodation.

No one knows exactly what was the population of ancient Rome in its halcyon days. The tales of a vast city whose inhabitants were numbered by millions, tales handed down by imaginative and enthusiastic Roman chroniclers, are sheer myths. Rome probably never had more than half a million population, even though the Colosseum could seat over 80,000, and even though in Nero's time it used ten times as much water as the Italian capital of today. Why? Partly because its vehicles and its streets could not permit the circulation of a traffic as dense as that presupposed by a population as large as Manhattan's. The streets of old Paris, Nuremberg, or Vienna, streets which artists delight to paint because of their quaint narrowness and which modern municipal engineers abhor because they are squalid and disease-breeding, tell their own story of link boys, sedan chairs, small carts and coaches.

So, in a sense, the history of vehicles is the history of cities.

Live in a city and you save time. Everything is concentrated. The horse played his part in that concentration. He could travel so far and so fast — and no farther and no faster. Your great-grandfather could ride from one end of New York to the other in an hour — but on horseback. You, too, can ride from one end of the city in an hour — but in a fast, electric subway, or in an automobile. If it were still dependent on horses, New York would not be the vast city that it is. Since there is so close a relation between the concentration of a city's activities and its transportation facilities, it follows that the more motors we use the more will the city spread out. The time that it takes you to reach your office in the morning, not the distance of your office from your home, determines where you shall live. If that distance can be increased without lengthening the traveling time, you can move farther away. Thus, you reduce your rent and improve your surroundings. No wonder that the garden city movement received a powerful impetus when the automobile came.

Since the automobile is a time-saver, it must inevitably attenuate the population of a city. Between the suburb of the future and its city, there will be no very abrupt transition. Indeed, it will be difficult to tell where the one ends and the other begins. It is questionable if there will be suburbs at all in our sense of the term. Mr. H. G. Wells has shown that a day's journey by horse separates one old European community from the next and that the railway has had the effect of populating the intervening agricultural country. Since the automobile is a feeder of railways, the movement of the people from the city to the country must proceed more rapidly than ever. There is evidence enough of that even now in the rising value of land on the edge of every town. The automobile is the great factor in "booming" country real estate.

AND so the automobile will aid in thinning the congestion of cities, in smearing the population out like butter on bread. Skyscrapers, towering hotels, hives of masonry and steel will not characterize the city of the future. Already the protest against them is strong. In one hundred years they will be regarded as the relic of a time when the horse made it necessary to pack humanity into cells, because land was expensive. The office building, the hotel of the future will be huge; but its hugeness will be due to the area that it covers and not to its height. Reduce the value of land and there remains no incentive to build up into the clouds.

The city builder of antiquity and of the Middle Ages laid out his streets on a very simple plan. He had to consider only the horse and horse-drawn vehicles. Between the coach of a Parisian lady of Louis the Fourteenth's time and a peasant's cart, there was no great difference in average speed. One street could readily accommodate all types of wheeled conveyances. But gasoline has made it necessary to consider speed. Between the motor truck and the seven-passenger automobile lies a difference of speed that must be reckoned with. The

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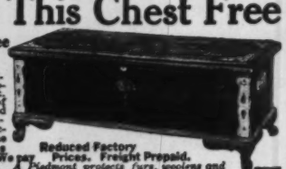

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city planner of today asks: "How big are your vehicles?" And then: "How fast do they move?" The number of vehicles is almost secondary to speed in a modern city's traffic. You doubt that? Consider London. Its traffic has been steadily increasing in density not so much because there are more conveyances, but because its conveyances, chiefly motor-driven omnibuses, trucks and cars, move so rapidly. The total number of vehicles licensed by the Metropolitan Police of London has remained almost constant since 1903; yet at a given point in Oxford Street, between the hours of 6:00 and 7:00 P.M., 576 vehicles passed in each direction in 1913 and 462 in 1912 — an average of one every 12½ seconds in 1913 and one every 15½ seconds in 1912.

If speed helps to determine the density of traffic, the fast must be separated from the slow. A ponderous fat man in a theatre lobby will check hundreds in their efforts to reach the street after the performance; a single, slow horse-drawn cart will slacken a torrent of automobiles on a crowded thoroughfare. So long as all vehicles are of nearly the same size and are drawn by horses there is little need of separating the fast from the slow. Hence, segregation of traffic was practically unknown before 1900. When the automobile came it was obvious enough that the eight-mile-an-hour truck and the twenty-mile-an-hour pleasure car could not simultaneously run on the same densely packed avenue. Not the fastest but the slowest vehicle determines the speed of a congested street's traffic. This conclusion then is justified: In the city of the future there will be separate streets for the fast pleasure or passenger automobile and for the slow commercial motor truck.

McCLURE *readers who own a car or who expect to own a car will be interested in the new 1917-18 McClure Automobile Year Book, published by McClure's Magazine. See page 67 for full description of this book.*

Still other considerations force us to this conclusion. Both in Europe and in America manufacturers of motor-vehicles have been so busily engaged in meeting the demand for pleasure automobiles that they have had but little time for the building of trucks. The annual production of touring-cars still runs into the hundreds of thousands; of trucks only into tens of thousands. In other words, the making of motor trucks has only begun. When the annual output of American motor trucks reaches a million instead of the present two hundred thousand, it will be more than ever necessary to segregate street traffic, so that the fast pleasure car and the slower commercial vehicle may each go its separate way. As trucks grow in size, they increase in width. The broader city avenues, designed to permit the passage of four parallel streams of horse-drawn vehicles, are unable to accommodate more than three streams of mixed pleasure cars and trucks. Moreover, trucks are increasing in weight so that ordinary pavements cannot support the heaviest that can be built. It is very evident that the city must provide one type of street for the fast pleasure car and still another for the heavier, slower truck.

The problem clearly resolves itself into separate avenues for pleasure and for commercial motor traffic. It so happens that the principal buildings and shops of a city are to be found along a few thoroughfares. They are old thoroughfares, for the most part. To widen them is impossible, because vested interests must be bought and land values paid for at a ruinous price. The two-storied street suggests itself — the upper story for pleasure vehicles, the lower for commercial trucks. Propose a two-storied street to the property owners of a crowded avenue, and you will meet with opposition. Only an optimistic romancer believes in the two-storied street. The owners of real property are not romantically inclined: also their rights are sacred. A two-storied street may be planned in an undeveloped district toward which a city is growing, but hardly in long-established canyons of masonry.

There is another alternative — to dig in the ground. If New York, Philadelphia, Boston, London, Paris and Berlin have found subways preferable to elevated structures for rapid transit railways for very much the same reasons that confront us even now with the increasing use of the automobile and that must become more poignant and pressing as the motor truck increases in numbers, we may expect that motor-truck subways will be provided in the congested city of the future. There are straws enough to show that this is the tendency of thought among municipal engineers. New York City finds it increasingly difficult to distribute the goods unloaded at its piers and terminal stations. Of the 100,000,000 tons of freight handled annually at the Port of New York, at least 31,000,000 must be carried to their destinations on trucks. The worthier plans for handling these 31,000,000 tons provide not only for motor trucks but for subways in which these motor trucks will run. We must burrow in the earth to give the motor truck its opportunity. It becomes safe to prophesy that the city of the future will provide highways for its heavy motor trucks deep in the ground; swift passenger automobiles will speed along in the sunshine unobstructed and undelayed.

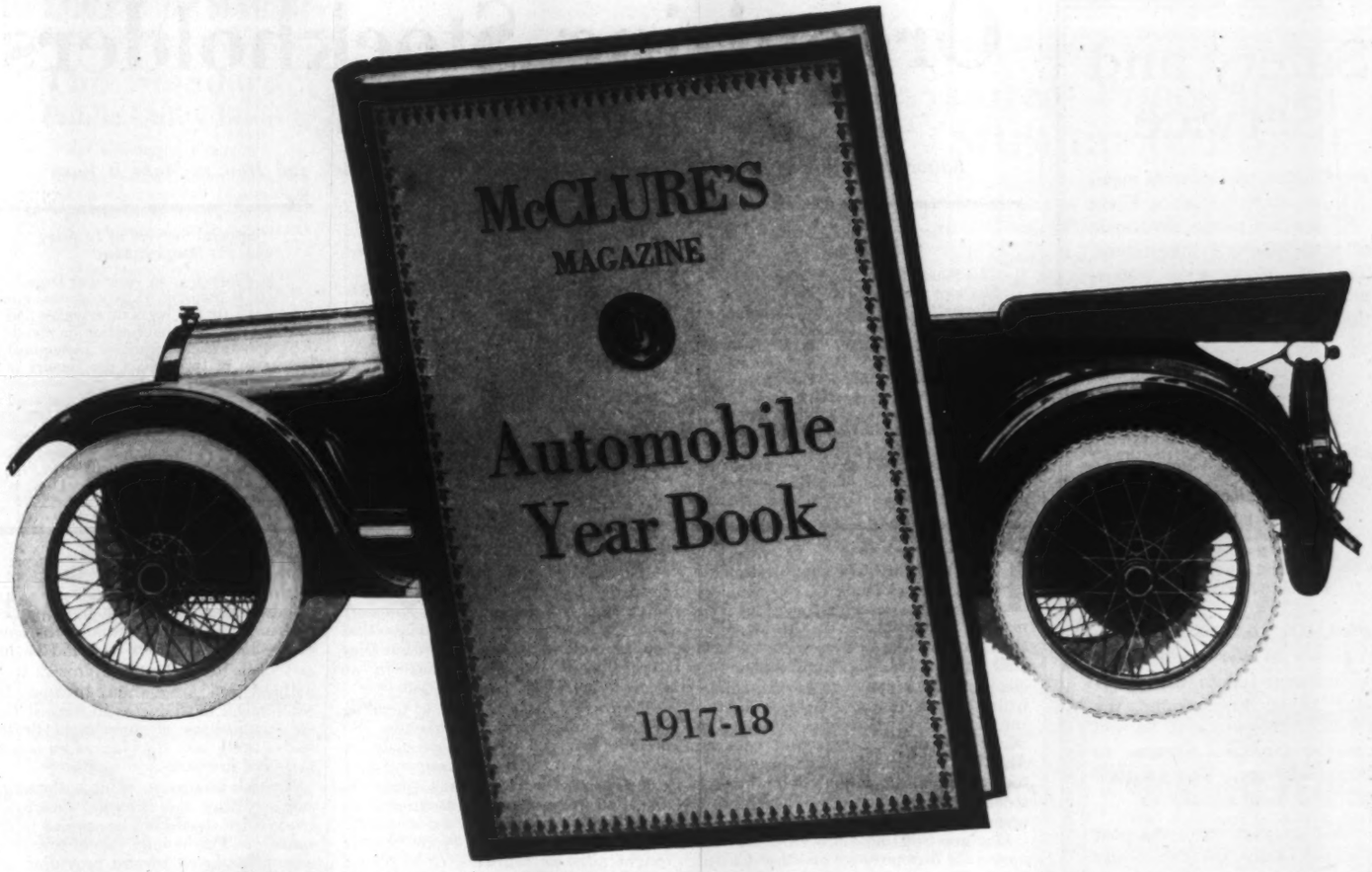
So, the city of the future, the city that the automobile will bring into being, will be pleasantly different from that compact aggregation of towering office buildings and dwellings painted by romancers. It will be an open, sunny city, its outskirts thirty miles from its commercial center; its suburbs, if suburbs they can be called, sixty or a hundred miles distant, and easily reached by trains perhaps twice as fast as those which now convey us to our work. There will be no slums in that automobile city; for slums are created by high land values, which cannot be leveled so long as this is a horse-ruled world. The home-building instinct, an instinct as natural as that nest-building instinct of a mated bird, will be easily satisfied. That follows from the more equable distribution of land values which the automobile will bring about and from the ease with which a man may journey from his house to his office or to a distant railway station. And with that change, there will be satisfied the craving for the open air, for trees and flowers, for starlight and moonshine, for outdoor games and the full enjoyment of nature. Only in the heart of the city itself will there remain in subways for trains and motor trucks a reminder of the life we now lead. And even there the spacious public squares and the fine, smooth wide streets, necessitated by many parallel streams of speeding cars, will faintly recall the constricted city passageways of the present. Compared with the Fifth Avenue of tomorrow, the Fifth Avenue of today will seem but a mere alley. Our great-great-grandchildren will look upon the pictures of that thoroughfare of wealth and fashion which we will hand down to them and, even as we marvel at the little streets of Nuremberg, they will smile at its quaintness and narrowness and wonder not only why we admired it, but why we endured it.

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer any question concerning this article. This service is free to McClure readers

True!

Some jokes are swift and some are slow,
Some commonplace, some clever;
For jokes may come and jokes may go,
Ford jokes go on forever.

F. P. A.



The second McClure Year Book will bring the National Automobile Show to your home. This book is intensely interesting to every man and woman who is at all interested in automobiles. The important makes of commercial vehicles, as well as pleasure cars, made in the United States are all shown and specifications given.

The new McClure Automobile Year Book is just off the press. Here is a brief summary of its contents:

9 Features

1. 158 Pleasure cars illustrated and specifications given.
2. 55 Commercial vehicles illustrated and specifications given.
3. "Getting the Most Out of Tires"—an authoritative tire article by Waldemar Kaempffert; profusely illustrated and written for the Year Book. The help that any man will surely get from reading this practical article will enable him to get greater mileage from his tires and greater satisfaction from his car. This article alone is worth the price of the book.
4. Table of Tire Sizes—and Inflation Table.
5. "Automobile Rheumatics"—an article on automobile lubrication by Waldemar Kaempffert. This is a short article, but extremely practical and helpful.
6. "The Care of a Motor Car"—a short article prepared especially for the Year Book, giving pertinent advice for the car owner or prospective car owner.
7. Table of American Speedway Statistics.
8. Table giving Horse-Power Rating.
9. List of all important makes of automobile tires.

This Automobile Year Book is bound in stiff board covers, size 5½ x 8 inches, and contains 284 pages. It is sold for fifty cents, even though a great many people claim it is worth twice that amount. It may be purchased only through the McClure Automobile Department, and will be mailed, prepaid, to any one sending fifty cents in stamps, check or post-office money order. Address all communications to

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Organizing Stockholders

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge the nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

FROM time to time spasmodic efforts are made in this country to organize investors for their mutual protection. All the attempts thus far made have been either of local character or feeble and unpromising as compared with many years of tangible, fruitful achievement along this line by the Scotch, English and Dutch. In many respects a comparison between American and, not to make the subject too broad, British methods of investment seems to result in a grave reflection upon our initiative and intelligence.

One great distinction between investment in Europe and in the United States lies in our complete lack of cooperation. The British and the Dutch organize associations to look after investors' interests. They do it in a perfectly simple manner, and have done it for a couple of generations. They organize and cooperate for mutual benefit as a matter of course, and thereby have saved to themselves hundreds of millions of dollars. But in this country each man invests individually, unless he puts his capital into a savings bank or insurance company. If he has intelligence and good fortune and deals with a reliable, reputable broker or banker, he may come out well. But it is each one of millions of investors for himself.

It is high time these futile methods, or complete lack of method, should be critically examined. Of course we as a nation of investors have not been obliged to act in concert as much as Europeans, because we have had until recently few foreign investments to look after. But since the war we have loaned at least two billion dollars to foreign countries and the need for concerted action will be upon us shortly.

Then, too, the subject assumes timeliness because the recent return of several billion dollars of American securities to this country exposes to full view the admirable judgment employed by the British in buying them. Americans could hardly have been trusted to do as well. As security for large loans in this country the British Government has "mobilized" great quantities of American stocks and bonds owned by British citizens. These are of amazing variety, running up to nearly a thousand, and of almost equally amazing worth. Preferred and guaranteed stocks of widely recognized value and first mortgage and divisional bonds, the real underlying securities that almost nothing disturbs — these have predominated. Not only were such securities of the class that could be sold in an emergency, but they were "good" for generations, in no sense fly-by-night "war brides."

Efforts to bring investors together in this country are not unknown, but no one has yet tried it seriously on anything but a local, narrow basis, and for specific, temporary purposes. So-called associations of investors have been formed, but always for a specific purpose, such as to secure higher freight rates for railroads, or to reform or oust the inefficient management or indifferent directorate of a badly run corporation. These movements have had a salutary effect, no doubt. In one recent instance an elderly retired gentleman, Mr. Isaac M. Cate, of Baltimore, single handed, by sheer force of persistence and publicity in a righteous cause, overthrew the entire management of the giant American Locomotive Company. But desirable as such reform is, it aims only to clean up a single concern; it does not pretend to do anything else except by way of example. Other so-called stockholders' movements have in numerous instances been sponsored by a political party, by a single Wall Street brokerage house or by other special interests.

It has been suggested that the Investment Bankers Association of America might assume some such position as the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders (English), to be described later in this article. No doubt the Investment Bankers Association will, and already has, been of service to investors, but it can never take the lead in any such movement for the obvious reason that it was organized to benefit the *dealers* in securities, not the *consumers*. Their interests are far from being opposed, and indeed are substantially the same in the long run. But it would be just as foolish to advise retail grocers to go without an association because the wholesalers have one as to suggest that an organization of investment dealers will entirely take the place of an organization of investors.

There is no reason, as far as the writer can see, why the British "investment trust" idea should not be applied in this country. This is only one of numerous means employed toward providing safe investments in England, but it is perhaps the most distinctive and suggestive. It is based upon the principle of specialization in the art of investment. An investment trust company* is formed and issues its own bonds (debentures) and stock, usually both preference and ordinary (common). With the proceeds it buys from 200 to 500 different securities, the total amount running up to ten or even twenty million dollars. Thus one of the fundamental principles is to average investments.

Of course no such concern can command any confidence or establish precedents unless the management and directorate are skilled and of high standing. But in England and even more in Scotland these "trust companies" have been eminently successful. A few were obliged to reduce their capital and otherwise suffer during the Baring panic of the early '90's. But I find no record of disasters in recent years, and most of the shares of these trusts sell at prices which indicate their success.

The principle underlying the British investment trust is much the same as that on which the American life insurance company or savings bank is formed, except that it is not intended to make them mere depositories for funds. One may purchase a trust debenture, to pay 4%, and it is exceedingly safe. The preference stocks pay from 4½% to 5% and they too are very secure. The ordinary stocks pay usually somewhat more than 5%, and while the dividends fluctuate, the average of safety is high, as naturally might be expected from the fact that investments are spread over hundreds of different companies and often many countries.

Curiously enough the expenses are very low, although directors often go

* Should not be confused with trust companies in the United States.

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Seventh Edition

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ESTABLISHED 1865

to distant parts of the world to make inspections. In the largest of these concerns, the Mercantile Investment & General, expenses in a recent year were .21 of 1% of the total investments. Usually the chairman does the traveling and he devotes his life to watching trust investments. Some trusts specialize in English rails, others in American, Colonial or South American securities. The actual dividends paid range up to 18%, but the net returns are much smaller because the shares are in such demand as to sell at high prices.

So widely are investments spread that revenues rarely fall off to any marked extent even in times of depression. Large reserves are maintained, but unlike American savings banks, the trusts do not confine themselves to "gilt edged" securities, the AAA class. They constantly search for intrinsic values. They watch markets all over the world for bargains, always trying to buy good stocks or bonds when a temporary slump has provided opportunities. Foolish mistakes are rarely made and the object of the expert managements is to combine reasonable and moderate profits with safety. Usually a trust has part of its capital in high-grade bonds and part of it in stocks which offer some speculative possibilities. Additional large profits are made by underwriting new issues of securities.

There are perhaps twenty to thirty of these trusts important enough to have their various bond and stock issues quoted in the papers. All hold annual meetings and issue full reports, although not all publish their list of investments. Of course at the present time they are fairly well rid of their American and other foreign investments and loaded up with British government bonds, but this change is due solely to the war.

One of the trusts goes back to 1873, and the English Association of American Bond & Share Holders, a somewhat different form, was organized in 1884. In this instance the investments are deposited in one of the great London banks, although registered in the Association's name, and certificates, each representing a specific block of securities, are sold to investors. The investor has the benefit of a powerful organization looking after his interests in case of trouble, and attending to all details of collecting dividends and interest, as well as its superior facilities for obtaining information and consequent ability to make a judicious selection of securities. The Dutch "administrations" have much the same features as the British trusts. They are investment clearing houses, relieving the individual of most of his troubles.

Finally there is the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders in England, which is solely protective in its scope. It has 21 directors, six nominated by the Central Association of Bankers, six by the London Chamber of Commerce and nine by the Council as a whole. Members of the Council receive very small fees and ordinary expenses are rarely more than $50,000 a year. Yet this concern has helped to settle debts of nearly five billion dollars. By the force of public opinion, by cooperation with the Government to some extent, and by tireless and persistent publicity, the Corporation has made the most backward countries in the world pay up many of their debts. It deals almost solely with foreign government bonds.

The "lists" of mobilized securities published by the British Treasury, no small part of which came from the "trusts," shows how wisely and successfully this method of investment has worked out. If introduced in this country it should prove just as fortunate, provided it falls into the hands of men whose disinterestedness, integrity, resources, ability and experience are above suspicion. We have these qualities in our insurance and savings bank officers. Why then should not the cooperative investment idea also prove feasible?

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The "Seal of Safety" is the newest booklet issued by S. W. Straus & Co., describing the merits of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. This house also publishes the "Straus Investors' Magazine," issued monthly, in the interest of sound investment. "Sound Investment Bonds," another Straus booklet, traces the history of real estate bonds back for nearly three thousand years, and pictures an interesting mortgage of the ancient Babylonians. All of this literature will be sent on request to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

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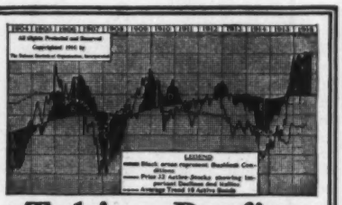

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Someone and Somebody

[*Continued from page 15*]

"When one has been through what I have — And I can always kill myself."

She said it quite simply. He didn't believe, of course. He didn't know, as we know, how, when one sees much of death one learns so much of life. And yet, looking into her eyes, he became not quite so sure. . . .

"I could —" he did not finish.

She nodded. "Yes," she said. "But I still think you are enough of a man to be satisfied with robbing me."

Slowly he sat down on the bed edge. Long and earnestly he looked at her. How much there was in those eyes of hers! Until now he had not noticed. But as he looked, there opened out to him vast recesses. The eyes are the windows of the soul, you know; and one may look out as well as in, in as well as out. So he sat, looking into hers and seeing for himself all the many things that we, who long hav. known her, know so well.

Chapter XXV — Concerning Something Else

A BEACH, lying in a great arc o' glowing whiteness, bordered of frothy waves, and beyond the deep, deep blue of the sea stretching far away to meet the lighter blue of the sky. Palms, their lazy heads hanging in the tropic day above the dense dark verdure beneath. . . . A few houses, sleeping. . . . Native huts. . . . And over all the Great Silence. . . .

Comes churning through the turquoise sea a steamer. Rusty it is, and laden of the odor of coffee, and of oil, and of the strange, rich smell of the tropics. Dart hither and thither in its tumbled wake the dorsal fins of sharks.

A puff of white steam against the sky. A distant whistle. A boat puts off from shore; another. . . . The sleeping town yawns, opens its eyes, stretches. . . .

The steamer draws nearer. With propeller reversing it comes to a slothful stop. A rope ladder is thrown over the side.

A few words of Spanish yelled by a disheveled officer at the occupant of one of the boats brings it alongside. There comes to the rail a passenger to be debarked. He clutches closely a little, old-fashioned valise. Aided by helping hands, he gingerly and uncertainly embarks upon the rope ladder and is aided into the boat waiting there beneath.

Tooting once again, the steamer gathers headway and slides away over the turquoise sea. The boat, with its passenger, is paddled to the shore. Its owner leaps overboard, takes the passenger on his back as one carries a child, brings him safely through the swirling surf, sets him down on the beach, collects a substantial imbursement therefor, and prepares to go back to sleep again.

Left lingually helpless upon the strange strand, the erstwhile passenger, seeing what looks as though it might have been, or might be going to be, a street, makes his way therealong. He emerges at length upon a plaza. It contains what appear to his unfamiliar eyes to be a church, a general store and four or five saloons which seem to be conducting most of their business out-of-doors. It likewise has, but does not boast, what looks to be a soldiers' monument; at least there is a statue of that school of sculpture, and the finest example of what not to do in pavements that he has ever seen. To complete the picture he sees weeds, a number of stucco bungalows of uncertain age, several citizens and citizenesses whose attire seems to proclaim that they are just about to take a bath and goodness knows they need it, and a large number of dogs that look as though they had been crossed in love, or in ancestry, and probably both, and you might even go so far as to say double-crossed.

The erstwhile passenger stands surveying the scene before him with a so-this-is-Paris! expression. Interest, excitement have hitherto marked his gaze. But now, noting the complete absence of trolleys and the utter lack of twelve-story buildings, comes to his eyes a look of alarmed dubiousness. However, girding up his mental loins, he crosses the square to the largest saloon. He thinks perhaps it's a hotel. He's right. That is, he's nearly right. Entertainment for man and beast may be purchased within its walls. Entertainment, that is, if you don't care what you say.

A proprietor, with French dressing, greets him in broken, we might almost say bankrupt, English. In response to his request for room and meals, he is turned over to a porter, smothered in onions. He is shown a room. It contains a bed, a chair, a bureau, a tiled floor, three spiders, a small green lizard and a balcony overlooking the square.

They descend to the office.

The proprietor asks him if he likes the room.

He says he guesses so.

The proprietor spends half an hour trying to find the register. With the aid of the porter smothered in onions and a cook, fried in batter, he finally locates it under a somnolent dog in the patio. He opens it with a flourish. Its interior looks like a thumb-print record in a police headquarters.

Then they try to find a pen.

This is finally achieved by calling to their aid a policeman with sauce Bordelaise. He locates it in the bar where someone has been using it to stir the sugar into the rum.

It is wiped off and presented, with another flourish, to the erstwhile passenger.

Somewhat uncertainly he takes it and, after a moment of cogitation, he indites upon the register a name. It is

Henry J. Smith, Montpelier, Vt.

Opposite this, the proprietor, with yet another flourish, places the date.

Thursday, 1916.

He knows it is Thursday, for in three days it will be Sunday and he'll have to go to church again. As for the month — what is a month more or less?

Having thus performed his hostelric duties, the erstwhile passenger, whom from now on we shall call Mr. Smith, mounts to his room, secretes his valise under the mattress, comes downstairs again and prepares to make merry.

Mr. Smith, be it known, has had very little experience in making merry. From a darkly virtuous life, he has risen at times to a church sociable. Once he went to Coney Island. And twice he has peeped in the window at a cabaret show. For the rest, Caesar's wife, of whom we have spoken before, has been his model and so faithfully that, in the vernacular, neither has had anything on the other.

From dim youth there have always been pasted upon his mental walls the well-known and unjustly popular mottoes that are supposed to, but seldom do, make for health, wealth and prosperity. "Be good and you'll be happy;" "Early to bed and early to rise," and the rest of it; "A penny saved is a penny earned;" (Yes, it is!) "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves," which should read, "Take care of the pennies and somebody'll take the dollars away from you;" and "A bird in the

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hand is worth two in the bush," not forgetting, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

But deep in the innermost recesses of his secret soul, as in the secret souls of all the darkly virtuous, there have lain through all his years a sensate desire to cut loose and raise cain. It is so in all who tread the straight and narrow path. It is often but the merest whisper of a wish, quickly stilled in mighty repression by the nobler voices that surround it. Yet it is there.

It is the darkly virtuous that, flushing, with a pleasant shame, think what wild dogs they'd be if they ever did decide to take their hobbles off and hop right out into the open. Gentle spinsters with spectacles think of things that could never be sent through the mails. Sunday-school superintendents with whiskers are serenely confident that if they should ever boil over they'd make the Broadway spendthrifts look like novitiates in a convent; and that when it came to showing themselves a high old time they'd have old man Bacchus thinking he was a teetotaler and all the little Bacchantes running for cover. So in their secret souls. . . . Blessed it is that it usually stays there.

So with the darkly virtuous Smith. But with this difference. He is the deception that proves the rule. For he has boiled over. And he intends not only to make up for lost time, but to show 'em a few wrinkles that aren't in the book.

Of a limited observation, he has garnered the fact that the beginnings of all successful dissipation lie in the flowing bowl. Every picture of a good time that he has ever seen has had bottles in it. Starting with, "It's always fair weather when good fellows and beer get together" (though as to the clemency of the next morning is maintained a judicious silence) down to the champagne advertisements where the men all wear dress suits and the ladies vice versa, pleasure has always seemed to lie in being pleasantly pickled.

Thus having reasoned himself safely to a start, he descends to the sidewalk, seats himself at a table and summons a waiter.

He says bring me something to drink.

The waiter asks him a question.

He says oh, anything.

The waiter goes; returns with a bottle and a glass; sets it down, and departs.

Smith pours himself out a glassful. He raises it to his lips. It smells awful.

He sips it. It tastes worse.

However, mastering his repulsion, he takes a deep, quick swallow. . . . When he comes to he knows it was liquid fire, but what was there in it? His alimentary canal feels the way Flatbush Avenue looks during a torchlight parade and his right and left feet are going to sleep.

Having taken a drink, what shall he do next? Obviously, take another. Yes, that's it. If you're going to do a thing, do it right. Clearly the thing to do is to keep on taking drinks until you feel like a good fellow.

So he takes another drink.

Then he waits a while.

Then he takes another drink.

He wonders when he's going to begin to feel like a good fellow? Just now he feels kind of darn hot. However — —

He takes another drink.

Then he waits a while.

Then he takes another drink.

Then he waits again.

He notices that there are two churches, where but a moment before there was but one. He's seen these modern buildings in New York erected like that. But who would expect to find such structural celerity in a distant place like this?

He notices the two churches are beginning to move. They are going around from left to right. . . . Well, that's a good idea! They can go around and collect their congregations. Instead of people coming to church, the church will come to the people! Saves carfare and everything! But the wear and tear on the churches must be something terrible. However, they aren't his churches; so why should he worry?

So he takes another drink. . . .

And then, all of a sudden, the sidewalk comes right up and hits him in the nose and night falls, and the world comes to an end.

Chapter XXVI — In Which, Having Discovered Yet More About the Rottenness of Money, We Get Right Down to Business and Tell Money What We Really Think of It

(Deleted by the censor)

Chapter XXVII — In Which, to Prove What We Said in the Last Chapter, We Put in a Day with Mr. Smith

YOU cannot make a successful sport out of a settled citizen, any more than you can run a freight car on a scenic railway. Each must be designed and built for its special needs. After a man has spent years in an office, an office is his home; as, after a man has spent years in a saloon, that's his normal habitat. To take him elsewhere is like sticking Esquimaux in Seringapatam, or putting Indians in houses.

On the other hand, you can't make a darned old fool believe he's a darned old fool. He's got to prove it himself. Even then he seldom believes it.

On the following morning, our friend Mr. Smith awoke very sick. He had grippe, double pneumonia, tonsilitis, acute indigestion, rheumatism, Bright's disease and cholera infantum. At least, he had the symptoms of all these complaints, as well as others that he was too ill to diagnose.

To relieve him of this responsibility he had them send for a doctor.

The doctor came. He was a man of uncertain age, carrying a carpenter's kit. He looked at our friend's tongue, gave him a handful of calomel, collected two dollars and left, leaving an aura of Scotch whiskey. He also told him he could drink plenty of water, which he did.

About eleven o'clock he got up. Going downstairs, the waiter smiled at him knowingly and brought him a glass of something. It tasted refreshing. So he had two more.

Then he ate something hot.

Then he went out and sat down at a table.

Then, puzzled but persistent, he went back to the task of trying to feel like a good fellow again.

About four o'clock somebody borrowed a dollar of him.

At five the churches started to go around again.

At six the world again came to an end. This time it seemed to blow up.

I think that is about all.

Chapter XXVIII — In Which There Falls a Terrible Blow

LONG, long our hero looked into our heroine's eyes. Long, long she sat meeting that gaze with her own. And then, by and by, he said, slowly:

"I will give you back your money."

Does it seem sudden that a man so soon should come to so vast a decision? Possibly. And yet what is time? Isn't it something that, passing, gives to us knowledge and experience? What then if the knowledge comes swiftly? May it not come as fully, as completely?

So it is with our hero. Looking into our heroine's eyes he has seen more than many lives would ever tell him. He has seen honor, and honesty, and happiness, and suffering, and hope, and fear, and the deep, pure current of womanhood. All these has he seen, and more. . . . He has seen the greatness of her soul. It makes his own seem littly mean. . . . It is as when he used to run, in college. Her soul can do a hundred yards in nine and three-fifths seconds. His lumbers along behind at the rate of about a yard a year. And he wants his soul to catch up with hers. That is all.

And so he says, "I will give you back your money."

"You will?" she cries.

He nods.

For a moment she doesn't know what to say. Then: "I — I'm sorry for all the horrid things I said."

"It's quite all right," he returns. "They were perfectly true. . . . I don't think I have quite that much in cash," he goes on. "But if you will come to the city with me, I'll arrange to have Wilkins convert some bonds or something — or maybe you'd like to take it that way. Wilkins understands all that sort of thing so very well. He has my power of attorney and everything. And I'm sure that any investments he may have made for me would be good ones for you."

She nods. . . . Her beautiful eyes have filled. "I — I —" she begins.

"Yes?"

"I'm glad you aren't like — aren't the way I — I mean that you are not like your uncles," she finishes.

"When you compared me to them," he said gravely, "you called me the worst thing in the English language. And now," he goes

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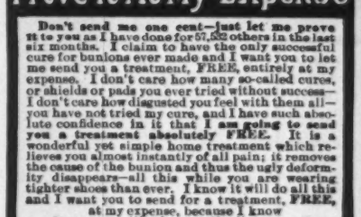

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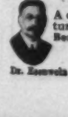

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Chapter XXIX—Concerning Principally What Happens Next

IT being so early in the morning—barely half-past eleven—very few of the house-party were up.

Our hero told the manservant without that, in his desire not to be interrupted, he had locked the door and mislaid the key and asked him to bring another.

The servant said he would.

He also asked him to go out under the window and bring up his shoes.

The servant again expressed his willingness to oblige. He saw nothing unusual in either request. He had been present at one house-party where the guests threw each other out of the window. After that, shoes meant nothing in his life.

Whereby we soon find our hero, now completely shoed, with his two secretaries (one of whom is our heroine) in the hall and ready to depart.

He says good-by to a guest who, suffering from insomnia, had arisen at half-past ten, and asks said sleepless guest to make his devoirs to their hostess. The sleepless guest opines this courtesy a supererogation, inasmuch as he doubts if his hostess really knows he's been there at all.

After which our hero, our heroine and the secretary depart for the station in a car which the manservant has summoned for them, our hero's own motor having been left in town.

Side by side our heroine and our hero sit in the train that takes them to the city. It is a fact interesting, if irrelevant, that it was the same train which, so few short months before, had been the means of Barabbas & Co. moving their activities from Wall street to the hereafter, where, let us hope, there will be no money. Should there be, it is an immoral certainty that Barabbas & Co. will have cornered wings and we and all the other angels will have to walk.

As they reached Jamaica our heroine spoke. "What are you going to do now?" she asked.

Our hero shook his head. Just at that moment an idea in his cranium would have felt like a bale of hay in a tea-cup. But he said, cheerfully: "We'll find some way out. Don't worry about that!"

There fell a pause.

At length he turned to her.

"You said you'd better get your money from me quickly or somebody else would get it all," he declared. "But who would ever have thought that old Wilkins, sir——"

My, but she was beautiful!

"Who are you?" he asked. "Tell me about yourself; about your father, and how he happened to be robbed. . . . Will you?"

"If you wish," she said, simply.

"I do." It was spoken very earnestly.

She began. She meant to tell just a little, such as you find about people in Who's Who. . . . But there was something in his eyes that made her go much more deeply. . . . And before she quite realized, she was telling him quite all, even more than she had told Giles. . . . For here was a quicker understanding, a finer feeling. She told him all, quite freely and frankly. . . . All, that is, on, "if we only had some shoes, and a key, and things, we could——"

Of a sudden there comes a rap on the door, quick, hurried.

Our hero turns. "Well?" he demands.

A courteous, servantly voice outside responds. "It's another secretary, sir, from your office, sir, about the robbery."

Frankly our hero is puzzled. For that matter so is our heroine. "Robbery?" he exclaims. "What robbery?"

Another voice is heard beside the first. It is almost hysterical.

"It's Wilkins, sir!" it cries. "He's taken all your money and beat it to South America or somewhere! He even sold the office furniture, sir! That's how we found out! Men came to move it away. They said they had bought it with the understanding they could have it in thirty days and——"

Our hero looked at our heroine.

Our heroine looked at our hero.

"My one regret," said our hero, slowly, at length, "is that I gave away my Know-All Encyclopedia of Universal Information."

. . . . . .

Before we leave this chapter we feel that we should add the explanation that it accounts, between the lines, so to speak, for the presence of Wilkins, sir—eh, that is, Henry J. Smith—in South America or somewhere.

Did we, or did we not tell you that Henry J. Smith wore sidewhiskers?

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except about the absurdly useless but uncommonly beautiful *negligée* and the equally absurdly useless and even more uncommonly beautiful *robe de nuit*. Those were things that, as, you and I know, she had always taken for granted, like her beauty. So naturally they never entered her mind at all! . . .

An urbane and gentlemanly guard, after yelling three times, "All out!" came down the aisle and tapped our hero on the shoulder.

"Whassamattereryerdeefersomen?" he inquired.

"Eh — I — what — I beg your pardon?" queried our hero, wrenching his attention away with a sudden shock.

"Ennertheline," returned the guard.

"Oh! Ah!" Our hero understood.

With our heroine he went as far as the waiting-room. There he made her sit down on a bench and tell him the rest.

My, but she was beautiful!

. . . . . .

Our heroine has finished. . . . Her eyes are moist; yet is there a smile, sweet yet wistful, upon her lips. . . . To tell one's troubles — all one's troubles — to one who seems to understand! . . . Hurt it does. And yet it is so very grateful!

Our hero nods yet again. It has been his contribution to the conversation, to nod.

"I don't know what to say." It is our hero. "Of course, I had no idea — I didn't know, or understand. . . . And people are really doing things like that in the world!"

She was silent.

"And that's the way my uncles got the money that is now mine. . . . I mean, that *was* mine," he corrected.

He turned to her. "Where are you living now?" he asked.

"I — I —" she hesitated.

"Yes?"

"Why, I — I don't know, exactly."

"You don't know?"

It seemed hard to say. She didn't know why. And yet — "I'm afraid — I'm not — living anywhere, just now."

There fell a pause.

"H'm," he said, at length. It was said grimly. "Have you — pardon me for asking, won't you — but have you any money?"

Slowly she shook her head.

"Not — any?"

Again she shook her head.

His fingers went to his waistcoat pocket. Eagerly went; but coming away were of the most surprised and disappointed fingers ever seen. They held between them one two-dollar bill.

"Why," he cried, "I thought I had more — a couple of hundred at least!" . . . There came to him recollections of the days of prune pie and buttermilk. . . . Two dollars is two dollars and under certain conditions quite a lot of money. . . . And he looked at her. My, but she was ——

Slowly he tendered her the two-dollar bill. "Take this anyway," he said. "You can go into the lunch-room and get something to eat; and I'll go to the bank or the hotel and get a check cashed and ——"

She was looking at the two-dollar bill — looking strangely. Color flamed in her cheeks. Slender fingers laced and interlaced.

"But I — I can't take that!" she protested.

"Why not?" he asked, surprised.

"Why, I — Don't you see? I ——"

"But I owe you five million, don't I?"

"I suppose so," she admitted.

"Then why can't I give two dollars on account?"

"Because ——"

"Because what?"

"I don't know. Just because."

"But it isn't an hour ago that you told me you'd make me stay in bed until I gave you five million!"

The flame grew brighter. An hour can make such a difference sometimes. And men are so unutterably — well, imperceptive!

"And now you won't even let me give you two dollars!"

Her eyes were veiled by dark lashes.

"Is it," he asked, slowly, "that it isn't — enough?"

"Oh!" she cried, softly.

"Because it's all I have — until ——"

"It isn't that! Really! I'll — I'll take it —— when you come back."

He looked down at her. "Promise?"

She looked up at him. "Promise."

"You'll wait here?"

"Yes."

"Good!" he cried. "I'll be only a few minutes. This will get me a taxi; I'll be back before you know it!"

But he didn't start. Instead he stood looking at her. . . . At length she said: "Well?"

He seemed to return swiftly from a long mental journey. His face grew red.

"I was just thinking," he stammered, "how beau — I mean, don't go away. I'll be back in a minute."

Swiftly he turned, and went. . . . She seated herself again on the bench. How was she to escape taking the two dollars when he returned? . . . What was she going to do if she didn't take it? . . . And how, if her two million dollars had gone to South America or somewhere with his thirty-eight million was she *ever* going to get it back now? And why — and how — and when — and who ——?

But one thing she knew. If they ever asked her to write her autobiography, she'd put down a large question mark and let it go at that!

Chapter XXX — In Which We Find That Misfortunes Are Generally Twins

AS our hero's taxi slid up in front of the be-pillared bank on Fifth Avenue our hero leaped from the running-board, dashed up the steps of the bank, and made his way to the manager's office.

"My balance, please," he demanded.

"Yes, Mr. VanDorn," rejoined the manager. He picked up an office telephone. A few words. . . . Our hero waited impatiently.

By and by came the answer. The manager relayed it to our hero.

"One seventy-four," he said.

"Is that all!" exclaimed our surprised hero. "One hundred and seventy-four dollars!"

"Oh, no," replied the manager. "One dollar and seventy-four cents. There have been some large draughts made from your office," he went on. "We were meaning to write you; thought perhaps you had decided to change your affiliations and were prepared to tell you that, in the matter of accommodations we ——"

Our hero was not hearing. What the manager was continuing to say fell upon his deadened intelligence like raindrops on the sea. . . . When at length he came to, he said, dully: "Well, I'll take that anyway."

It was the manager's turn to be dazed. His daze lasted long enough for our hero to draw a check and hand it to him. Still speechless, the manager handed it to a secretary. Said secretary returned with one dollar and seventy-four cents in currency. Whereat a dazed hero rose and walked forth from the bank leaving behind a dazed manager.

Once again on the sidewalk, our hero crossed to his waiting taxi, got in, then got swiftly out again.

"How much?" he demanded.

"One dollar just," replied the taxi driver.

Our hero handed him the dollar bill that he still held in his dazed grip. . . . Then, thrusting the remaining seventy-four cents in his pocket, he started up the Avenue. In the pit of his stomach there lay a sinking sensation. He felt like a man Going Down for the Third Time. . . . He thought of our heroine, waiting for him there in the station and how beaut — also, as is usual in such cases, he wondered why he didn't have sense enough to Soak Some of it Away While He Had It. . . .

Arriving at his hotel, he sought his apartments. Ringing up the office, he told the manager that he thought he'd go away for a while, and asked for his bill.

The manager asked him if he expected to go traveling.

He said that you might call it that.

The manager expressed great regret at losing him and hoped that he would be with them again on his return. Our hero thanked him and hung up. . . . Next he rang up the garage and ordered his car to be brought around. . . . Following this he took account of stock. Hurriedly he did this; for he knew our heroine was waiting. . . .

On the bed he placed his three suits, his dress suit, his dinner suit, his watch and chain, his pearl pin and his stick. . . . It looked to be hardly enough. So he took out his cuff-buttons; drew from the closet his spare shoes; from bureau drawers various articles of apparel, including collars, shirts and underclothes. . . . Still it looked pitiably inadequate for what he knew was coming. . . . And yet the watch and chain had cost a great deal, and the pearl pin as much. . . .

Opening the bag that he had brought back with him from his lurid week-end, he thrust these articles within, and summoned the porter. . . . Came word that his car was

He walked with Kings

He could not know, standing there in his bare feet and his rough clothes, with his little schooling, that kings would do him honor when he died, and that all men who read would mourn a friend.

He could not dream that one day his work would stand in Chinese, in Russian, in many languages he could not read—and from humble doorman to proudest emperor, all would be gladdened at his coming.

He could not know that through it all he would remain as simple, as democratic, as he was that day as a boy on the Mississippi.

Frontispiece to A. B. Paine's "Boy's Life of Mark Twain"

MARK TWAIN

He made us laugh, so that we had no time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

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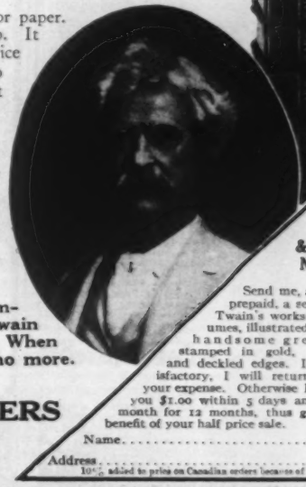

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outside. Almost coincidentally arrived his bill. Having settled his account but four days before, his present indebtedness to the hotel, for occupying his rooms for four days during which he hadn't been there at all, was but a mere hundred dollars. This he put down on a sheet of paper. He added his chauffeur's wages for half a month — fifty dollars, and garage charges for the same period — twenty dollars. It totaled a hundred and seventy dollars.

The porter's knock is at the door. Opening, our hero indicated the bag to be taken to the car.

Downstairs the manager was waiting obsequiously to shake his hand. Eight or ten bell-boys were waiting to shake him down. Outside purred his great, gray roadster.

With an almost regal mien that he did not in the least feel, our hero said good-by to the manager; brushed past the bandit bell-boys, said a pleasant word to the be-uniformed doorman who closely resembled the commander in chief of the Bolivian navy in full-dress uniform, and crossed to his chauffeur.

"To Fortieth street and Sixth avenue," he directed. The chauffeur threw her into low; the engine roared. Into the Avenue they turned. . . .

Arriving at their destination, our hero ordered his driver to pull up at the curb. Then, staggering under the laden kit-bag, under the amazed eyes of the chauffeur whose proffered services had been shortly but courteously rejected, our hero turned the corner of Sixth avenue. . . .

Three golden balls above an open door. . . .

He had thought it was a good watch. He was surprised to learn that it wasn't much of a watch after all. But they could let him have seventy dollars on it. . . . The pin? . . . Pins were a drug on the market. Besides, poils was going out. However, eighty dollars, an' I'm stickin' myself at that, buhleeve me! . . . Clothes? Rotten cut and shoddy material. . . . An' besides, they wasn't one feller in a hundred, take it from me, that was that heighth that was so small around the vaist. Say fifteen dollars for the lot. . . . For the rest — I tell you vhat I do. Von honderd an' seventy dollars for the lot take it 'r leave it. . . .

Our hero gave his driver fifty dollars. It was the driver's turn to be amazed. He hoped— No. It was nothing like that. Just that he had decided to go away. He was terribly sorry. A recommendation at any time.

The engine roared again. Our hero, now alone, sped across Fortieth street to Seventh avenue and down Seventh avenue to the Pennsylvania station. Leaving the car outside, he dashed into the waiting room. . . .

Yes, she was still there! She rose, as he crossed to her. . . . She seemed to grow more beautiful every time he looked at her.

"I've had a lot of things to do," he apologized. "And still have. . . . The car's outside. Come. We'll take a ride — out in the country somewhere."

He laughed a little. It wasn't a very merry laugh; for he was thinking of her, and of the five million dollars that his uncles had robbed her of; but it was the best he could do.

"Today," he went on, "let us eat, drink and be merry. For tomorrow we diet." He'd heard it somewhere. It had sounded rather amusing then. Now, however, it didn't seem quite so uproariously hilarious.

"Hungry?" he asked her.

She shook her head. "Not very. And if there's a chance to ride in the country ——"

"Good!" he cried. "Then we'll be off! I'll have to stop a couple of places on the way, though," he went on. "You won't mind that?"

She shook her head.

A moment later he took his place at the wheel of the great roadster. She snuggled in beside him, carefully. Roadsters are very trying when one wears short skirts. The engine roared again.

We will stop with them at the hotel, where he pays his bill. We will stop again with them at the garage, where he pays another bill. Yet a third place will we stop. It is at a second-hand accessory establishment. There he sells two spare shoes, two spare tubes, a pump, a clock, a monkey-wrench, a tool-kit and a searchlight. Forty dollars for the lot for, buhleeve me, feller, business is coit'nly punk.

These matters consummated, having in his possession the sum of forty-three dollars and seventy cents, our hero shoots up Broadway a little clearer of soul. Forty-three dollars and seventy cents are not much compared to forty millions. But when one couples with it a motor that cost nine thousand dollars and is worth much less, it is still something.

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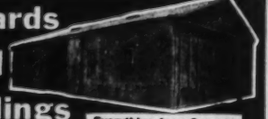

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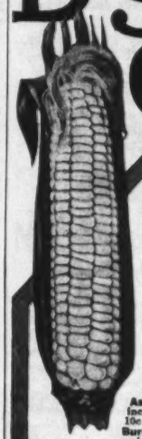

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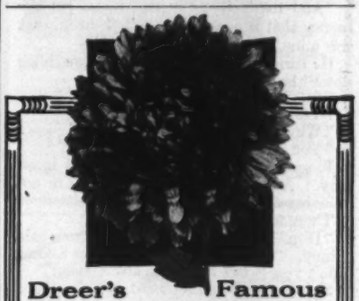

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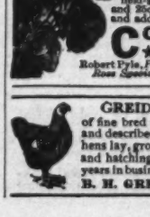

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B. H. GREIDER, Box 24, Rheems, Pa.

So thinks our hero at the time. For he has yet to learn that misfortunes not only are usually twins, but often are triplets or even quadrupeds.

Into Seventy-second street they turned — to the Drive — and so north on the winding road ribbon that trims the broad blue fabric of the mighty river. . . .

Our heroine, eyes closed, throws back her little head. The wind, with gentle fingers, smooths the soft hair back, caressing the tired forehead with soothing touch. A weight seems lifted from her tired shoulders. Again it seems almost good to be alive. God cannot really be cruel when He can give His earth such a wondrous day as this!

Deftly our hero guides the car. Deftly, that is, when he is looking where he is going. It is hard, when he carries so much beauty there so close beside him.

North they sped to the end of the Drive. High banked it is there of verdant trees and one may look far up the great river. Then east they turned. Across a bridge, upon the mainland. Out upon the Post Road to Boston — the old King's Highway of the mail-coach, with its thundering horses, its red-nosed driver, its outside and inside passengers, its laden boot, rumbling up hill and down dale through soft summer suns and white winter snows! . . . No word he spoke. No word said she. . . . For she had found happiness for at least an hour. And he? Something he had found. Just what he couldn't have told you if you'd given him his forty millions back. All he knew was that he wished within his soul this day could last a thousand thousand years, this road run on a thousand thousand miles.

They had dinner at a little inn. Fried chicken, with waffles and maple syrup.

She thought of speaking of What Was to Come. . . . But it was all so perfect! . . . So he thought, too. . . . And neither spoke. . . .

In an afternoon of gold and blue and green, they set forth again. . . . The road wound ever before them, up gentle hills, through peaceful valleys. . . . Now they would come to a village green, soft as a carpet, a white church standing reverently at one end, square happy houses lining either side, like some fine old patriarch protecting his kindly flock. . . . And then again the hills and the sky. . . .

She thought vaguely that they should turn back. . . . So, vaguely, thought he. . . . And yet why? . . . Nothing had she on earth except her Now. So it was with him. Until then it had occurred to neither. Until then it had been their idea to go back to New York. Now came the question. No friends had either there, no interests, no money, no home, no anything. It was a strange, uprooting sort of feeling, like a captive balloon that breaks from its tether. Loose they were in the world. Where would the wind take them? Loose they were in the world. Lay before them only the hope for, and the dread of, tomorrow. . . . For hope there was; yet was it vague. . . . But the Dread was real.

. . . . . .

Perhaps you have toured with the Blue Book. If not, you have seen those who have. Husband painfully clutches the wheel, all goggled and dustered. Beside him Wife, similarly incognito, sits gripping in anguished fingers the flipping pages of the volume.

"Turn right!" she cries shrilly. "I mean, turn left!"

Trying to do both he barely escapes killing a chicken and is roundly berated by a baker's wagon and a load of lumber.

Coming to a disgusted halt, Husband turns to Wife.

"Well, which?" he demands, acridly.

"I do' know," she says. "I lost my place. I thought it was nine and seven-tenths miles but I don't see the blue church, or the blacksmith shop. So I guess we aren't where I thought we were."

"Now," opines Husband, peevishly, "I s'pose I got to back up and look at the signs! If only you'd pay attention ——"

"Pay attention!" says Wife, hotly. "How can I pay attention when you're driving so fast the leaves blow all over? If you'd only drive at some decent rate of speed ——"

"You're the only person in the world that thinks I drive fast," says Husband, shoving it into reverse and turning on the gas.

"Oh, is that so?" queries Wife. "Well, that shows how much you know about it! They all think you drive fast. Only they haven't got the nerve to tell you because they're afraid you won't ask 'em to go riding again."

"Well," returns Husband, "I wish you took after them a little more."

"Well, I don't," says Wife. "Because I don't care whether I ride with you or not. As a matter of fact, I'd rather not. Your disposition is getting something awful! It's no pleasure to go anywhere with you any more at all!"

"Well, there's the signs," says Husband. "Peterboro 11 miles. Sand Flats 9 miles. Which one do we want to go to?"

"How do I know? Ain't you got the book?"

"Yes, but the book doesn't — Oh! I know! We go straight on! See? It says Kingston 37 miles!"

"You mean straight on the way we was going?"

"I s'pose so."

"Well, f'r the love of — An' here we spent seven minutes hanging around here when we could 'a' been makin' good time! You betcher the next time we go anywhere, I'll take the book myself!"

"You bet you will!" says Wife.

And there they are, having a thoroughly enjoyable American time. But don't, for goodness' sake, get the idea that they are unhappily married. Why, they just love each other to death when they're home. All this is just a component part of touring with a Blue Book.

. . . . . .

No book have our hero and our heroine.
Blithe and carefree they go on

past small store at corner of cross roads, bear left on state road 1.9 to end of road. Turn square right through Conanville 2.6 to diagonal cross road 2.9 to ——

And so on.

Ten miles farther, if they had had a book, and if they had taken the directions literally, what did happen would have happened. Reads the book:

At cross roads, with stone watering-trough, straight ahead.

That is just what they did. Whether it was the steering-gear that broke, or whether the mischievous wind chose a singularly inopportune moment to toy with the silken skirt, we may never know. Suffice to say, our hero, on reaching the cross roads, deftly guided the great roadster straight ahead into the watering-trough.

They were going rather well at the time, say around twenty-five miles an hour. Needless to say, the car stopped abruptly. The stone watering-trough took up the journey where the car left off, continuing to the far curb. Took up the journey also our heroine. She described a very pretty arc over the hood and landed gracefully in a basket of freshly laundered clothes that chanced to be passing on a wheelbarrow. Our hero, restrained by the steering-wheel, said "Wumph!" loudly. Other things he thought. But this was all he was potent to say. . . .

The village blacksmith came out of his shop. Came also the hotel keeper, the proprietor of the general store, the livery-stable keeper, the garage owner, sundry residents and residentesses, a large covey of children, three of the crew of the Happy Valley Volunteer Fire Department, Hope Hose No. 1, and both of the police force. Looking over the ex-fountain, which lay bleeeding like a severed artery, and the telescoped roadster, they opined audibly that the former would cost about twenty dollars to fix and that the latter was worth a great deal less than the less than nine thousand dollars that our hero knew it had been worth.

Coincidentally with the recovery in our hero of sufficient breath to enable him to alight from the car, the wheelbarrow person requested our heroine to climb out of his washing because he was late already. . . . Side by side they stood looking at the imperfect end of a perfect day.

Now came Dim Dread. Behind them he stood, and chortled, harshly.

Our heroine's hand sought our hero's arm.

"I'm so sorry!" she said, softly.

He smiled down on her.

"It's quite all right," he returned, cheerfully. "I was going to get rid of it anyway. Besides," he added, "it's still worth something."

Which was true enough at the moment. But just wait and hear what's coming!

[*To be concluded*]

More stories by Porter Emerson Browne, whose serial has called forth amazingly fine comment from our readers. Watch for his next feature — a new departure

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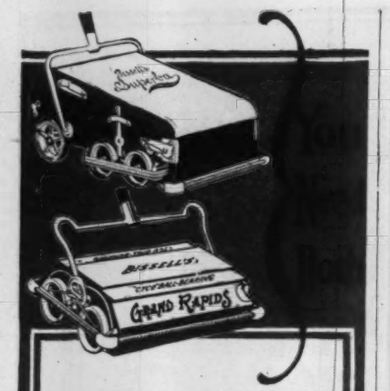

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Paying the Fiddler

How the American Housewife Has Helped to Cause the Increase in the Price of Food Stuffs

by C. M. ADAMS

HERE is a straight talk to you, Mrs. Housewife. What have you to say for yourself?

CONGRESS, the war, the trusts, the manufacturers, the jobbers, the retailers, everyone and everything within range has been made the defendant in the case of the American Housewife versus the High Price of Food Stuffs, while the fair plaintiff has consistently ignored the fact that she has had any share in causing the conditions which have called forth her protest.

At the door of the retailer is laid much of the blame for the present high prices; both because he is always accessible for attack, and because the housewife knows something of how and where the increase has been made. She points to the fact that the price of the manufactured product has increased a certain per cent; that the cost of the same product from the jobber to the retailer has increased a like amount; and then in triumph points to the fact that the increase on the part of the retailer has been very much in excess of the increase charged him by the jobber.

On this chain of evidence rests the case which the American housewife thinks she has against the retailer as a price-booster. But, like most cases, this one has two sides and when the retailer is called to the stand to testify in his own behalf he has a different story to tell.

A retailer of my acquaintance who shall be known here as Jones, recently explained to me his view of the question. He was a grocer in a small town, one of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, owning a good store stocked with the nationally known brands of first-class goods, and giving service in his town equal to the same class of store in the big city.

"You fellows must be getting rich with these high prices," I remarked.

And then the storm broke.

"Us get rich with these high prices?" He fairly boiled over. "That's what the women have been saying to me for years now, and I'm getting mighty tired of it. They accuse us and the jobbers and the manufacturers without stopping to think that they're responsible themselves for a good part of it.

"Yes, sir, they are!" he went on, as I looked my surprise. "Do you know that it's costing me almost twice as much to run my business now as it did a few years ago, just on their account?"

I did not; so he explained.

"At that time I could do business and make a respectable living out of it by charging a margin of from ten to fifteen per cent. Now I have to charge from twenty to thirty, and at that can't more than make both ends meet. And it's all on account of the women themselves.

"At that time every woman in town had a big basket. She brought that basket here and got it full of stuff for her family to eat, and carried it home. I had two clerks in the store. I paid them from eight to twelve dollars a week. The women who came here got in return for their money plenty of good wholesome food, and were satisfied with what they got for their money.

"And now look at things," he snorted. "Here's three clerks to take care of the same volume of business that I used to handle with two. Out there," he pointed to the street, "stands a delivery wagon. That horse costs me five dollars a week for board and shoes, and that driver costs me a cool fifteen dollars.

"Why? All because Mrs. Housewife wants to sit at home and order a nickel's worth of pepper over the telephone or tell the solicitor when he calls in the morning that she wants a ten-cent can of salmon, and won't he please bring her one bigger than the last one.

"That's where the difference is," he explained. "They want their stuff delivered to their doors at all hours of the day and night, regardless of whether the order amounts to five cents or five dollars. They say it doesn't look well to be seen carrying a basket. Maybe it doesn't now, but it used to, and it strikes me that it would look a lot better to be seen carrying a basket that was full of stuff your money had paid for than to have the delivery man come to the door with a little box of goods that had been eaten up by the delivery charges."

As he was speaking, I watched the clerks at work. One stood at the telephone taking orders from the housewives as they were called, while the other two prepared the goods for delivery.

"One bar of soap, a box of macaroni, and a half-pound of cheese," she repeated, and then hung up the receiver.

"That order amounts to the magnificent sum of twenty-five cents, and that woman lives just five blocks out of our regular route," Jones informed me. "That layout would weigh about a pound and a half and she and her whole family pass here ten times a day. But they're too proud to be seen carrying bundles. Well, if they want to dance, they'll have to pay the fiddler."

But I was not satisfied with this view of the situation. Jones was a good enough business man, but I feared his local conditions in a small town had forced up the delivery cost beyond the efficiency point. So when I was in a city of three hundred thousand two or three weeks later I casually mentioned the matter to Brown, the owner of a large grocery establishment.

"How much of an item does your delivery cost amount to?" I asked as he sat in his office in the rear of his big store.

"Just enough to double our cost of operation over what it was before the delivery craze got the women," he snapped back.

"But you have motor delivery!" I protested.

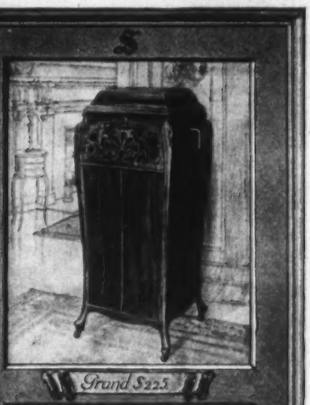
"I know we have. I realize the fact about once a week," he said with a wry smile. "We have five regular cars which make steady runs every day over our prescribed routes. We can't operate those cars for less than five cents a mile under the best conditions, and our drivers cost us twenty dollars a week. Come out here and I'll show you just how it works."

We advanced to the front of the establishment where one of the neat vehicles was being loaded by its driver.

"How much stuff have you got this trip, Carter?" Brown asked as the man shoved in his last box.

Carter fingered his order slips a moment. "Fifty-four dollars' worth," he answered.

Mrs. Housewife sits at home and orders a nickel's worth of pepper over the telephone



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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Announces a New Price and a Final Opportunity!

The pages of McCALL'S for 1916, end on end, would reach from New York to San Francisco forty-five (45) times, and weigh over ten million (10,000,000) pounds.

In 1917, raw paper, of the high grade we use (one of the biggest items of expense in publishing a magazine of large circulation), will cost nearly twice as much as we paid last year. Besides, ink, type metal, engravings, labor—in fact, everything that goes into making McCALL'S—has nearly doubled in cost.

To lower McCALL standards, or cheapen McCALL quality, was unthinkable. The one and only thing to do was to increase our subscription price and keep on improving our magazine.

McCALL'S is now ten cents (10c) a copy, seventy-five cents (75c) a year, ($1.00 Canada; $1.50 foreign). March number on sale now; April number, with advance Easter Fashions, on sale in March. However, *for a short time only, opportunity is here given to subscribe at the old low rates.*

A Fashion Authority Recognized for Nearly 50 Years

How often you hear, "She hasn't a bit of style." You know women possessing extravagant wardrobes, yet who are never stylishly dressed. You also know women who spend a very modest sum on their clothes and you wonder how they manage to dress so charmingly. Our Fashion Editor says, "*STYLE is a matter of TASTE rather than money.*"

Taste, you will agree, however excellent, must have a reliable guide. THE McCALL COMPANY of New York, founded 1870, makers of McCALL patterns (so favorably known for their style, fit, simplicity, and economy) and publishers of McCALL'S MAGAZINE (monthly), THE McCALL BOOK OF FASHIONS (Quarterly), McCALL'S EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLEWORK, etc., enjoys a prestige of nearly fifty years' success as Fashion Publishers and offers just such a guide in its monthly style news (recognized as authority), richly illustrated in black and white and in colors, by the choicest new, approved designs, and patterns that faithfully reproduce those designs.

Editorial Program for 1917

You and all your family will surely enjoy these added March and April features:

"The Nameless Man," big new serial story of love, mystery and surprising climaxes, just starting, by Natalie Lincoln; "Latch-Strings Ajar," story of a friendly house by the road and a lonely girl and how her Romance came, Katherine Kingsley Crosby; "The Church that Waked Up," Montanye Perry; "Sixteen," a girl misunderstood, Mary Lerner; "The Thorny Path," about a woman who dared; "Seven Times Seven," married problem, Royal Brown; "Personality" of Jeannette Rankin, first Congress-woman; Color Masterpiece, "Gossip," Carl Marr, etc. Stories and articles follow later from these popular writers: Helen Christine Bennett, Anne Gunter Boykin, Mariel Brady, Helen Topping Miller, William Hamby, Lillian Ducey, and many others.

Used by Cornell's Domestic Science Classes

Cornell's Domestic Science Classes use McCALL'S. Many home-loving women look upon McCALL'S as a "household necessity" because of these practical service departments:

Correct Social Usage—What Priscilla Learned at Boarding-School, Mary Marshall Duffee; Words—How to Use Them, Emma M. Bolenius, text book Author; Home Millinery, Evelyn Tobey, Millinery Director Columbia University; Common-sense Beauty Talks, Annette Beacon; Paris Fashion Letter, Paris Correspondent; Home Dressmaking, Margaret Whitney; Embroidery, Genevieve Sterling and Helen Thomas; Children's Page, Frederick White; Baby Welfare, Mary L. Read, Director School of Mothercraft; Foods and Food Values, Isobel Brands; Gardens, F. F. Rockwell; Household Decoration, Mary H. Northend; Parties and Entertainments, Martha Grossman; Housekeeping Exchange, Helen Hopkins.

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"It will take him pretty much the whole afternoon to deliver that stuff now," Brown explained as we turned away. "And it took him the whole morning to get the orders and deliver a few dollars' worth of early stuff. His time costs over three dollars a day, and the car has to travel about thirty or forty miles, bringing the total cost to well around five dollars or almost ten per cent of the value of the goods."

"But it wouldn't cost so much if you would use that type of delivery, would it?" I protested, pointing to a light roadster of a popular make, driven by a boy, which had stopped before the store.

"That's the biggest piece of foolishness in the whole thing!" Brown snorted. "That car is for specials, orders that the regular men forget or were too late for. Mrs. Customer calls up and says that she forgot to tell our man in the morning to be sure to bring her a cake of yeast, and will we please put it in her order. Carter has left, so we call in Johnnie and send him out with it, in the flivver. It's a four-mile run, twenty cents, and it takes a a half-hour, which costs ten cents for Johnnie's time. Thirty cents for delivering a cake of yeast! And then they wonder why prices are going up!

"Yes, sir, if the women would come to the store with their baskets as they used to, they'd be able to buy things a lot cheaper. They're too proud. They don't like to be seen with a horrid basket. It isn't ladylike or genteel. Maybe it isn't," he concluded. "But if they want to dance they have to pay the fiddler."

Next Month: Ethel Watts Mumford, Fred C. Kelly, Ida M. Evans, H. C. Witwer, George A. Birmingham, Oscar Graeve, Edith Wharton, George S. Dougherty, Edwin Markham, Hermann Hagedorn, Cleveland Moffett, Basil King, Waldemar Kaempffert, and—"War Against War"

Old Faces for Young

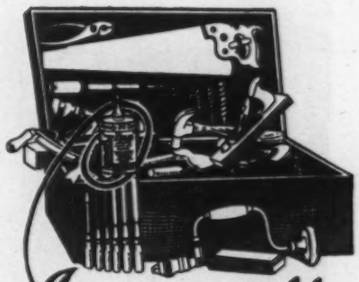
[*Continued from page 11*]

entirely surrounded by the obvious. Barring a grouchy old English admiral who dies at the end of the first act and is sincerely mourned by the audience for the balance of the play, the little comedy is quite devoid of interest. The unexpected plays no part in the building of the piece, and having sat through the expected, you have it all told you again by the heroine in a seven-minute speech, while the handsome leading man stands at attention, giving a superb imitation of an interested listener. The waste of Belasco cunning in staging, costuming and atmosphere on such piffle as "Little Lady in Blue" is truly pathetic.

The re-opening of the Century Theatre under the direction of Charles Dillingham and Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., was a mid-winter event of special interest to those New York visitors who seek the newest and most spectacular in amusements. This mausoleum of managerial hopes and founders' wealth has at last been transformed into a house of mirth which should prosper. Like the Hippodrome and the Winter Garden, it has enormous seating capacity and lends itself to spectacle, but unlike those theatres, it has admirable acoustic properties, which permit the monologists to make their jokes heard.

Without any attempt to criticize the lively combination of fun, music, girls and comedians, here are fourteen reasons why you should see "The Century Girl" if you have not already made her acquaintance, in this great playhouse, stripped of its oppressive magnificence, then humanized and frivolized by the cunning of Joseph Urban.

1. Elsie Janis as an Irish colleen.
2. The funniest musical act in vaudeville—Van and Schenck.
3. Dance-mad New Yorkers doing the newest steps and absorbing refreshments between acts in the Vanderbilt.
4. Elsie Janis in male attire—and such tailoring!
5. A real English tap-room with a real American bartender on duty.
6. Sam Bernard in the funniest monologue



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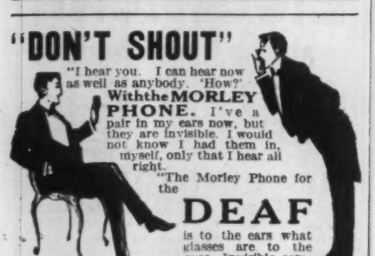

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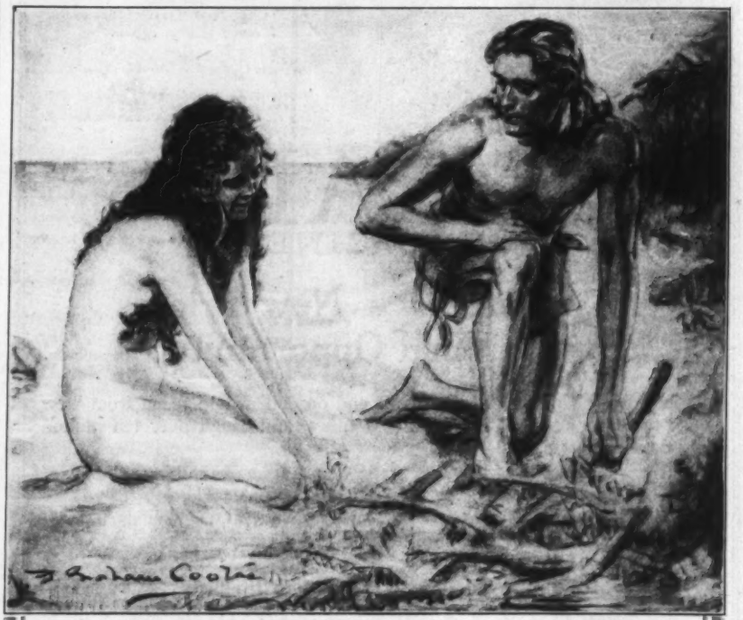

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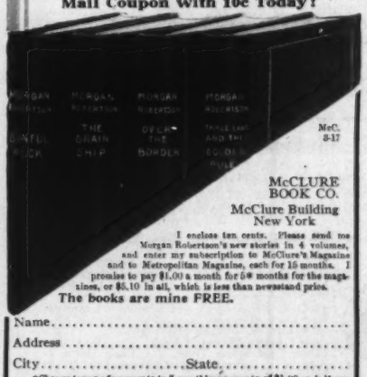

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"Attaboy!"

[*Continued from page 17*]

first-class club look as bad as Chief Meyers trying to steal home."

So Dorothy stayed in Waco.

Jake Ryan arrived at Marlin a week after training had started and was greeted with enthusiasm by McGraw. The newspaper men, traveling with the Giants, hailed him with delight, for it gave them something new to write about. That night they sent several thousand words about Jake to the New York papers, adding further, to the perpetual disgust of the Marlin telegraph operators who never have been able to understand why New York editors are willing to pay a lot of money to get the darn fool rot that the baseball writers send about baseball players who never do anything but go out and run around a lot and act generally like a bunch of kids at recess. There's an operator working in Houston now who can't understand why he was transferred from the Marlin trick and reprimanded. All he did, he will tell you, was to delay six hours in sending a thousand-word story about how George Burns had broken an ankle and would be out of the game for three or four months.

"A thousand words to New York about a broken ankle!" he exclaims. "An' one of these reporter fellers sets up a howl because it missed gettin' in th' paper until the next day! Whatta you thinka that! An' every day men are bein' *killed* in Texas, *killed*, mind you, an' they never send a word about it!"

Darned foolishness, that's what he thinks it is. And the other small-town operators say they think so too.

Jake told McGraw about Tommy Marsh.

"I'll be glad if you'll work with him, Jake," said McGraw, "but he'll never do. I never saw him until he reported. A friend of mine tipped me off to him after reading about him in the Texas papers. The boy's all right for a minor league, but he hasn't the shoulders; he's slow and he backs away."

Jake Ryan threw out his chest.

"Look at me!" he demanded. "Have I got any shoulders?"

"Not many," McGraw admitted.

"Was I a hitter, or not?"

McGraw laughed. "You never made a home run in your life."

"No," Jake snapped. "But I averaged .296 for twelve years, didn't I? And I'da hit better'n that if them boneheaded scorers weren't always givin' an error if an infielder even touched a bunt that I beat out. Mac, them scorers is fierce!"

McGraw grinned good humoredly. "Cincinnati hits, a lot of them were. You'd bunt with a man on first and the throw would go to second too late to catch the runner. Couldn't do it now, Jake. They've abolished the Cincinnati hit."

"Cincinnati hits nothin'," cried Jake.

"You're right. The Reds always were weak. But maybe now that they've got Matty ——"

"I tell you — I — I ——"

McGraw, who had forgotten for the moment Jake's sensitive nature, was sorry for what he had said.

"You were the surest place-hitter there ever was in baseball," McGraw interjected earnestly. "I was just kidding. Go ahead and see what you can do for your son-in-law."

JAKE appointed himself Tommy's personal trainer, but he found time, at McGraw's request, to work with the other recruits — all except three or four that McGraw thought particularly promising and which he kept on the squad of regulars under his direct supervision.

Tommy learned quickly. He had done a good deal of gymnasium work through the winter and was in better trim than most of the other players.

"Baseball ain't what it used to be," Jake confided to Tommy after Jake's Yannigans had won a five-inning game from the regulars by a score of something like 12 to 8. "The pitchin's bad. You'll knock the daylight outa the National league. I think," he boasted, "I could go back and tear 'em up some myself."

Jake had played first base for the "Little Potatoes, Hard to Peel," as he called his team, and had made a single every time he had come to bat. Tesreau, Schupp, Perritt — all of them, working carefully to avoid sore arms, had looked alike to Jake. And so did they to Tommy, who had proved an apt pupil.

Jake worked conscientiously with Tommy. The veteran backed Tommy up against a fence and farther down the fence built a pitcher's box about two-thirds of the regulation distance away. Then parallel to the fence, he pitched to Tommy, who had shown a tendency to pull away from the plate. Tommy couldn't pull through the fence and he learned not to fear the ball.

Then Jake shortened Tommy's stride. Tommy was in the habit of taking a long step and a strong swing as he struck.

"A long step lowers your shoulders," Jake explained. "It makes you a sucker for high ones. An' a heavy swing never does nothin' but throw you off."

He got Tommy a light bat, showed him how to reverse it and to bunt as Jake had done, explaining that it made the striking end lighter. Thus it was easier to hit the ball.

"But I've got a better chance to connect with the big end," Tommy argued. "The handle's too small."

"Son," said Jake, "if you're certain, you hit the ball on the dead center, with the dead center of the bat. If your eye is good and your wrist is right, you only need the point of the bat that's closest to the ball, don't you?"

Tommy guessed so.

"Then you could hit a ball as square with a lead pencil as you could with a stove pipe," Jake said. "Go ahead and do like I tell you."

Tommy, like all weak hitters, was prone to wait for a base on balls. Which made Jake rage.

"You're in there to hit," he snapped. "You'll get a base on balls about once in ten times up, if you're lucky an' the pitcher's afraid of you. If they gave you a hit for gettin' a walk then, you'd hit a bad hundred per cent.

"Make 'em pitch to you. Don't hit at bad balls, but don't let a good one go past, unless you're under orders from the manager. Try to get th' pitcher in a hole. If you get two balls an' no strikes on you, get set an' swing on th' next one. That's the ol' percentage ball. With two an' nothin' on a batter, a pitcher almost always puts the next one over. That's the one for you to take."

Jake had another axiom.

"Remember," he said, "the pitcher's a lot scareder than you are. You're one outa nine hitters. He's one outa one pitcher. He's got nine times as much to worry about as you have."

A few days later Jake drifted into the writing-room of the Arlington Hotel and there found John B. Foster, secretary of the Giants, dictating to the hotel stenographer. Mr. Foster, who is the man who writes the rule books, was finishing some of his correspondence. Those inveterate gamblers, "A" and "B," never will leave Mr. Foster alone. No matter where he goes, letters follow him asking whether the run counts and the difference between a hit and an error.

As Jake entered, Mr. Foster was sending to a volunteer umpire in Dallas the information that the populace was perhaps right in showing a disposition to doubt the accuracy of his decision when, with the bases full, he had called the batter out because the pitcher had thrown four balls and there was no base left for the batter to take.

"Address it to the City Hospital, Dallas," said Mr. Foster.

"But the letter says the game was played in Fort Worth," the stenographer protested.

"Dallas was where they caught up with him," the secretary explained, laconically. He turned to Jake.

"We're going to give your boy something to do," he said. "I was just talking with McGraw about it. We play an exhibition game in Waco a week from Saturday. I hear Marsh is a favorite there."

"It's his home town."

"McGraw says he'll let him play second base. The kid'll be a good card."

McGraw himself came into the room and Jake turned toward him, beaming.

"Mac," said Jake, "that boy of mine will stand that town on its head. Who do we play?" he questioned.

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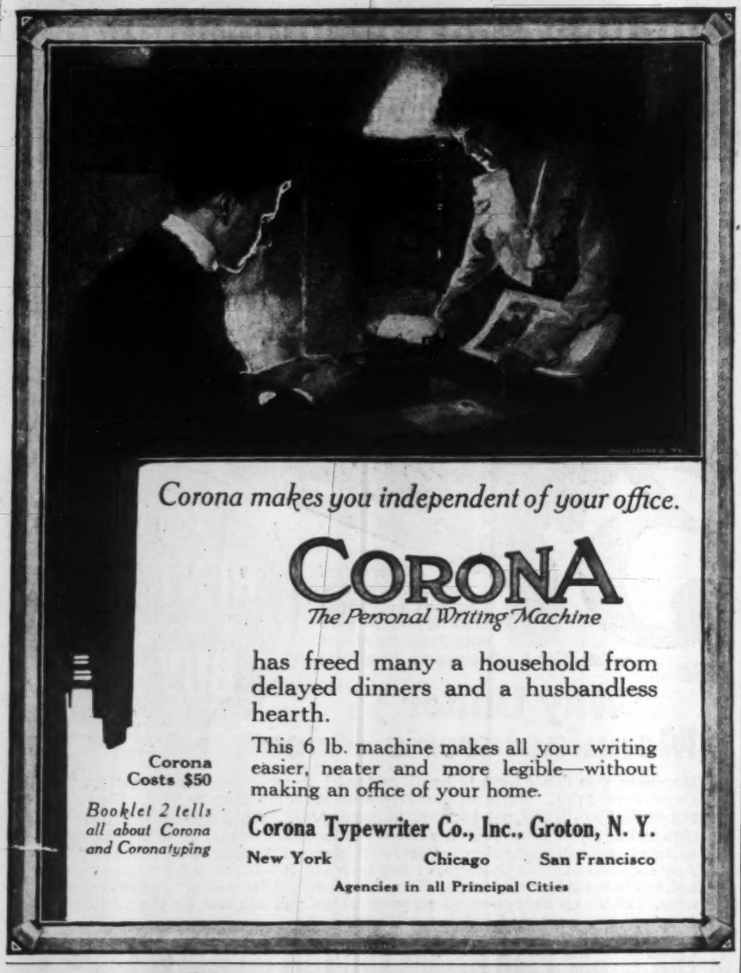

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"The Sox," McGraw told him.

"He'll make them American Leaguers look sick. He's a—" He stopped suddenly. "Which Sox?" he asked.

"Red Sox," replied McGraw. "They're going to pitch Spike McCann. He's a Waco boy, too. Ought to draw a big crowd." And it seemed as if he smiled a bit as he turned quickly and walked away.

For days the Waco newspapers had been full of news of the forthcoming struggle between two Waco boys, the great Spike McCann, son of A. J. McCann, the popular manager of Stubblefield's grocery-store, and Tommy Marsh, son of the noted Texas attorney and counselor-at-law, R. L. Marsh. No reporter neglected to mention that Tommy was a bridegroom and that his bride would be there cheering for him.

Ever since he had heard the news, Jake had applied himself diligently to educating Tommy to hit the sort of pitching for which Spike was noted. Spike was tall and a bit awkward.

"He never could handle a ground ball," Jake had said. "He's made to order for our stuff."

Spike was a curve-ball pitcher, like Matty. With McGraw's consent, Jake had borrowed McGraw's best curve-ball pitchers and had let them work against Tommy. And Tommy improved steadily. He was eager for a chance at Spike.

"I'll do my darndest, Mr. Ryan," he affirmed, "to show him up in his home town."

"Attaboy!" said Jake. "He's a swelled-up stiff an' he'd rather show off in Waco than win a world's series game. Go get him."

All of Waco went to see the game. There wasn't a soul on the streets. A stranger in town couldn't even have found a person to point out the spot where Brann was killed. Even the bookstores which deal in Waco's greatest commodity — volumes of editorials from the *Iconoclast*, were locked up so the clerks could go to the game.

It was one of those sparkling spring days that only Texas can furnish, a blend of all the spices of Winter with all the sweets of Summer.

Jake was there with Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and Dorothy. They sat in a box behind the Giant bench. Jake thought he would rather not go down on the field. He wanted to keep out of Spike McCann's sight.

In two short hours Jake had his revenge. The game ended, Tommy was carried around the field on the shoulders of his friends. Spike McCann had slunk away with his beaten team-mates. And Jake was as proud as a darky minstrel man in a green-and-gold uniform leading the band in a parade in his home town.

Spike, though not in good condition, had insisted upon pitching the entire nine innings. For eight of them he held the Giants runless. In those first eight innings, only three Giants had made hits. George Burns had picked off a single, Benny Kauff had made a double and Tommy Marsh, now the pride of Waco, had made two singles and a sacrifice hit. One of Tommy's hits was a bunt of the Jake Ryan brand that Spike had been unable to field properly. The other was a little loft over third, placed just as Jake used to place them.

In the ninth — that inning in which all the story-book events occur — with Dave Robertson on third, and two balls and no strikes registered upon the umpire's indicator, Tommy set himself for the "percentage ball" that Jake had told him about. It came as per order, right in the groove — and Tommy drove it on a line over short for the hit that won the game.

The Waco recruit had triumphed over the Waco veteran, hero of world's championships! They all like to see a youngster make good and Waco ran amuck in celebrating Tommy's arrival.

They finally carried him to the 'bus that was to take the Giants to their hotel. Jake was waiting at the wagon, his face beaming.

"Attaboy!" he said softly as the crowd tossed Tommy into his arms. "Attaboy!" and he helped him toward the 'bus, where grinning Giants reached out hands to help the youth who won the battle of Waco.

Tommy was getting into his street clothing at the hotel when McGraw entered the room.

"I wish you'd come up to my room when you're dressed," said McGraw. "Your father is down in front in his car waiting to take you home, but I want to see you first."

Tommy dressed hastily, breathlessly. His chest was swelling with the knowledge of deeds well done when he knocked upon the door of McGraw's room.

"Sit down, Tom," said McGraw.

Tommy dropped into a chair, thinking of things he would say in answer to McGraw's words of praise. Perhaps the Giant manager was going to offer him a three-year contract! Should he sign it or not? He decided he would wait and talk it over with Dorothy.

"Listen to me, son," McGraw was saying quietly. "I'm your friend, a better friend than Jake Ryan is. You had a great day today. You set yourself solid with Waco. If you had been a failure it would have been easier for me to say what I'm going to say. But probably then I wouldn't have said it."

Tommy smiled indulgently.

"My head isn't swelled, Mr. McGraw," he assured him.

"I don't believe it is. Listen, it's a hard thing to tell you, but it's the best thing for you. Now is the time for it to come."

"Go ahead."

"You won't do in major - league baseball."

Tommy's heart jumped into his throat. His chest was tight. He could not breathe. His jaw dropped.

"I know baseball players pretty well," McGraw continued. "I knew from the start that no amount of training would make a ball-player out of you. You're a good infielder. But the bushes are full of them. The trouble is that you'll never make a hitter. You're not built that way."

"But Mr. Ryan —" Tommy began, helplessly. His knees were trembling and he was trying hard to keep back the tears.

"Jake's case was entirely different. He was fast on his feet. You're not. Jake could hit any kind of pitching. You're helpless in front of speed. Jake was a born baseball player; he had a wonderful eye. His only weakness was that he lacked power. So he hit short ones instead of long ones. Jake Ryan never will be able to make you a hitter. I've been watching you. I know you won't do for the major leagues. Jake would know it, too, if you hadn't married his daughter."

"Didn't I clean up today?" Tommy asked feebly.

"You did. And it gave Jake more joy than he ever had in his life before, because you cleaned up on Spike McCann's pitching. That's why now is a good time to quit. I understand your father is rich and has a good law practice and wants to take you in."

"My father wants me to be a big leaguer," said Tommy, pitifully.

"You'll never be one. I can't use you, even though I'm interested in you and I'd do anything for Jake. I signed you because a man that ought to know good ball-players said you were good. He never had seen you play. He made a mistake."

"But didn't I show up Spike McCann? If I can hit him can't I hit the others? How do you figure ——"

"Here comes the blow, Tommy. Spike McCann was the man who told me about you. Spike tried to get his club to take you and they had one of their scouts look you over in a college game. He said you wouldn't do. Then Spike wrote to me. He complimented me to the extent of thinking that I might make a hitter out of you. He said you were heady. You are. And I took a chance."

Tommy wasn't hearing McGraw's last words. His brain was all befuddled.

"Spike McCann recommended me?" Tommy gasped.

"You both lived in the same town. Because you were a Waco boy he wanted you to get along."

"But I hit him all over the lot today!" Tommy retorted. "I showed him up!"

McGraw smiled.

"You can't show up McCann. Nobody can. Spike is the greatest pitcher in the business. I'd give my whole club for one like him."

"But how did it happen ——?"

"Spike wanted you to make good. *His* reputation was made and he didn't give a whoop whether or not he looked good in Waco in an exhibition game. So he pitched in the groove for you. He didn't need the hurrah stuff. You were breaking in, he thought, and he helped you. I saw it all the time. He was giving you just what he thought you wanted. Do you think you could get three hits and a sacrifice off

> JEROME BEATTY *has written two more baseball stories, as freshly vigorous as this. Watch for the next one—"Take 'im Out!"*

McCann, if he didn't want you to? What was it you hit in college?"

"Two thirty-four," said Tommy dolefully.

"Do you think even Jake Ryan can take a two thirty-four college hitter and in a couple of weeks make out of him a man who can bat a thousand when Spike McCann's in the box?"

The tears almost came to Tommy's eyes. He felt that he had been disgraced, treated like a child whose big brother allows him to win a race down the block. Spike McCann, who had lied about Jake Ryan and driven him from baseball, had been helping Tommy along!

"Well," said Tommy, finally, "you know, Mr. McGraw, whether I'm any good or not. But it's tough to find out that my wife's father's worst enemy ——"

McGraw burst out laughing.

"That was Jake's pet hobby," he said. "He thought Spike drove him out of baseball."

"Didn't he?" asked Tommy, quickly.

"It was funny — funny to everybody but old Jake. You see, Jake was made an umpire when he wasn't any good as a baseball player. He was a good umpire — as good as any of them ever get to be — until his eyes went bad and his nerves gave out. The American league kept him as an emergency umpire, a sort of pensioner's job it was. Then they found that Jake had about fifty thousand dollars salted away and they released him just as Jake resigned. It was one of those things that come from two directions at once. I don't know whether the resignation or the release was first to the wire."

"What was funny about that?" Tommy demanded. "Where did McCann come in?"

"They all liked to kid Jake. One day Spike told a newspaper man that somebody had seen Jake playing a ukelele in his room at the hotel. The newspaper man printed the story. It was all over the circuit within twenty-four hours.

"The fans knew it and so did the players. It got so that when a player wanted to get out of a game that Jake was working in, all he had to do was to go through the motions of playing one of those Hawaiian things and Jake would bounce him. Some fan would yell out to know how things were on the beach at Wai-ki-ki and they'd have to hold Jake to keep him from going up into the stand after the fan.

"The catchers, when Jake was behind the plate, would say to a batter coming up, 'Hello, Bill, Hawaii,' and Jake would be so mad he'd forget to call balls and strikes. The Hawaiian craze was just coming in and the kidders had a lot of material to work with. The players on the bench would get to singing that 'Aloha' thing and Jake would stop the game and run them all off the field.

"One day Buck Weaver came to bat with one of those Hawaiian wreaths around his neck and Jake fined him a hundred dollars. I was in the other league, of course, but I heard all about it. It's a wonder the news never got down to Texas.

"Out of the right-field stand at the Polo Grounds, when everything was quiet one day, some fan yelled in a pleading voice, 'Come on, Jake, won't you please dance the hula for us?' Jake pretended he didn't hear. 'Come on, Jake,' the fellow yelled, 'just once, and I'll never ask you to again.' And Jake threw down his chest protector and mask and went over in front of the stand and announced that he'd give a thousand dollars if the man that said that would come down on the field. Nobody came.

"Some of the players," McGraw went on, "began writing to steamship agencies, giving Jake's address and asking for literature on Hawaii. They drove him wild. Finally the league couldn't stand for it any longer. Jake couldn't stand the gaff that a real umpire takes as a matter of course. He was a great ball-player but he was too worn out to be an umpire. So Jake and the league separated. That's all the story."

Tommy smiled in spite of himself. He rose wearily.

"I'm glad you told me," he said. "It makes it a little easier to stand. You're right, Mr. McGraw. I was afraid all the time that I didn't have the stuff. But I did want to make good for my father's sake and for Mr. Ryan's. Now that I think of it I guess I'll be just as happy as a lawyer as I would have been as a ball-player."

"Certainly you will," said McGraw. "Probably if your 'loving friends' hadn't urged you on so much you never would have tackled baseball. But you've made good for Jake and you're a hero to your father. You're just married. It would have been a tough life for your wife, just married and all that."

"I hate like the dickens to tell them."

"Don't!" McGraw exclaimed. "Whatever you do, don't do that! Don't break the news to Jake! Let him think he got his revenge on Spike through you. It will make him happy the rest of his life. And your father — well, you might tell your mother. I bet she can fix it."

"It doesn't seem fair — me having a reputation that I don't deserve."

"Don't worry about that," said McGraw firmly. "In baseball you're a hero only for twenty-four hours. In a week Waco will have forgotten all about today's game."

Tommy wrung McGraw's hand.

"Thanks," said Tommy. "Me for the law office. I'll go down now and break the news."

"Attaboy!" said McGraw.

Tommy started toward the door and turned.

"I'd better telephone home and have mother take that ukelele of mine off the piano," he grinned, in a weak attempt to appear cheerful. He paused, his brow wrinkled. "Mr. Ryan said McCann lied about him. That was true, wasn't it? Mr. Ryan didn't play a ukelele, did he?"

"No," McGraw affirmed. "McCann did lie. It wasn't a ukelele — it was a guitar."

Tommy smiled in spite of the sorrow that weighed heavy upon his heart. "Good-by," he said again. "I know it will be all right. I'll tell Dorothy all about it. Mr. McGraw," he said in a burst of boyish confidence, "I've got the most wonderful pal in the world — my wife. She's the finest, brightest, most sensible person on earth. I wish you could meet her."

"I wish I could," said McGraw.

"I'm going home and tell her all about it — everything, and just what I'm going to do. I don't care what anybody else says." He blushed and his eyes were shiny with tears. "I know what she'll say, and when she says it, everything will be all right."

"What will she say?" McGraw asked.

"She'll say," he drawled the word as if he loved every syllable, "she'll say, 'Attaboy!'"

And as if he were ashamed of the emotion he had expressed, he threw open the door and rushed out.

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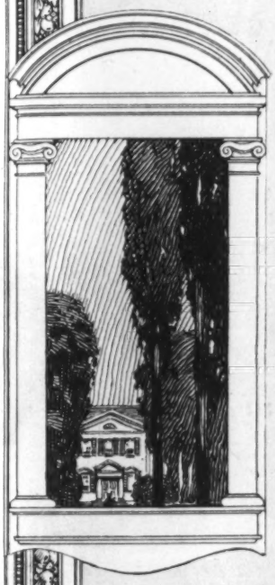

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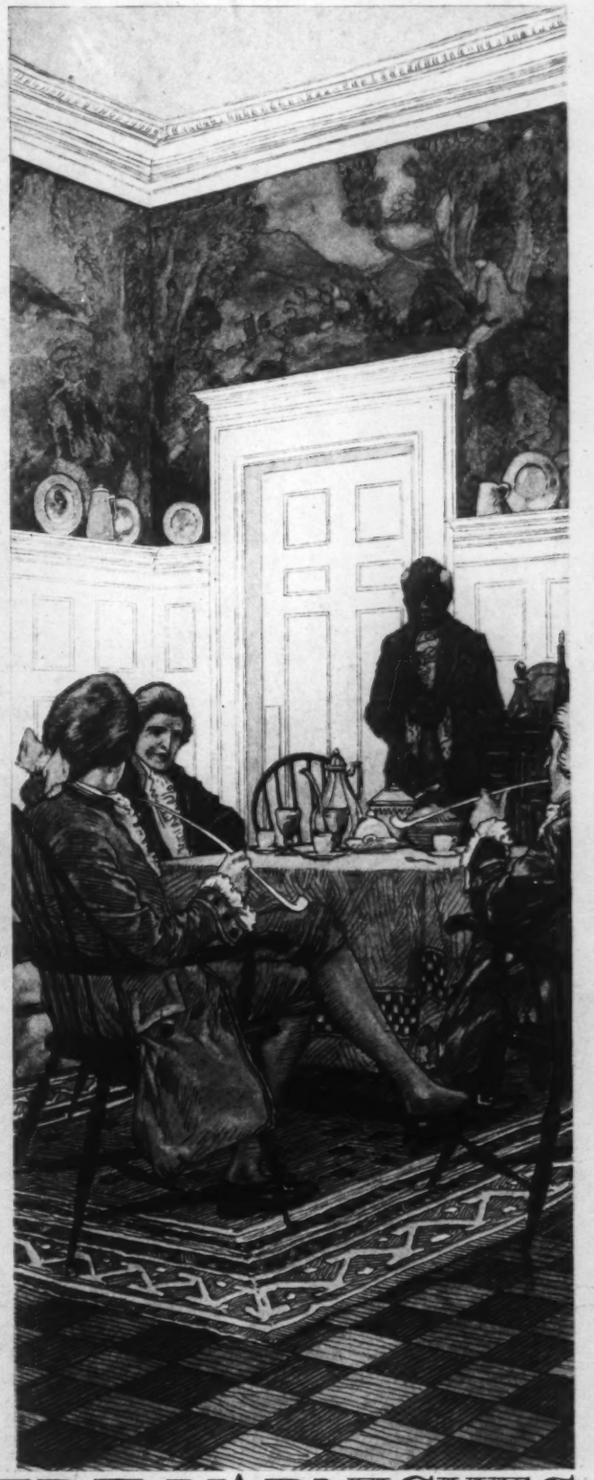

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